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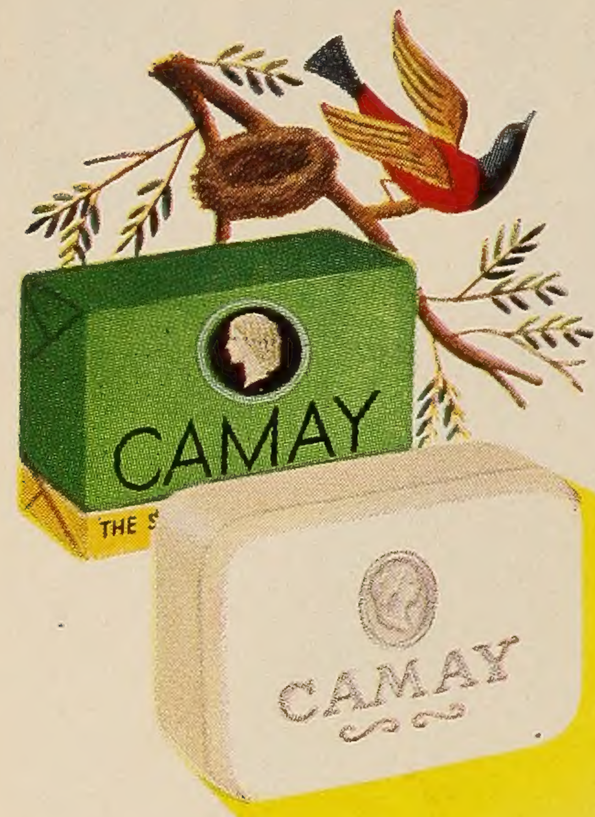
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# modern screen

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PER.




MRS. GERROLD WESTON HART
the former Shirley Humphreys of New York
Bridal portrait painted by Sarra

**HIGHLIGHTS OF THE HART STORY:**

**Romance began** when Gerrold came to tea at the Humphreys' family apartment in New York. No wonder — Shirley's complexion is really something to see!



**After a June wedding** the Harts honeymooned in Oklahoma where they saw the famous Indian dances, and Shirley's "little-girl" loveliness nearly stole the show. P.S. Shirley promises to stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!



# Just One Cake of Camay brings your Skin a Lovelier Look!

Compliments come to you when your complexion's right. And you can possess a softer, lovelier skin with just *one cake* of Camay! Renounce all careless cleansing and go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet! Follow directions on the wrapper. Camay—*so mild it cleanses without irritation* —can make your skin so much smoother, lovelier!

AUG 13 1947.




# "What d'you do — Poison those arrows?"

**CUPID:** Sure! Arsenic, strychnine – take your pick. I aim to please.

**GIRL:** Verr-ry funny. But you know darn well you're not aiming to please *me!* Huh – and the folder said, "Cupid always gladdening the days at Mountain View Inn"...

**CUPID:** Now *wait* a minute! You go around looking like the meanest trick of the week, and you expect *me* to——. Look, cookie, try *smiling* at men for a change!

**GIRL:** It'd be a change for the worse. My smile's the original tattle-tale gray. I brush my teeth, mind you –

**CUPID:** Don't mind me. Just answer this: Do you see "pink" on your tooth-brush?

**GIRL:** Well –

**CUPID:** Well, *that's* a warning to *see your dentist.* Let *him* decide what's wrong. Maybe it's just a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise – and if so, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."




**GIRL:** *Please* try to concentrate. We were speaking of my *smile.*

**CUPID:** First things first, feather-brain. Sparkling smiles depend largely on healthy gums. So, if your dentist suggests massage, then *massage*, Sis! 7 out of 10 dentists *do* recommend gum massage. And get *this* – a nation-wide survey shows that they prefer Ipana Tooth Paste 2 to 1 for their own personal use.

**HOW TO MASSAGE YOUR GUMS.** Gently massage at the gum line, always keeping fingertip in contact with the tooth surface. It's at the gum line, where teeth and gums meet, that so many troubles start – where gentle massage can be so helpful. *Between regular visits to your dentist, help him guard your smile of beauty.*




Ipana

*Product of Bristol-Myers*

*For your Smile of Beauty*

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

# LION'S ROAR

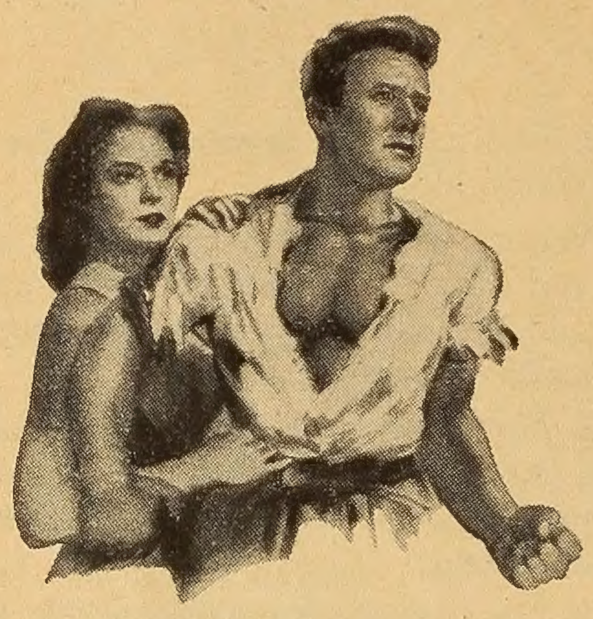
Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

"The Romance of Rosy Ridge"—a story bristling with action, crackling with thrills—is an authentic piece of Americana.

★ ★ ★ ★

And the accent is on "The Romance" because Van Johnson has found a new and exciting darling to love in blonde, vivacious Janet Leigh (rhymes with Whee!). She's in every sense a girl to watch.



MacKinlay Kantor's Satevepost story, set in the embattled border states, seethes with scores of exciting scenes: night raids by black-hooded marauders; bare-knuckle fights to the death; gunplay; breathless races against the elements; lovers' nights alone on moonlit mountainsides.

★ ★ ★ ★

Van in this new element is an elemental Van, a different Van, a man who's really in the van.

★ ★ ★ ★

No wonder that between the fights and the feuds, Van finds time to sing tender love ballads to Janet Leigh—the girl of his heart—and sings as he never has before.



★ ★ ★

Gusto went into the acting of stalwart Thomas Mitchell, Marshall Thompson, Selena Royle, Dean Stockwell. Zest went into the screenplay by Lester Cole. Roy Rowland's direction, the production of Jack Cummings have vigor and taste.

★ ★ ★ ★

All is rosy in "The Romance of Rosy Ridge".

★ ★ ★ ★

Not far over the horizon are two other M-G-M biggies: "Song of Love", starring Katharine Hepburn, Paul Henreid and Robert Walker, which shapes up as one of the greatest love stories of all time; "The Unfinished Dance", in Technicolor, starring Hollywood's biggest little star, Margaret O'Brien.

★ ★ ★ ★

Entertainment-wise, M-G-M shines bright in the summer skies.



—Leo




SEPTEMBER, 1947

# modern screen

the friendly magazine

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The STORY for Gable



The GIRL for Gable

CLARK
# GABLE

The ROLE for Gable

DEBORAH
# KERR




SYDNEY
# GREENSTREET

ADOLPHE
# MENJOU

AVA GARDNER · KEENAN WYNN · EDWARD ARNOLD

# The HUCKSTERS

Screen Play by Luther Davis • Adaptation by Edward Chodorov and George Wells • Based on the Novel by Frederic Wakeman

Directed by JACK CONWAY • Produced by ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Jr. • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Van and Evie Johnson showed up at the Coronet Theater for the opening of *Skin Of Our Teeth,* starring—Keenan Wynn! Evie's wearing her "lay-off" present, bought while Van was laid off the studio payroll.



Two enthusiastic first-nighters were Gene and Betsy Kelly. Gene, now a first v.p. of Screen Actors' Guild, has sold a story of his own to Metro and may direct and star in it.





Southpaw Jane Powell was among the 40-odd celebrities at the party Station KFWB threw for disc jockey Martin Block. The guests put on a 3-hour show for 30 partially paralyzed vets from Birmingham Hospital.



As soon as picture commitments allow, the Cornel Wildes told KFWB party guests, they'll be off to Honolulu—on the trip Cornel earned by posing for steamship line ads.

The Vincente Minnellis (Judy Garland) are excited over the screen debut of daughter Liza, in Judy's next picture, *The Pirate,* which Vincente is directing.





Andy and Della Russell, with an old friend, bandleader Horace Heidt, recalled that it was Martin who gave Dinah Shore her first job on a N.Y. station.

# LOUELLA PARSONS

GOOD NEWS

GOOD NEWS

GOOD NEWS

LOUELLA PARSONS

Three divorces hit Hollywood last month—each with its different problem of heartache and bitterness.

June Haver and Jimmy Zito, Annelle and Mark Stevens, and Hedy Lamarr and John Loder have all called it quits in an outbreak of marital aches and pains generally grouped under the head of "incompatibility." Incompatibility? My eye!

Let's look behind the scenes in each case.

If you've heard that the "inside" on the break-up of June Haver and Jimmy Zito is that another girl has been in love with him for years and that she came between them—don't you believe it.

There is no other man or woman in this rift, that came after just three short months of marriage. I know more about the real cause than I am at liberty to print. I can say that June is not the offender in this case and that she has grounds on which to ask an annulment.

But I *do* blame her, and other girls in and out of Hollywood, for not giving marriage as much consideration and thought as they do their careers.

Why? Well, some of them want to get away from home, they want to have their own lives and apartments without family restrictions. Or they are blinded by infatuation. Or they think "experience" is necessary to being a good actress.

They don't stop to think that marriage is the most important step they can take and that the only basis for a lasting marriage is love, understanding and companionship.

Aiding Frank Sinatra's campaign to bring big-time sports to L.A. were Lana Turner and Ty Power, who thrilled Gilmore Stadium ringsiders. Unfortunately, they quarrelled later, and cancelled plans for a double-vacation trip.



Deserting baseball for the evening, Leo Durocher and Laraine Day gave boxing a boost. Later, Frank Sinatra and Joe Louis confided to the Durochers that they'd like to do a short on tolerance together.





Will Marie MacDonald be Mrs. Harry Karl? Shoe-magnate Karl, a boxing fan, explained the finer points to Marie during the exhibition match between Joe Louis and Harry Wills.

## GOOD NEWS

June Haver and Jimmy Zito are of two different worlds. Hers is Hollywood, where she has her home and career. His is the hectic night life of a musician moving from place to place. Yet, after a whirlwind courtship—they eloped to Las Vegas. What makes it more serious for her, they were later married in her faith.

This reckless marriage can ruin her life. Unless she is able to obtain a religious annulment this mistake can mean that she cannot marry again within her church.

What a price to pay for thoughtlessness. I am sorry for June. But surely there is a lesson in her experience for other girls who may be thinking of jumping into marriage without taking time to know their hearts and their men.

* * *

With the Mark Stevenses, it is something else again.

Mark's health, or lack of it, has played a big part in the rows and temperamental scenes they have been staging for the past year and which eventually led to their break.

For a long time, Mark has suffered from a spine trouble that has had him in and out of hospitals for corrective and painful operations.

One of their battles that did not reach the prints was so serious that Mrs. Stevens said, before the birth of their baby, "As soon as the baby is born we will have to part."

In her condition, naturally, she was high strung. So was Mark. For almost a year after the birth of the baby they both adore, they tried to make a go of it.

The final flare-up occurred at a party given by George Jessel, who is producing on the same lot with Mark. George told me, "It was just one of those typical quarrels married people get in now and then at parties. No one thought it was serious and I still think they might get together again."

Heaven knows, their friends are keeping their fingers crossed—hoping. But weeks have gone by and there is still a lot of bitterness on both sides. So, I don't know.

* * *

Hedy Lamarr and John Loder are legally at

In our family, father wore the pants, *but*—

# MOTHER WORE TIGHTS



*Mother and Dad were in Show Business. No family ever had such a life!*

*And now all the fun, the love, the music, the laughter of it has been brought to the screen. "Mother Wore Tights" is the first real, true story of Show Business and Show People. And it's all in Technicolor.*

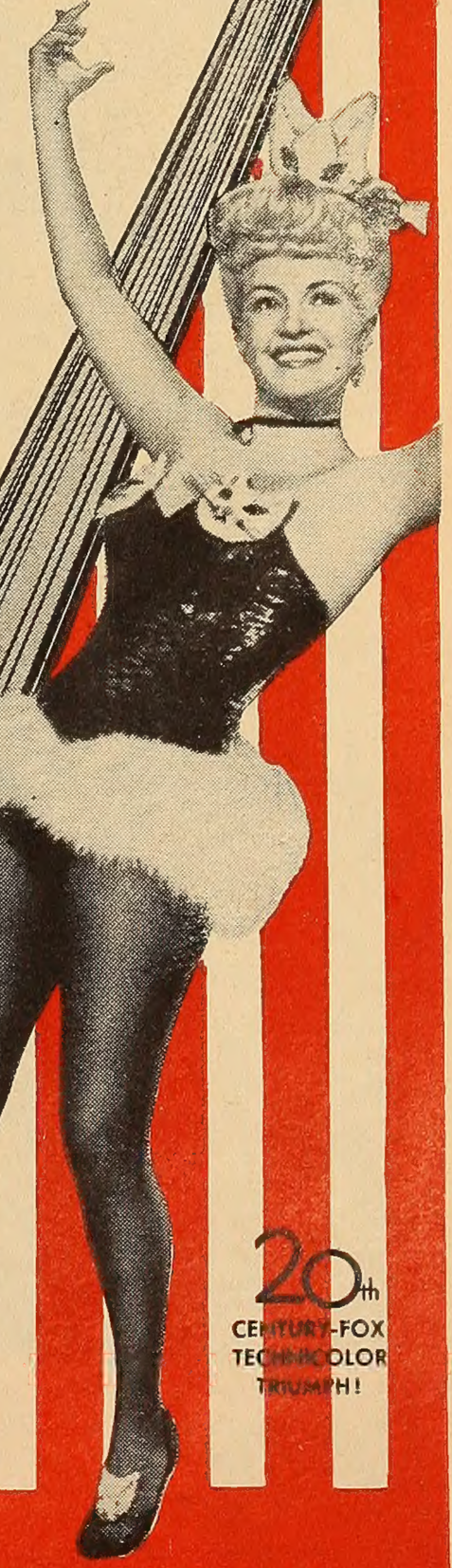
*You'll love every minute of it!*

*Betty Grable is Mother.*

*And everyone is talking about Dan Dailey as Dad. Lovely Mona Freeman is my big sister, Iris—And Connie Marshall is me—*

*Mother's Loving Daughter*

*Mikie*



*Technicolor*

starring

# BETTY GRABLE

with

# DAN DAILEY

and

## MONA FREEMAN · CONNIE MARSHALL

Vanessa Brown · Robert Arthur · Sara Allgood · William Frawley · Ruth Nelson

Directed by **WALTER LANG** · Produced by **LAMAR TROTTI**

Screen Play by Lamar Trotti · Based on the Book by Miriam Young

20th CENTURY-FOX TECHNICOLOR TRIUMPH!

Deborah Kerr's handsome husband, Tony Bartley, visiting her on location, arrived just in time for a picnic lunch. The Bartleys are returning to England for the birth of their baby, and it may be a year before Deborah will make another Hollywood picture.





Shirley Temple will make a film with husband John Agar, at last! But John will work on location—and won't have a single scene with S

GOOD NEWS

it hammer and tongs at this writing

I feel sorry for Hedy and I feel sorry fo John. There's no doubt but that she has bee in a very neurotic condition for over a yea She's all twisted up in her thinking.

One minute she told him she loved him. Th next, her lawyer told him she was filing for divorce.

Loder is completely confused and now he i thoroughly angry. He says Hedy reconcile with him just long enough to get him to sig papers agreeing to pay her "room and board when he wasn't working—if you can ti that! He signed other papers involving com munity property. Whether she divorces hi or not, he has now made up his mind to su to have these papers set aside.

As for Hedy—she needs to get hold of her self and make up her mind what she wants ou of life. The pity of this battle is that there are two children involved and Hedy's littl adopted son.

* * *

Let's get on to more cheerful subjects. Fo instance, Joan Fontaine, who realizes tha great, big parties are never fun parties. Too many different crowds get mixed up. So she gives dinners for twenty or thirty congenia friends—and in this way she has become a extremely successful hostess.

The last party she gave, she served dinne in the new playroom she and her bridegroom Bill Dozier, have added to their beautifu Brentwood home. It's a huge room done i soft shades of green—Joan's favorite colo The hostess herself wore—what else?—a charming green gown.

I hadn't seen Maureen O'Hara for some time and I was amazed to see how much weigh she has put on. I suppose by the time this i in print, she will have taken it off. These glamor girls know how to take off weigh and do it quickly when necessary. To add t the illusion of weight, she was wearing a peppermint stick dress, and stripes are neve slenderizing.

Betty Hensel seems to have been accepte by all of Cary Grant's friends—even thoug she and Cary no longer see each other. She is now devoting herself to a young English man named Foxall—but I wonder if the spar for Cary is completely dimmed.

David Niven came in late. He's workin like mad to get through so he can go home t England.

Laraine Day and Leo Durocher made thei one and only social appearance at Joan's This pair, so sensationally publicized, neithe smoke nor drink and are the quietest and mos retiring couple I've ever seen at a party!

* * *

You can't get either Van or Evie Johnson to admit it, but they're hoping it will be a girl That's because Evie has two little boys already and Van has a hankering for little girls, anyway. "You can tie bows on them," he kidded—but he's not kidding much. *If* they get their wish and *if* it is a girl, she'll have an old-fashioned name like Mary or Betty.

(*Continued on page* 10)

# LADD and LAMOUR are TERRIFIC!

Meet the screen's new thrill team . . . in a picture that will set your heart pounding!

Paramount presents

ALAN LADD · DOROTHY LAMOUR · ROBERT PRESTON · LLOYD NOLAN

in

## "WILD HARVEST"

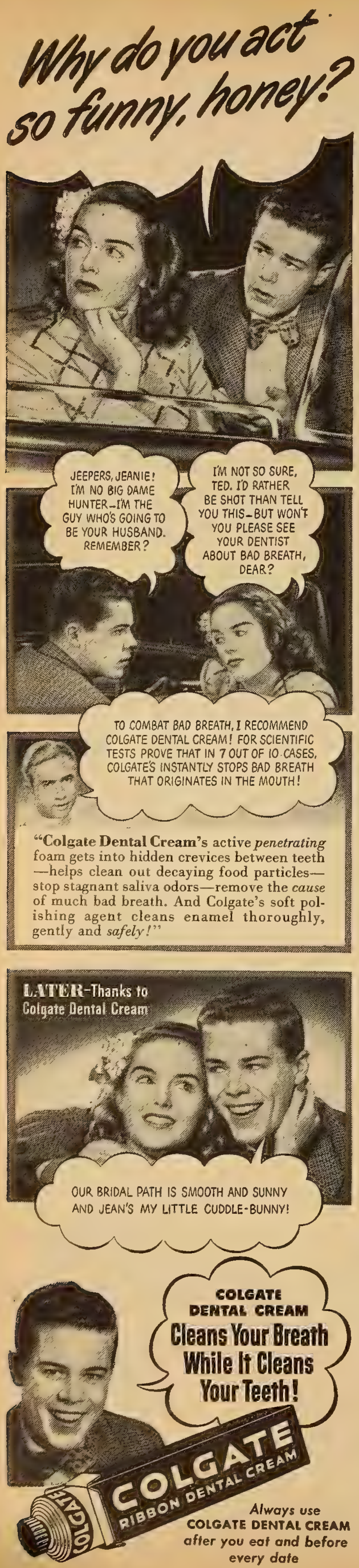
with

DICK ERDMAN · ALLEN JENKINS

PRODUCED BY ROBERT FELLOWS

Directed By TAY GARNETT

Screen Play by John Monks, Jr.







Like her mother, Tina Crawford, 8, is an accomplished knitter. And it looks as though Otto Preminger, directing Joan in *Daisy Kenyon,* will be gifted with Tina's latest effort. It's a thank-you gesture for the new dachshund Otto gave them, to replace the late "Pupchen."

## GOOD NEWS

When I first heard that Joan Crawford and the cowboy star, Don "Red" Barry, were romancing like crazy, I couldn't believe my ears.

Joan always does startling things to make people talk. It's been one of the secrets of her perennial success. I thought, "Having a cowboy actor madly in love with her is probably just another one of those things!"

But, NO! This romance is blazing and several of her close friends are now beginning to believe that she may even marry him.

If lavishing a lady with gifts is the right way to get her to say "Yes," Don is sure doing his stuff. To date he has given her a diamond necklace, a compact that has a sapphire for a "lid" (along with this went a matching ring and earrings) plus a Platina Fox fur coat. These trinkets are only the headliners. Don never enters the Crawford menage without perfume, flowers, hankies, gloves or some other "remembrance" for Joan or the children.

When she was in love with Greg Bautzer, they appeared in public almost every night, dining and dancing. Joan would rather dance than eat, and Greg is a wonderful dancer.

Since "Red" came into her life, they've seldom stepped out anywhere, and I hear tell he isn't much when it comes to traipsing the light fantastic. So it must be loooove!

* * *

If your mind runs to figures, you may be interested in these fancy quotations.

Joan Crawford was Hollywood's highest salaried lady for last year, taking in $400,000.

Closest to her (and not too close at that) was Bob Hope, cashing $275,000 of Paramount's checks. His side kick, Bing Crosby, drew $250,300, with Ray Miland coming up with $234,166 for his chores.

I think this may surprise you—the highest priced male at Warners is one Stanley Morner, better known as Dennis Morgan, who kept the wolf from his door by $261,000 worth.

Need I add that all these fancy figures are before the Income Tax man starts grabbing?

* * *

I still think that Nora Eddington Flynn's retort snappy to Lili Damita was the best crack of the month.

Nora, who is the current Mrs. Errol Flynn, and Lili—who was Mrs. Flynn No. 1—were unfortunately invited to the same party. For such a warm evening, there was plenty of ice floating around.

Finally, Lili said to Nora, "Oh, pretty soon you'll be fat and he'll walk out on you, too."

Nora opened wide her great big eyes, "But Lili," said she, "you were never fat!"

* * *

So many people are traveling in Europe or are away on vacations or are busy making pictures that our social life has been a bit on the slow side. There have been parties—but most of them small ones.

The biggest party of the month was given by the William Goetzes, honoring the English movie biggie, J. Arthur Rank, and his wife.

It was a glamorous night, believe me, with all the stars sparkling inside and out.

(*Continued on page 12*)

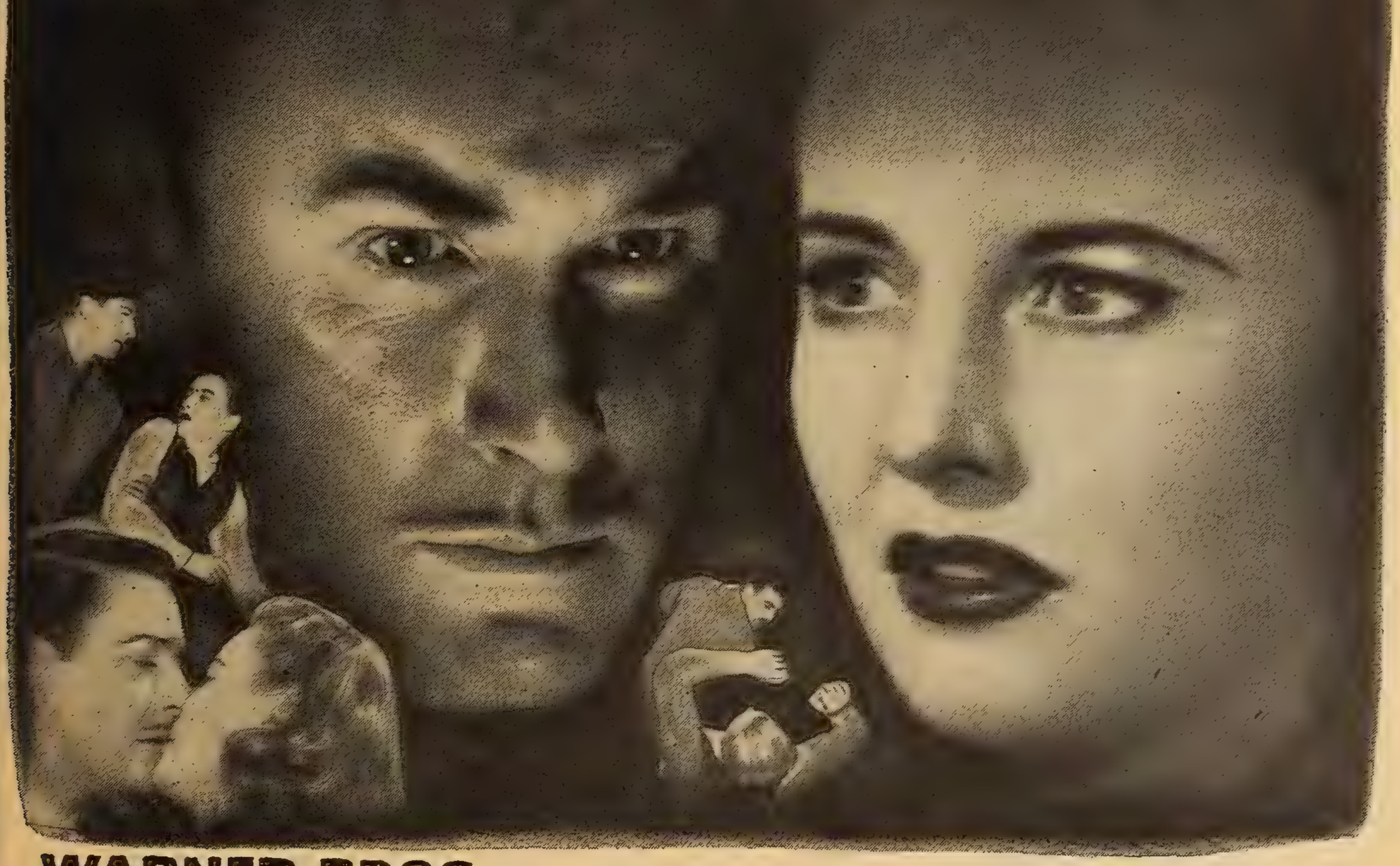
# THE HOWL IN THE NIGHT IS THE VOICE OF DANGER!

ERROL FLYNN

BARBARA STANWYCK

HIS FIRST MIS-STEP
WILL BE HIS LAST MISTAKE!

IF SHE WEREN'T SO IN LOVE
SHE'D BE SO AFRAID!



WARNER BROS. present

# "CRY WOLF"



with that rising young star

GERALDINE BROOKS



Directed by Peter Godfrey

Screen Play by Catherine Turney • From the Novel by Marjorie Carleton • Music by Franz Waxman

Produced by Henry Blanke

welcome! SOON WARNER BROS. BRING "LIFE WITH FATHER" TO THE SCREEN!

Clarence Day's

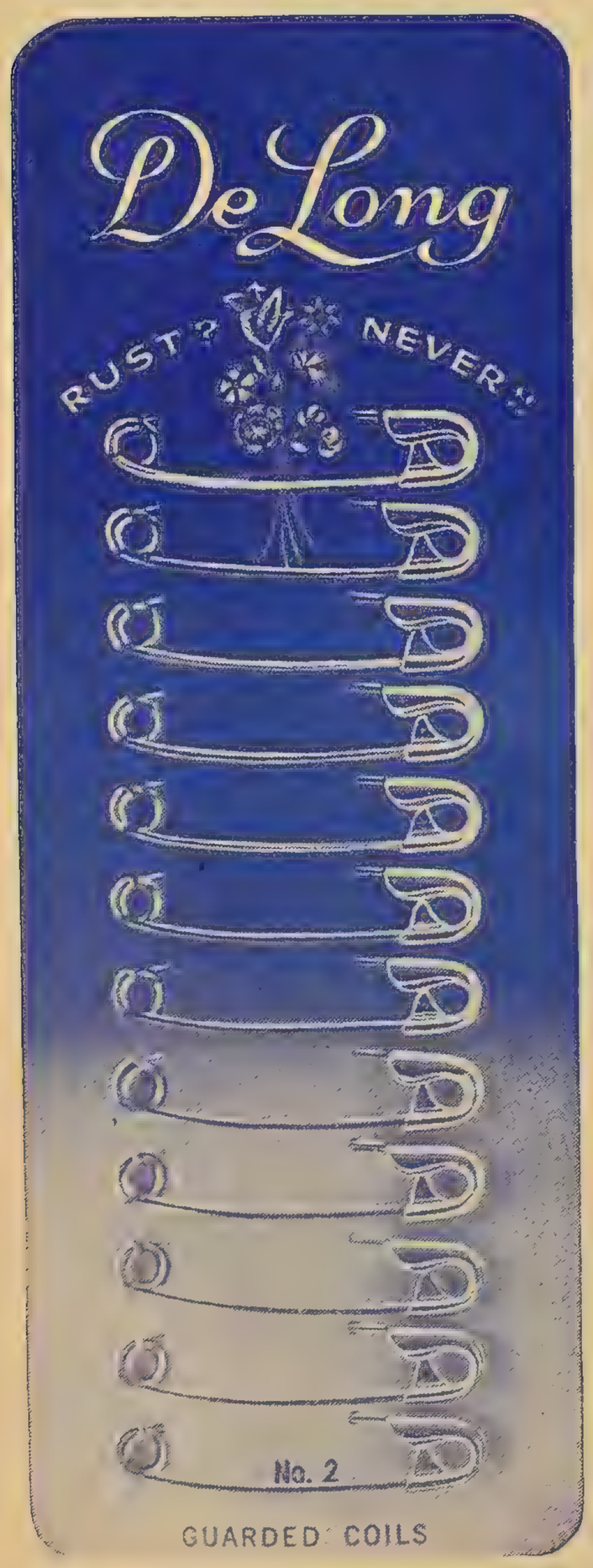
in Technicolor



YOUR BABY'S BILL OF RIGHTS

... calls for regular meals ... baths ... plenty of love ... and the *best of everything—including the Safety Pins that anchor his pants.*

That's why smart, conscientious Mothers buy DeLong Safety Pins ... made of sturdy brass wire that won't rust, and with guarded coils that can't get caught in the diaper material




*All Brass . . Won't Rust*
*Guarded Coils . . Won't Catch*




Mary Astor and Elizabeth Taylor repeated their mother-daughter roles for the radio broadcast of *Cynthia*. The following week, Liz nearly drowned while swimming, and suffered severe shock!

Greer Garson, who left England before Rank became the power he is today, had a long talk with him. But she spent most of the evening with Louis B. Mayer, her boss—so I don't think Rank made much headway, if he was trying to get her back for English movies.

The Charles Boyers and the Ronald Colmans were together, as usual, and—as usual—talking about their children. Juliet Colman and Michael Boyer are about the same age and Mrs. Boyer said:

"We're announcing right now that they are engaged. We think we ought to keep all this money in the family!"

Henry Fonda and I had a lot to talk about. His wife and my husband had both been patients at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore at the same time. "More than that," I told Hank, "Dr. Martin (my husband) bequeathed your wife his private telephone, the only one in the hospital, when he left."

Joan Bennett, a vision in white lace, looked so much like a debutante herself I couldn't believe it when she told me she was leaving next day to see her daughter, Diana, graduate from finishing school.

Another eyeful was Ava Gardner with David Niven. When she walked in, every masculine eye in the place turned in her direction.

Everyone agreed that Mrs. Ray Milland is the most beautiful non-professional wife of an actor in our town. She is always so gracious and nice.

I wish I could say that for the wife of another big star. I like him very much—but for my money, you can take her or leave her. Sometimes you can forgive people who have accomplished something big on their own, for being a little conceited. But this lady's chief claim to snobbishness seems to be that she married a movie actor.

Deborah Kerr, so attractive and such a darling, was with her equally charming husband, Tony Bartley. Speaking of the non-professional mates of stars—he's certainly a winner.

We almost had the jinxed Hope Diamond in Hollywood—and hanging around the neck of Ginger Rogers! I say "almost," because at the last minute the trustees of Evalyn Walsh McLean's estate, turned down the $20,000 offer from Ginger's producers to use the beautiful but unlucky gem for a scene in *It Had to Be You*.

I heard several women stars say they wouldn't wear the Hope Diamond for a split second—but Ginger told me she isn't superstitious.

* * *

Close-up of Mrs. John Agar: Her other name is Shirley Temple . . . when she knits or reads she wears big gold-rimmed glasses . . . She's never changed her favorite color, which is blue—any shade . . . She loves "dates" with her husband to go nightclubbing or dancing just like "before we were married" . . . She weighs 102 pounds and has grown an inch since her wedding, so she now stands five-feet-two inches . . . A few weeks ago she tried dieting for the first time, didn't like it, and gave it up. She'll take hers off swimming and playing tennis, thank you . . . She's very rich, but she keeps herself on a budget and if it goes quicker than she expected, she just doesn't take her girl friends to lunch that week, that's all . . . Now and then, very rarely in fact, she has a case of the "blues" without knowing why. But if she can turn on the radio or play some records, she snaps out of it . . . She loves engagement parties and showers and any festivity connected with romance . . . Her favorite flowers are tea roses . . . She can't cook very well, and doesn't care . . . Jack Benny slays her . . . She can't stand people who get laughs at the expense of someone's feelings . . . And she doesn't like even mild or cute risqué jokes . . . She will eat corn on the cob in the middle of the night in case there's any around . . . She likes to eat in bed . . . Her private-life clothes are smart, chic and expensive, and she likes gloves very much . . . Her lipsticks are vivid—but she has grown tired of "gaudy" fingernails . . . She is, and always has been, a darling!

# MURDER! MANHUNT!



Raw-nerve realism and terrific excitement thrill...in this high suspense drama of the kind of a killer who makes you mad all over!

DORE SCHARY *PRESENTS*

ROBERT YOUNG · ROBERT MITCHUM · ROBERT RYAN

*in*

# "Crossfire"

*with*

GLORIA GRAHAME

PAUL KELLY · SAM LEVENE

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Produced by ADRIAN SCOTT • Directed by EDWARD DMYTRYK • Screen Play by JOHN PAXTON




# dorothy kilgallen selects "the hucksters"



Clark Gable throws over a $35,000 advertising job (with ulcers!) for lovely Deborah Kerr.

■ At last! Clark Gable's back and a good picture's got him!

He's back in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's screen version of the controversial best-selling novel, *The Hucksters,* which cost them $300,000 and serves as an intelligent and unusual vehicle for what Gable fans pay to see and hear—the big shoulders, the sardonic smile, the between-the-eyebrows frown, the hot look and the voice that has more "Come on, baby, we're wasting time" in it than any other voice in America.

All this is eminently pleasing to the female picture-goer, and should prove equally gratifying to the male, except possibly on the way home.

Since movie audiences are, of course, larger even than the ranks of best-seller buyers, it will be necessary to explain to many flicker fans that the term "hucksters" refers to the advertising business and the gentlemen who for juicy salaries casually referred to as "$20,000 a year" and "$35,000 a year with bonuses" dream up the cheese and soap and cigarette and headache powder commercials that enchant and/or irritate the nation's radio listeners. (*Continued on page 16*)

**INGRID BERGMAN**
as Joan Madou, a woman of the shadows

**CHARLES BOYER**
as Ravic, the ghost doctor



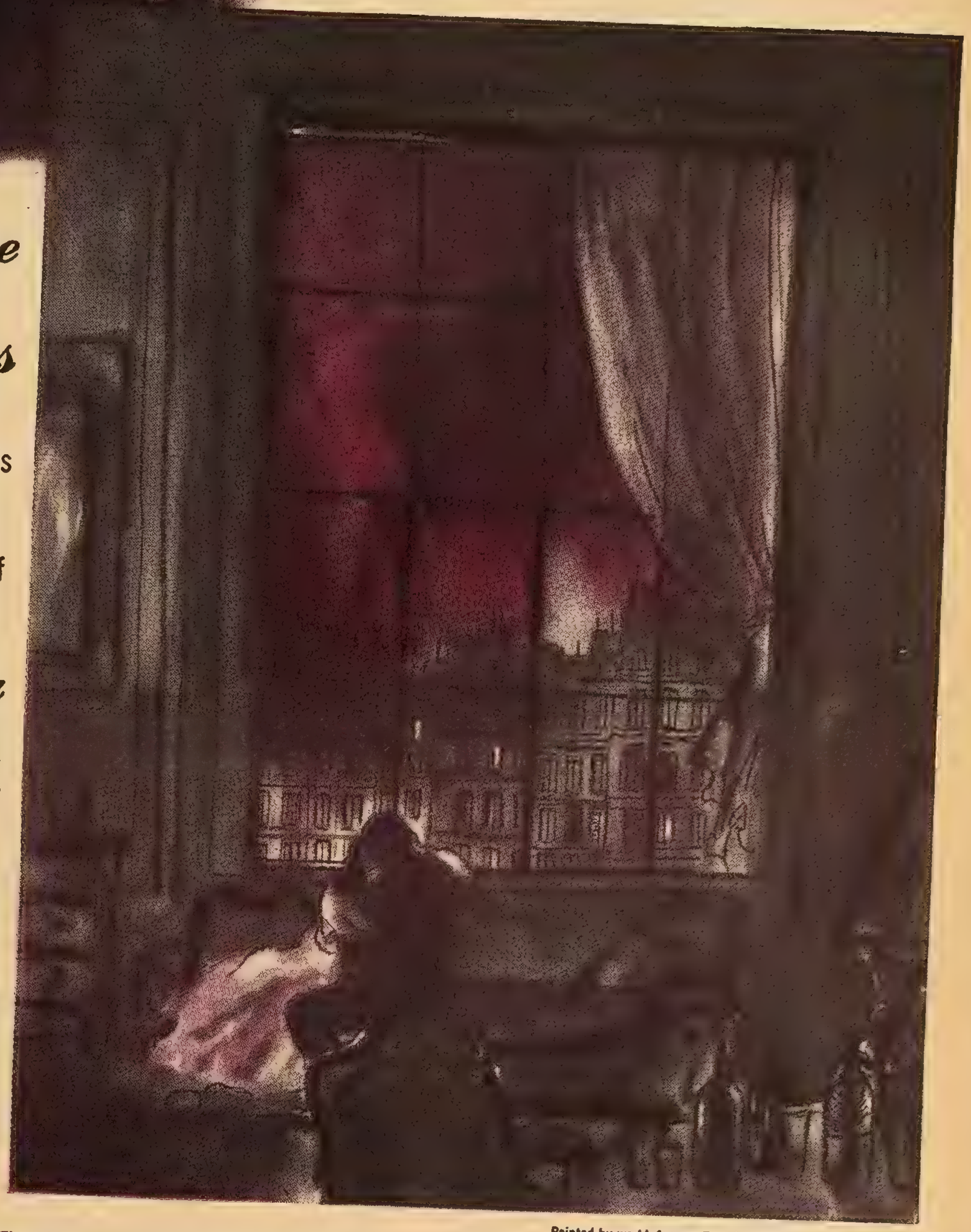
*The Enterprise Studios*




present this magnificent production of

*Erich Maria Remarque's*

great novel . . . the most important screen event in years!



Painted by world-famous French artist BERNARD LAMOTTE

They kissed . . . and the street noises of Paris, the ominous shadows of tomorrow, seemed far away . . .



# ARCH OF TRIUMPH

co-starring **CHARLES LAUGHTON**

with **LOUIS CALHERN** • **RUTH WARRICK** • **ROMAN BOHNEN**
**RUTH NELSON** • **MICHAEL ROMANOFF** • A **LEWIS MILESTONE** Production

Produced by **DAVID LEWIS** • Directed by **LEWIS MILESTONE** • RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

**TEETH SHOULD SHOW**

**IN YOUR SMILE**

*NEVER*

**IN YOUR**

**HAIR-DO**



**TEETH NEVER SHOW WITH**

*Goody**

**KANT-SLIP* COMBS**

***...BECAUSE ONLY KANT-SLIP COMBS HAVE CONCEALED***

***TIGHT-GRIPPING TEETH***






***Only Goody Kant-Slip combs have this overlapping patented construction making the teeth invisible in your hair.***

**ONLY 10c**

*Available in a variety of popular sizes at leading 5 and 10c stores and notion counters.*

Made by the makers of famous GOODY barrettes • curlers • wave clips

*REG. TRADEMARK

**FOR BETTER HAIR AIDS BETTER REACH FOR GOODY**


# DOROTHY KILGALLEN SELECTS "THE HUCKSTERS"

*(Continued from page 14)*

As any hep New Yorker can tell you, most of the characters are based on actual inhabitants of the advertising world, and the result is a behind-the-scenes glimpse of everything from the phenomenon known as the story conference to the feudally tyrannical sponsor, in this case played bombastically (and rather lovably, I thought) by the very capable Sidney Greenstreet.

Clark Gable is Vic Norman, the huckster who hawks his wares ever more successfully than most of the well-tailored worriers of his profession, until the hour when he can no longer like his work and himself, and quits the whole business on the crest of his greatest triumph. But all through the story, under the carefully accurate clothes and the "sincere" ties, ripple the Gable muscles, shines the Gable animal vitality, breathes the Gable personality that give vigor and life and excitement to a theme that easily could have run into a groove of trade talk and intellectual debate. Happily, it doesn't. The picture has, indeed, more than its share of romantic interest.

Two—count 'em—beautiful ladies vie for the Gable affections in *The Hucksters*, the more ladylike being Deborah Kerr, M-G-M's answer to any petulance on the part of Greer Garson, and the more beautiful being Ava Gardner, whose services seem to grow increasingly valuable to her studio with each new appearance. Miss Kerr is brunette, elegant and charming; an excellent actress and perfectly suited to the role of the British widow of an American general (oh, yes, the story's been changed some!) and Miss Gardner is direct, sexy and entirely believable as the singer who is frankly and understandably smitten with all the things Clark Gable is. The one who "gets" him in the end should, I think, be a secret until the admission price has been paid, but it can be said without fear of contradiction that any man in the audience would be delighted to take the leftover.

No expense was spared in the cast. Edward Arnold contributes a splendid and sympathetic bit as the head of an "octopus" talent agency. Adolphe Menjou portrays an upper-brackets advertising executive with such high tension you can almost see his ulcers. And Keenan Wynn races through one brilliant scene as Buddy Hare, a broken-down but ebullient comic. Quite a supporting cast!

With all this, however, the essence of *The Hucksters*' appeal is Clark Gable, and that is what they will be buying at the box office windows and that is what they will be grateful for when the final take fades out. He is one of the great "naturals" of the screen, and therein lies his easy force. There is no need for subtitles to translate what he is thinking when he looks at a woman in the back seat of a taxicab, and there is only one thing that a woman could possibly think of when she looks at him. This makes it all very simple and fine.

It makes the whole business of Gable's appearance in *The Hucksters* add up to one word:

Wow!

# FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

We don't like to brag—even about you lovely people—but no one can hold a candle to MODERN SCREEN's readers when it comes to discovering new stars. It seems that every big name you see in M.S. today first saw print (in your own legible writing) on the dotted lines below. We know that many of you regard the M.S. Poll as a delightful monthly ritual—but just to make it more interesting, we're offering 500 three-months FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS to the first 500 of you who send in the Questionnaire below—neatly filled in with the names of your favorite and—if any—unfavorite stars! But please act IMMEDIATELY—or those subscriptions will all be gone!

## QUESTIONNAIRE

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

If any of the stars below is UNPOPULAR with you, please check the box opposite his or her name. If you like them all, please check the box opposite "No dislikes." CHECK ONLY ONE BOX!

- ☐ *Betty Grable*
- ☐ *June Allyson*
- ☐ *Judy Garland*
- ☐ *Van Johnson*
- ☐ *Jane Wyman*
- ☐ *Cornel Wilde*
- ☐ *Rita Hayworth*
- ☐ *Guy Madison*
- ☐ *Lana Turner*
- ☐ *Shirley Temple*

☐ *No dislikes*

My name is.....

My address is .....

City..... Zone.....State ..... I am..... years old

**ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN**
**149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.**

The story of a guy that women go for!

# BODY and SOUL







JOHN GARFIELD
LILLI PALMER
in 'Body and Soul'

and introducing exciting

HAZEL BROOKS
as ALICE

with
ANNE REVERE

WILLIAM CONRAD • JOSEPH PEVNEY
LLOYD GOFF • CANADA LEE
Original screenplay by ABRAHAM POLONSKY

Directed by
ROBERT ROSSEN
Produced by
BOB ROBERTS

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

*A new climax in entertainment from* THE ENTERPRISE STUDIOS



Father (William Powell) loves Mother (Irene Dunne) dearly, but he wishes she'd forget this baptizing nonsense.

Clarence, Jr. (Jimmy Lydon) can't woo Mary (Eliz. Taylor) properly—not while he's wearing Father's old suit!





When his precious Vinnie (Irene Dunne) is ill, Father promises her anything if she'll get well—even that he'll be baptized. Grimly, he sets off to keep his "sacred promise," with the whole family along to witness the performance

# movie reviews

**by Virginia Wilson**

# LIFE with FATHER

*Life With Father* is running merrily along in its eighth year on Broadway. Now comes the Technicolor picture version, which is just as funny and human and lovable. William Powell makes a superb "Father," complete with red hair and a red mustache.

Father is an irascible but charming gentleman who, in 1880, rules his household with an iron hand encased in an immaculate chamois glove. He and his wife, Vinnie (Irene Dunne), have four redheaded sons and a house on Madison Avenue. They live very well, but Father is fond of saying that they could live much better if Vinnie were not so bad at accounts.

Vinnie has a very feminine mind, and while her arithmetic seems logical to her, it drives Father crazy. For example, Vinnie buys a china dog at McCreery's and charges it. Father looks at it and says, "Oh, *Gad!*" in anguished tones. He says that to practically everything. Anyway, he tells his wife firmly to take that atrocious creature straight back to McCreery's.

Vinnie, like most very feminine women, can be stubborn. She won't take the dog back. But then the problem of a new suit for Clarence (Jimmy Lydon) arises, and she sees a chance to kill two birds with one dog. Clarence can get a suit at McCreery's for twenty-five dollars. So Vinnie explains carefully to Father that she'll take the dog back, get a suit for Clarence, and the whole transaction won't cost a cent, since the dog was charged anyway. Father says, "Oh, *Gad!*"

The reason Clarence needs a new suit is because he's in love with pretty Mary Skinner (Elizabeth Taylor). She regards him with awe and admiration because he's going to Yale. And Clarence finds himself totally unable to kiss her as long as he's wearing an old suit of Father's. The personality of the former owner imbues it too thoroughly.

So much happens every day in Father's house: the medicine that the two youngest boys sell the neighbors with dire results. The arguments about Father's baptism. Vinnie's getting sick—"Deliberately, to show me how helpless I am without her," Father declares. "Oh, *Gad!*"

I hope you'll enjoy the picture as much as I did.—*War.* (*Continued on page* 20)

# Both THESE BOOKS Free!

if you join the Book League of America now

## THIS SENSATIONAL 524-PAGE BEST-SELLER!

*A Roaring Tale of Flaming Passions in WICKED NEW ORLEANS! 1,000,000 Copies Sold!*



DEVIL-MAY-CARE Stephen Fox landed in New Orleans with a ten-dollar gold piece, a pearl stick pin—and a swaggering audacity. But he gambled his way to wealth and power—won the blue-blooded Odalie—then her lovely sister, Aurore—and finally the sultry quadroon with the creamy skin and golden hair, Desiree.

Here are blood and thunder, swashbuckling adventure, ardent romance—in the "wickedest city in the world." "As sheer entertainment, it will take backwater from nothing," says the Chicago *Sun* of this million-copy best-seller.




# The FOXES of HARROW

## —and YOU ALSO GET FREE

CHARLES DICKENS' HEARTWARMING STORY

# GREAT EXPECTATIONS

IN addition to your *free copy* of *The Foxes of Harrow,* you ALSO get—as your second FREE book—the stirring novel by Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations.* Millions have laughed and cried at this moving story of a penniless orphan whose mysterious benefactor made him the richest man in London! Now it has been made into a motion picture that the critics are raving about!

The N. Y. *Times* calls it "Perfect!" The N. Y. *Herald Tribune* says: "Irresistible entertainment." "Superb, brilliant, delightful, enchanting!" raves the N. Y. *News.* You can have *Great Expectations* FREE, as one of your TWO FREE BOOKS on this amazing offer!



*Scene from* Great Expectations, *starring John Mills and Valerie Hobson. A J. Arthur Rank presentation, released through Universal-International Pictures.*

## You Get Both Books FREE—with Membership in the Book League

IT COSTS you nothing to join this Club. And every month (or less often, if you wish) you may receive the current Selection—a best-seller by an author like Ben Ames Williams, John Steinbeck, Somerset Maugham, or Ernest Hemingway—a book selling for $2.50 and up in the publisher's edition. But you can get it for only $1.49!

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Mail the coupon without money, and you will receive at once your *free* copies of *The Foxes of Harrow* AND *Great Expectations.* You will ALSO receive, as your first Selection, your choice of any of these 3 best-sellers:

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Send coupon—without money—now. At once you will receive, FREE, *The Foxes of Harrow* AND *Great Expectations.* You will also receive, as your first Selection, the book you have chosen in the coupon here. Enjoy these three books—two absolutely FREE, the third at an amazing bargain price.

When you realize that you can get popular best-sellers like these month after month at a tremendous saving—and that you ALSO get FREE Bonus Books—you will understand why this IS "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club." Mail the coupon—without money—now. **BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Dept. MM9, Garden City, N. Y.**

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Please send me—FREE—*The Foxes of Harrow* AND *Great Expectations.* Also enroll me, free, as a member of the Book League of America, and send me, as my first Selection, the book I have checked below:

☐ GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT
☐ THIS SIDE OF INNOCENCE
☐ STRANGE WOMAN

For every two monthly Selections I accept, I will receive, free, a BONUS BOOK. However, I do NOT have to accept each month's new Selection; only six *of my own choice* during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. Each month I will receive the Club's "Review," describing a number of *other* best-sellers; so that if I prefer one of these to the *regular* Selection, I may choose it instead. I am to pay only $1.49 (plus few cents' shipping charges) for each Selection I accept. There are no membership dues for me to pay; no further cost or obligation.

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# Arthur Murray Girls tell how to keep "dainty while dancing"!



This safe-and-sure deodorant is their secret!

**GLAMOUR GIRLS** to their toes . . . Arthur Murray's instructresses are experts in more than dancing routines . . . they make sure of their complete personal daintiness through those *hours* of dancing!

**THEY SAY** that they rely on Etiquet above all other deodorants for safe-and-sure protection. Because Etiquet works so *effectively*, with such *efficiency*, it can be *depended upon* to stop underarm odor, check perspiration during hours of active exercise.

**YOU, TOO,** can share their secret of personal charm by using Etiquet. And how you'll love Etiquet's fluffy-lightness! The way it stays moist in jar—will not harm delicate fabrics. Get Etiquet at all cosmetic counters—in 10¢, 25¢, 39¢ and 59¢ sizes.




Etiquet

The safe-and-sure deodorant

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORPORATION




**Kiss Of Death:** Vic Mature, released from Sing Sing, marries Coleen Gray, who has taken care of his motherless children while he was away.

## KISS OF DEATH

There are parts of this story which you might have read in a newspaper. A hold-up where a man is shot. A wife's suicide. The murder of an old woman. A gang killing, or what passes for it. Let's try to put these jig-saw pieces together and see what we get.

Piece number one is the hold-up of a jewelry firm. Three men are in on it and two of them get away. The third, Bianco (Victor Mature), isn't so lucky. He's shot in the leg by a guard and the police get him. The assistant D.A., a nice enough guy named D'Angelo, (Brian Donlevy) offers to make a deal if Bianco will talk. But he won't talk, so he goes up the river for a twenty-year stretch.

Twenty years is a long time. Too long for Bianco's wife (Patricia Morison) to wait. She drinks the first year, runs around with Rizzo, one of Bianco's partners in the hold-up, the second year, sticks her head in a gas oven the third. But there's another girl who loves Bianco enough to wait. She's a kid named Nettie (Coleen Gray) and he hardly knows she exists, but she loves him.

When Bianco hears that his wife's dead and his kids have been sent to an orphanage, he remembers D'Angelo's offer to make a deal. There's nothing to hold him back now. His partners didn't take care of his family as they had promised. Let *them* have a taste of prison. Bianco turns stool pigeon. He's useful to D'Angelo, who doesn't let it be known where he's getting the information. Word around the underworld is that it's Rizzo who's "singing". A gunman, Udo (Richard Widmark), who's a wild, hopped-up sadist, kills Rizzo's crippled mother to teach him a lesson.

Bianco, out on parole now and happily married to Nettie, has to testify against Udo in court. Gangsters don't like to have people testify against them. They call it the "kiss of death" and the results are apt to be unhealthy.—*20th-Fox*

## THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME

Larry Ballantine (Robert Young) is on trial for murder. He says he isn't guilty, but that's what most people say. "They won't



**They Won't Believe Me:** No jury will believe the strange story Robert Young has to tell about the mysterious death of Susan Hayward.

believe me," he tells his lawyer, "but anyway I'm going to tell them the truth."

The truth doesn't make a very savory story. Larry, married to a rich wife, Greta (Rita Johnson), falls in love with Janice (Jane Greer). He promises her he'll get a divorce right away. But when Greta tells him she has bought him a partnership in a Los Angeles brokerage firm, and has taken a house for them in Beverly Hills, Larry weakens. He leaves Janice without even a goodbye, and is soon being the busy, handsome young executive in Los Angeles.

There's always another girl for men like Larry. The next one is Verna (Susan Hayworth), the secretary of his partner, Trenton (Tom Powers). Verna is a practical minded little trollop. She knows Larry is married, but he can buy her champagne and orchids, so she doesn't care. At least that's the way it starts out.

Greta again tries to get Larry away from temptation by moving. She buys a hunting lodge in the country and takes him there, hoping to salvage what's left of their marriage. But Larry can't forget Verna. He decides to leave Greta, and go to Reno with Verna for a divorce.

It's a sudden move. He walks out of the house, just leaving a note for Greta. On the way to Reno, a truck hits the car he and Verna are in, and she is killed. When Larry comes to, he finds that the police have mistakenly identified Verna as Greta. The body is burned beyond recognition. And an ugly thought forces itself into Larry's mind. If Greta really *was* dead, he would have all the money, plus his freedom. If he could get to the hunting lodge before anyone finds out that Greta is still alive. . . .

Robert Young gives one of his best performances as the weak but charming Larry. —*RKO*

## SLAVE GIRL

This glorified Fatima ad has more action and humor than you might expect from the title and general pattern. It's in Technicolor, too, and it begins in Washington in 1830 or thereabouts. A nineteenth century playboy, Matt Claiborne (George Brent) is sent to Tripoli on government business. It's a very


# Are you in the know?



**To rate, must your date be —**

- ☐ *A big-time spender*
- ☐ *A joe with a jalopy*
- ☐ *Just a grand guy*

Would you only date a big wallet deal — or only a character who can chauffeur you around? Too bad to be labelled a snob-sister. Lads like to rate for themselves alone. A really charming girl is sincere. Self-assured, too . . . and when you go dating at certain times, remember those *flat pressed ends* of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. What's more, that Kotex Sanitary Belt keeps you oh-so-comfortable. Yes! Because it's all-elastic, adjustable — lets you bend without binding.



**Which can help you land the job?**

- ☐ *Your grooming*
- ☐ *Your manner*
- ☐ *Your voice*

Pipsqueaks and Timid Tillies don't score with the personnel department. But shyness and a tense voice needn't plague you — if you're sure you look smooth. That's one reason why good grooming is vital. It's a prop for your poise. On trying days, let Kotex help. Kotex coddles you with comfort . . . it's made to *stay soft while you wear it.* And because that special safety center gives *extra* protection, you can take poise for granted with Kotex!



**To dramatize your eyes, should you —**

- ☐ *Keep 'em rolling*
- ☐ *Bead your lashes*
- ☐ *Dodge dark lipstick*

You needn't go theatrical to get him to notice those glimmers. Come-hither glances may scare him off. (Likewise, "movie" lashes.) A subtler trick is to dodge dark lipstick. Paler shades are right for you . . . tend to add size to your eyes. And speaking of size . . . did you know Kotex (and *only* Kotex) comes in *3 sizes?* So when you choose from Regular, Junior and Super Kotex, you're sure of having a napkin that's exactly right for *you.*




**More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins**

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

# "I Believe in LOVE" says Joan Caulfield



JOAN CAULFIELD STAR OF "WELCOME STRANGER", A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



**Shopping on Wilshire,** the pretty Star attracts eyes. *"Hearts are more important,"* says Joan. *"And soft feminine hands attract hearts."*

Joan's own hands are heart-snares—soft as soft. *"I use Jergens Lotion,"* she says. Other Stars say the same. The Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1.

*Your hands, too, even softer,* divinely smoother, now. Jergens Lotion is more effective than ever today. Contains two ingredients many a doctor relies on for smooth-softening the skin. 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax) for this hand care of the Stars. No oiliness; no stickiness.




*For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use*

# JERGENS LOTION

**FREE!**
**See for yourself why Hollywood Stars, 7 to 1, use Jergens Lotion**

**Mail coupon today for gift bottle.** (Paste on penny postcard if you wish.)
Box 27, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. Please send my gift bottle.
184

*Name* _____

*Address* _____

*City* _____ *State* _____

(Please print name, address plainly.....Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only)




simple mission or they wouldn't have trusted Matt with it. All he has to do is deliver a trunk loaded with gold to the Pasha, who in turn is to release ten American seamen he has imprisoned.

They send a bodyguard, Chips (Broderick Crawford), with Matt to make sure he stays on the straight and narrow path. But Chips gets side-tracked himself, the first day in Tripoli. He's a Yankee and can't resist a bargain. So when he sees a cute little slave girl being sold for practically nothing, he buys her.

Meanwhile, Matt's ever-wandering eye has been caught by an alluring, veiled and mysterious beauty called Francesca (Yvonne De Carlo). When she makes a date to meet him at a local bistro that night, it doesn't occur to him that it might have something to do with the trunk full of gold. .

The "date" doesn't turn out so well. Matt gets conked on the head and the gold is stolen. The Pasha (Albert Dekker), who's a very nasty piece of work, tosses Matt into the jug for not delivering the gold, as promised. Fortunately Chips and his little slave girl (Lois Collier) manage to rescue not only Matt but the ten seamen. However, the gold is still missing and the Pasha's men are just one quick jump behind them.

Francesca, who is the Pasha's pick for his next wife, has been playing a complicated little game of her own. She's in love with El-Hamid (Carl Esmond) who is starting a revolution against the Pasha, and she stole the gold to finance him. All she gets for her trouble is the brush-off from El-Hamid, so she transfers her affections to Matt, which almost gets them *all* shot.—*Univ.*

## THE ROOSEVELT STORY

"We have nothing to fear but fear itself." Those words rang out at a time when the depression had a weary nation clutched tightly in its grasp. They were the words of a great man—a man whose story is inextricably mingled with the lives of all of us.

This picture is made entirely from newsreel excerpts. They go back to the days when he was first married, and show his early political ventures, before the illness which would have put an end to a lesser man's career. After



**The Roosevelt Story:** Highlights in the life of a great man, who once warned us all: "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself."

Roosevelt becomes President, the milestones in his life are marked by achievements in national progress. Decent living wages for labor, improvements in housing, the development of the country's resources by projects like the TVA. His speeches are quoted, with all their heartfelt sympathy for the "little people," for those whose race or religion has made them the target of oppression.

Roosevelt saw that war was inevitable and made all the preparations for it that were in his power. He was deeply criticized for this by the isolationists and the unthinking, but his wisdom saved thousands of lives. All through the war, the people of Europe as well as America looked to his guidance. One of the most thrilling moments of the picture is when the American troops in Africa look up from drill one bright morning and see their President driving slowly across the field. They can't believe it, but it's so! And you can imagine the cheer that greets that famous smile.

Obviously a picture of this kind can show only the highlights of Roosevelt's career. They are enough to make us realize that his spirit, like that of Washington and Lincoln, will be with us forever.

## THE WEB

This is a thriller, but not exactly a mystery. You're never in any doubt as to what is going on, but that doesn't detract from the excitement. There's some fine acting by Edmond O'Brien and Vincent Price, as well as clever dialog to sustain the action.

The plot is fairly simple. A man named Colby (Vincent Price) who's head of several corporations, finds himself in sudden need of a bodyguard. Reason—his ex-partner, Kroner (Fritz Lieber), whom he double-crossed and sent to jail on a million-dollar deal a few years ago, is out again. Kroner was always a gentle soul, but even gentle souls have been known to turn bitter after five years in prison on a phony rap. Also, Kroner has a daughter (Maria Palmer), who isn't gentle at all.

So Colby hires a bodyguard named Regan (Edmond O'Brien). Regan is a lawyer, actually, but lawyers are a dime a dozen around town, and Colby has offered him five thousand dollars to act as bodyguard. Regan



**The Web:** Edmond O'Brien, bodyguard to a man facing violent death, has found Ella Raines the only pleasant part of his job—until now!


GENUINE REGISTERED
Keepsake
DIAMOND RINGS
Trade Mark Registered




*Never a Love so True ..... Never a Ring so Cherished*

"Oh darling, it's the loveliest ring in the world!"
Through six decades the choice of America's loveliest brides . . . a genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Ring is the traditional symbol of love. Only one diamond in hundreds meets the exacting standards of quality which distinguish every Keepsake Diamond. Identify Keepsake by the name in the ring, and the words "guaranteed AA registered perfect gem" on the tag . . . as illustrated. Let comparison prove that a Keepsake gives you higher quality and greater value than an ordinary ring of the same price. Better jewelers are Keepsake Jewelers. Prices from $100 to $5000.

All rings illustrated available in white as well as natural gold
Rings enlarged to show details
Prices include Federal tax

*Look for the name "Keepsake" in the ring, and require the Keepsake Certificate of Guarantee and Registration.*

A CONRAD Set 154.75
Engagement Ring 125.00
B HUDSON Set 300.00
Engagement Ring 225.00
C HEATHER Set 362.50
Engagement Ring 350.00
Also $100 to 2475 and in platinum $300 to 3450




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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

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120 E. Washington, Syracuse 2, New York

Please send the useful 20-page book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding" . . . a complete guide to social correctness in planning the betrothal and wedding events . . . with illustrations and prices of Keepsake Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

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Street and No.....

City.....

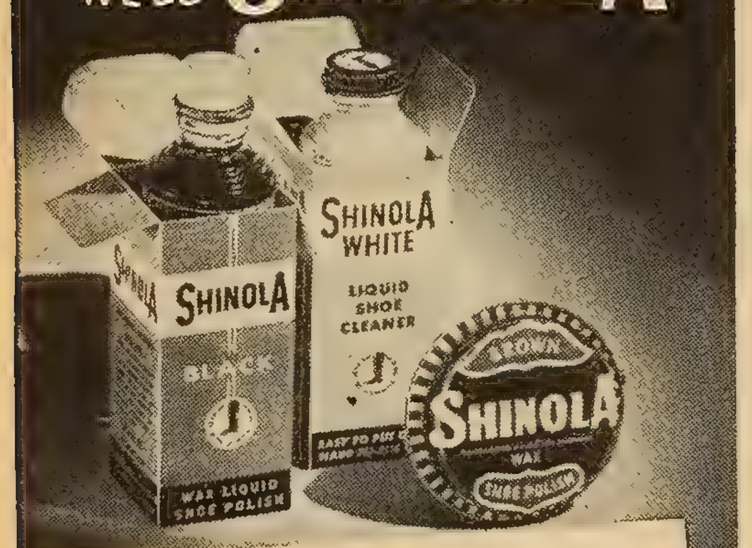
MSC 9-47

Your Shoes are Showing!



Embarrassing, isn't it?

YOU NEED SHINOLA




1 Shinola's scientific combination of oily waxes helps keep shoes flexible—and new-looking longer.

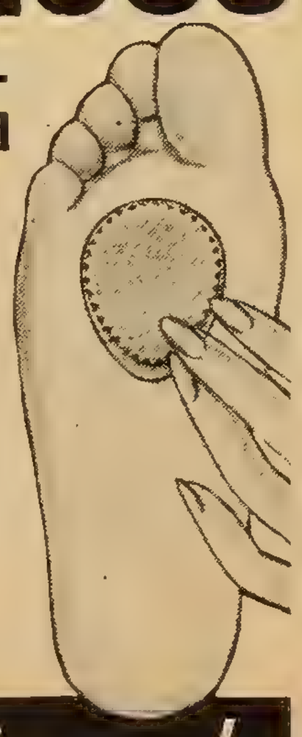
2 Shinola is easy to apply and economical to buy. For good grooming and longer wear—KEEP 'EM SHINING WITH SHINOLA. In Canada it's 2-in-1.



Callouses

Pain, Burning, Tenderness Quickly Relieved

You'll quickly forget you have painful callouses, tenderness or burning on the bottom of your feet when you use thin, downy-soft, wonderfully soothing, cushioning Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! Instantly lift pressure on the sensitive spot. Speedily remove callouses when used with the separate *Medications* included. Cost but a trifle. At all Drug, Shoe, Department Stores and Toiletry Counters. Insist on Dr. Scholl's.



Dr Scholl's Zino-pads




**Crossfire:** Detective Robert Young, trying to solve a murder without a motive, quizzes ex-soldiers Robert Mitchum and Robert Ryan, suspects. Later, he finds that anti-Semitism was the real reason behind the victim's death.

accepts, gets a pistol permit from a friendly police detective, Damico (William Bendix), and starts his new job.

One part of the job looks very attractive. That's Colby's secretary, Noel Faraday (Ella Raines). A little unapproachable, maybe, but a guy can keep trying. While Regan's trying, the next night, he hears a cry and a shot from upstairs. He rushes up and finds a strange little man with a gun in his hand threatening Colby. Regan shoots the little man, who of course is Kroner.

Detective Damico takes a dim view of the coincidences involved in this killing. Coincidence number one: Kroner gets out of jail one day and is shot the next. Coincidence two: Regan gets a gun permit for the first time and immediately kills a man. Coincidence three: there's a missing million in bonds involved.

Colby is sorry that Regan found it necessary to shoot Kroner, he tells the police. He is also sorry that Regan and Noel are getting so friendly. He's afraid it may mean trouble for Regan. He's right. It does.—*Univ.*

## CROSSFIRE

Once in a while you see a picture which seems completely real and believable, even if the events in it are foreign to your own life. *Crossfire* is such a picture. I don't know how it's managed, but the characters act and talk like real people and the suspense holds you taut in your seat from beginning to end.

The suspense starts when three soldiers, ready to be discharged, drop into a bar. One of them, Mitchell (George Cooper), a neurotic but likeable lad, gets into a conversation with a guy named Samuels (Sam Levene). Later that night, Samuels is found beaten to death and the police begin a hunt for Mitchell.

Detective Finlay (Robert Young) picks up a couple of Mitchell's buddies for questioning. The first one, Montgomery (Robert Ryan), talks readily enough. Sure, they went up to Samuels' apartment. But he left before Mitchell did and he doesn't know what happened.

The other soldier, Keeley (Robert Mitchum), won't tell them anything. Not until he finds out what they have on Mitchell. "Mitch is no killer," he says stubbornly. "He's a tired, worried little guy but he wouldn't hurt anybody."

Keeley finds Mitch before the police do. He gets Mitch's version of the evening, which certainly doesn't include murder. Mitch says he, not Montgomery, was the first to leave Samuels' apartment. Monty, who hated Jews, was getting nasty, and Mitch left to keep out of the argument. He went for a walk. Later he went to the apartment of a taxi dancer (Gloria Grahame) who had promised to cook him some spaghetti. She wasn't there, but Mitch stayed and took a nap. Then he came back and met Keeley. He didn't kill Samuels. Why should he? Samuels was a nice guy.

That's what bothers detective Finlay for a long while—absence of motive. Then there's another murder and this time the motive is as clear as if it was in neon lights. This time the murderer has been too smart. A lot too smart.—*RKO*

## HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS

Judging by recent pictures, things in the celestial regions are going rapidly to pot. They can't even keep their accounts straight up in heaven any more. Here's Michael (Robert Cummings) who's supposed to be a reliable type of angel, and look what he's done. Forgotten to keep a record on one Duke Byron. As a result, none of the things which were supposed to happen to Duke have materialized. Instead of being a fine upstanding civic leader, he owns a gambling saloon in Glacier, Montana. Instead of being married to a minister's daughter, he is hanging out with dance hall girls.

Michael reluctantly goes down to earth to fix things up. He is at what he considers an unfair disadvantage, since he knows nothing of earth's ways, and had been expressly forbidden to perform any miracles while he's down there. Heaven only knows how he is to get Duke reformed.

(*Continued on page 124*)

Its cleaner, brighter **Taste** means
cleaner, brighter teeth! **New Pepsodent,**
the only tooth paste containing **Irium,**
removes the film that makes your teeth look dull—
uncovers the natural brilliance of your smile!




A Product of Lever Brothers Company

Use Pepsodent twice a day—
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# Merle Oberon discovers New Improved DRENE

## NEW! DIFFERENT!

*The Miracle Shampoo that lets your hair Shine like the Stars!*



**It's a gloriously new,** different Drene! A miracle shampoo adored by shining Hollywood stars like Merle Oberon. A wonderfully improved shampoo that now lets *your* hair shine like the stars!

**Merle Oberon tells you:** "It's easy to keep your hair shining with new Drene!" For this shampooing marvel now makes *quicker, richer, more active* lather. Brings out ALL the sheen now hidden by dulling soap film. Yes, far more sheen—by actual test—than you get with *any* soap shampoo.

**Never dries out your hair!** Instead, new improved Drene actually helps guard against "fly-away dryness." Now leaves your hair softer—smoother—far easier to set, curl, and arrange. Start now to use this shampoo of lovely stars in Hollywood. Get new Drene today.




*Now! Better for All types of hair!*

**New improved Drene is at your dealer's now in the familiar blue-and-yellow package.**

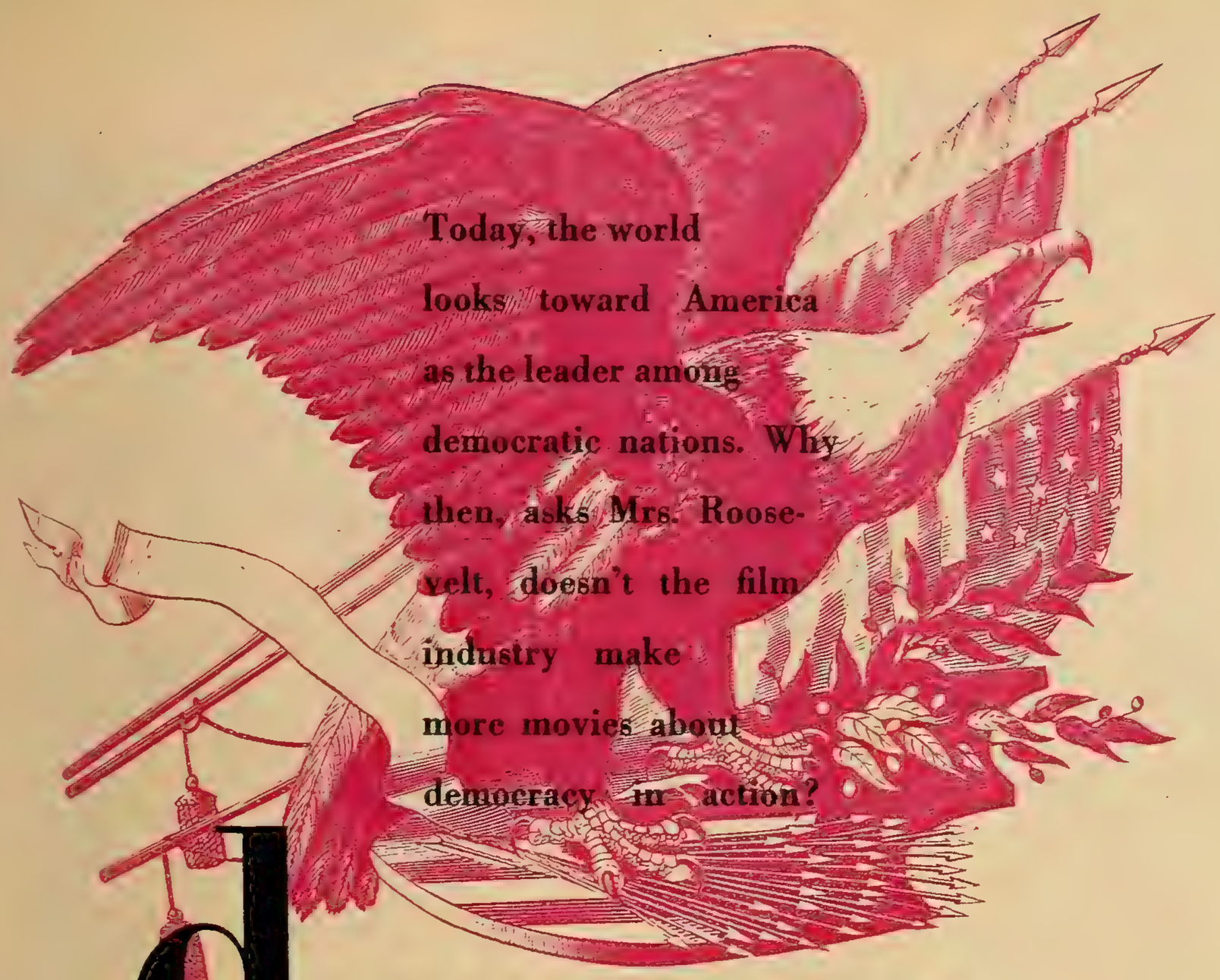
*Merle Oberon*

Star of the RKO Picture "MEMORY OF LOVE" says:

"My hair now has the most glorious sheen thanks to new Drene."

**First Shampoo ever to bring you ALL of these Beauty Miracles!**

- ★ Reveals ALL the sheen in your hair
- ★ Never dries out your hair
- ★ Leaves hair far easier to manage
- ★ Marvelous hair conditioning action
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- ★ Removes unsightly dandruff
- ★ No acid after-rinses needed
- ★ Flower-fresh fragrance




# democracy on the screen



## by Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt

■ There is a very necessary piece of educational work to be done in this country at the present time. Not only here, but in the world at large, the understanding of what the United States means by democracy is very limited. On the whole, it seems to me that our methods of communication are not being used to the full in spreading this knowledge. It can not be understood if only learned professors write about it. It must be told in print, over the air and in pictures. Perhaps the best and most effective medium is the moving picture. Practically everybody in this country, at some time during the week, goes to the movies. This large audience should be told the story of democracy not only by documentary films but by films that are purely fictional. All of the people, young and old, would then begin to understand what the rights and privileges of democracy are, and what obligations have to be (*Continued on page 105*)



He'd coughed over cigarettes, bloodied his nose a dozen times, and generally raised cain. But nothing was worse than that awful moment in the school play . . .



# glenn ford life story



by eleanor powell

as told to howard sharpe

■ Glenn's mother, Mrs. Newton Ford, rang me early one Sunday morning shortly after our marriage. "Ellie," she said, "I think it's about time you learned a little more about the Ford family."

"What do you mean?" I said.

"Well, since he's so far away (Glenn was with the Marine Corps then), perhaps you'd like to look through some old albums I just dug up. I believe a new bride ought to know a little more about the man she married than his idiosyncrasies on the dance floor and what he likes for breakfast."

I said, "Have you got the usual picture of him in his birthday suit, perched on a pillow?"

"That one seems to be missing. Odd. It's been torn right out of the album. How mysterious!"

A few hours later, we were both comfortably seated on a divan, our laps piled high with a huge collection of family picture albums.

"Now you may not think this picture of the Quebec Theater should be the first in the book," Mrs. Ford said, pointing. "But there's quite a story attached to it. One of the happiest and proudest moments of my life was when my son brought me back here in 1940, for his first personal appearance in our home town. In fact, the house where Glenn grew up is just a block away from here."

"I suppose that's the old homestead, where he was born," I said.

"No, Glenn, or Gwellyn Samuel Newton Ford, as we named him, was born in Quebec Hospital at high noon."

In point of fact, there were so many Fords (Glenn's father had thirteen brothers and sisters) that the town they lived in was named Glenford. Glenn tells me that he loved it. His grandmother spoiled him generally, his aunt Lucy let him play with her sacred stamp collection, and there were two cousins—Betty and Stewart—who were his own age. If I'm to believe what he's told me, Glenn's first seven years were spent almost entirely in the confinement of a happy home environment. When finally the Fords decided to strike out on their own—leaving Canada altogether—he was not prepared for what was to come.

Venice, California, in 1923, was still a fabulous, (*Continued on page 106*)

**THEIRS WAS A STORY-**

**BOOK ROMANCE, WITH A TRICK**

**MEETING, A LONG SEPARA-**

**TION, THEN A SUDDEN ELOPEMENT.**

**ONLY THE LAST PAGES OF**

**THE STORY ARE BLURRED—WITH**

**JUNE HAVER'S TEARS**

■ The phone rang. It was Al Delacorte calling from New York. I didn't give him a chance to open his mouth. "Brother, I know what you want," I said. "The Haver divorce story."

Who didn't? This was Tuesday, June 17th. The day before, a small bomb had popped among the biggies on page 1:

> "Screen star June Haver, 21, announced today that she had separated from her husband, Jimmy Zito, 23, and will file suit for divorce in the near future. Her only explanation was that 'things didn't work out.' The couple was married on March 2nd in Las Vegas, Nevada, and re-married in a church ceremony on March 27th in Los Angeles."

Three months and out! Who wouldn't want the story? But Al's reason was special. You'll find it in the June issue of Modern Screen—"Secret Heart," by Abigail Putnam—or, how a girl discovered she was in love. Now, mind you, Junie's elopement came as a shock. All you heard at the time was, "Who's Jimmy Zito? Why Zito?" Well, the Putnam gal answered a lot of those questions. Then boom! with the sound of wedding bells still in your ears, they're busted up . . .

I hauled out the magazine, re-read the details and called Abby Putnam.

"June Haver's divorcing Jimmy Zito," I blurted.

Came a silence so long, I was sure she'd dropped dead. Then: "I don't believe it."

"Okay, Wide-eyes. Read all about it in the papers—when you get 'em."

"But it *can't* be true. Last time I saw that kid, she (*Continued on page 109*)



This is the picture you saw in our June issue, showing June and Jimmy just after they were re-married in St. Timothy's Church. They saw little of each other in their 3-months marriage.



Dr. John Duzik (dancing here with June at the Stork Club) was her constant New York escort. It was he, rather than Jimmy, whom gossips predicted would be June's husband.



Before marriage, June was seen frequently in Hollywood with David Rose, described as a "family friend." Even he was surprised at the Haver-Zito elopement to Las Vegas.

# three months and out!

by hedda hopper



the rabbit got away !

**IT'S DOWNRIGHT DANGEROUS TO TAKE GAIL RUSSELL ALONG ON A RABBIT-HUNTING TRIP, SAYS GUY MADISON.**

**WHY, SHE MIGHT GET SHOT, OR SOMETHING—BEING JUST ABOUT AS CUTE AS A BUNNY HERSELF**

■ One of the major sports of Southern California is jack-rabbit hunting. It may never take the place of gin rummy, but it has its devotees.

These devotees sometimes lead you to suspect it's a cinch. They say you just need a rabbit (there are thousands of *them*), a car to get the rabbit in (everybody in California has a car), and something to brain the rabbit with after you get there (ditto).

This isn't as heartless as it sounds, because jacks are destructive, and diseased. But it isn't as easy as it sounds, either. Modern Screen went along with Gail Russell and Guy Madison recently, and found that out.

So here's some data for you sports (*Continued on page 87*)



➤Snake-proof boots are removed only during lunch. Gail (in *Variety Girl*) held on to Guy's (in *Honeymoon*) hip pocket while climbing up the slippery grass.



▲Though clambering up mountains is hard going, the view on top makes it worth while. Gail says it's like beating your head against a wall—feels so good when you stop!



*Bergman,*

*he kept telling himself,*

*was just flesh and blood,*

*like any other woman.*

*Only every time*

*Sam Wanamaker looked*

*at Ingrid,*

*he thought he heard*

*angels singing. . . .*



# Sonnet to a Lady

by Sam Wanamaker

■ The other day I talked to Ingrid Bergman on the phone.

"Who was it?" asked my wife idly. I told her. She went on with her book, and I picked up the script I'd been reading. Suddenly we looked at each other and started howling. The same thought had struck us both at the same moment. A year ago, if I'd said, "That was Ingrid Bergman on the phone," Charlotte would have drawled, "Just fancy. And I had tea with George the Sixth yesterday, the Queen couldn't come," or some such pleasantry.

Last year Bergman had been a name, to be breathed on bended knee. Between then and now we'd worked together for months as actress and director, as star and leading man. We'd exchanged oceans of words, we'd become friends. Yet I still think of her, and probably always will, as the lady with an aura.

The first time I saw her she was sitting in the middle of the stage, like a beautiful calm island, in a bolero skirt and yellow blouse. The others were off to one side, making light conversation from a distance and trying not to stare. For five days we'd been rehearsing with her understudy and now Miss Bergman was here from California.

I'd been girding myself and tightening my belt for this moment. Behind me were two Broadway shows and two years in the army. After my discharge, I'd appeared in *This Too Shall Pass*, which ran six weeks. Forgive me for saying that my notices were good, otherwise you'll wonder what brought me into the picture at all.

What brought me in first—for a fast two seconds—was my feeling about Bergman. Not only did I admire her talent as an actress; to me she was also the most beautiful woman in the world. I am not by nature the hero-worshipping type, yet I found myself seeing her with a halo round her head. To be in a play with her was something to dream about. I dreamed about it and went on working in radio.

Then the grapevine started buzzing. They couldn't find a leading man for *Joan of Lorraine.* For this reason or that, the actors they wanted weren't available and they were beginning to read unknowns. (*Continued on page 67*)



*Harriet Parsons has had her producer's eye on Dana Andrews for years. But she never really cared—until that lovely moment he dared her to stand on her head!*

**by HARRIET PARSONS**

# "dana? that's my

■ The gals of the Hollywood Women's Press Club were in a festive mood. It was their annual Christmas party, time to give the Golden Apples to the actor and actress who had been most helpful and cooperative during the year to writers who bring the stars' lives, loves, and scrapes to the pages of MODERN SCREEN and elsewhere. When I stopped writing for magazines and newspapers, the Press Club invited me to stay in the fold, which is how I happened to get in on this clambake.

How I happened to write this story about Dana Andrews is still another yarn. When my quiet mother (you know her as Louella Parsons of GOOD NEWS) was in New York, Al Delacorte asked her to write it. LOP said sure, she'd do it. (She had nothing else to while away her time aside from radio shows, columns, and 9,628 other things.)

She's very handy with the long distance telephone so she called me at RKO Studios, where I hold forth. My secretary, Margaret, told her I was off tending to some studio knitting and couldn't be reached. I called her back later and guess what? She (*Continued on page 121*)



Dana invites his boss home to meet his women folk—Cathy, 5, and wife Mary. The "boss" is Harriet Parsons (right), Louella's famous producer-daughter, for whom he's now finishing *Memory of Love*.

boy!



Louis finds picture-making in Hollywood more complicated than in his native country—especially the care taken in measuring camera distances.

■ It was in Nice, on the Riviera, that he met her. He was tall, and handsome; she was small, and blonde. The story of Louis Jourdan and his wife might have served as the background for a musical comedy, in some other year, at some other time.

In 1940—the month was June—the Germans marched into Paris; they were unsentimental about Paris in the spring. The whole country fell, soon after.

There was what the Germans called an armistice, and France was divided into occupied and unoccupied zones, and the shaking voice of Petain begged the people to cooperate.

The people cooperated, or did not cooperate, according to their natures, and beliefs, and opportunities, and life went on, and the French film industry was told that it might make movies, so long as the movies had no political significance.

Which is how Louis Jourdan, the popular young actor, happened to be in Nice, late in 1940. He was working on a picture.

One Sunday afternoon, some friends stopped by. "Come, Louis," they said. "There is a girl we want you to meet—"

The girl's name was Frederique, and she was incredibly thin, and brown, and blonde.

She was also incredibly unfriendly.

Louis and his friends discussed the matter that evening. "So small a girl," Louis said. "To be so large a snob. Is it because I am an actor?"

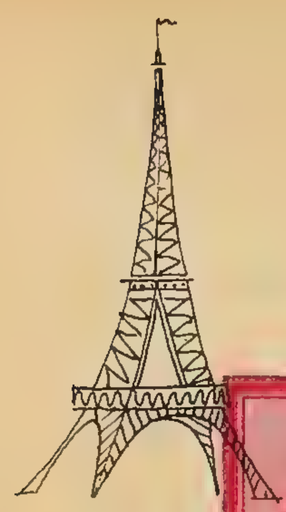
"She is always like that with men at first," one of the friends explained. "At first she always answers a man to push him away, if you follow me."

But in such an unlovely time, filled with such an abundance of misery, it was pleasant to have a small blonde girl to think about.

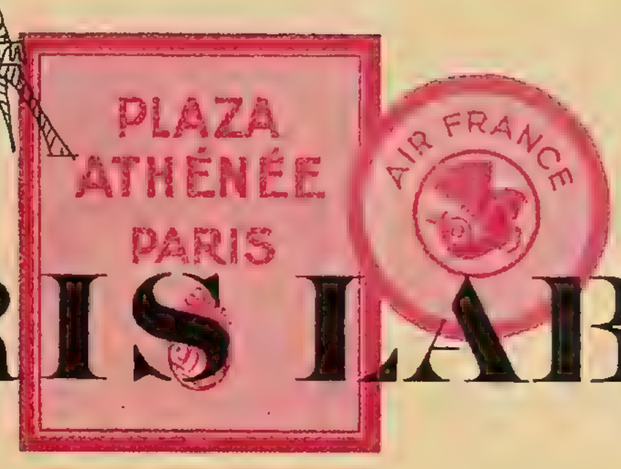
If the Riviera air was soft, and a man was young, there was nothing the Germans could do about that.

Louis saw (*Continued on page 101*)











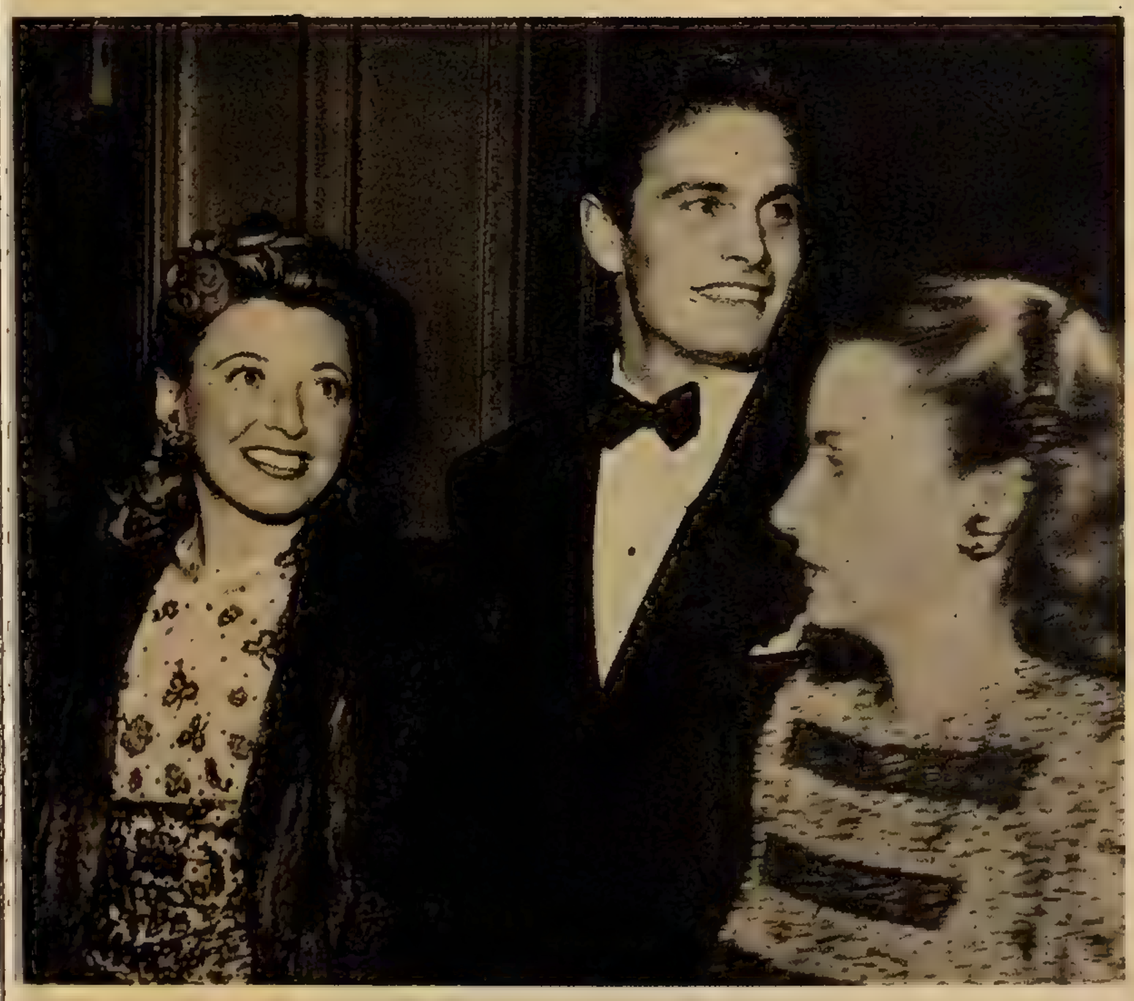
# PARIS LABEL

**"Imported from France"—as any woman knows, that spells romance. And even if Louis Jourdan's accent fades, he'll always bear a Paris label!**

by Christopher Kane

Jean Pierre Aumont volunteered to teach his compatriot English, but Louis was so scandalized by Pierre's "Americanized French," he made him promise to practice up on those difficult French vowel sounds.





Described as a "Tyrone Power type," 26-year-old Louis Jourdan makes his American debut in *The Paradine Case*. Above, French-born Louis and his wife, "Quique" (left), enjoy their first Hollywood premiere.

# The course of true



# *love...*

■ On March 9, 1945, a girl with copper red hair, a pert nose and a neat assortment of curves, was having lunch with her grandmother. The place was the famous Pump Room in Chicago's Ambassador East, and the girl was little Buff Cobb. You called her *little* Buff automatically, not just because she was small but because of something childishly appealing about her.

That something was, at the moment, busy appealing to a handsome, dark-haired young man at the next table. He had been watching her ever since she came in.

"They certainly grow 'em pretty in Chicago," he observed now to the man with him.

The man turned. "I don't think much of her. Looks like a schoolgirl."

"You have no imagination. She's wonderful." Bill wasn't quite sure why she was wonderful. She just was. He had to say it.

Buff, who has phenomenal hearing, was taking in this conversation while she demurely ate a strawberry sundae. Her long lashes covered a side glance or two. Her grandmother, Mrs. Irvin S. Cobb, who never misses a trick, looked at her sharply.

"It's a good thing I'm with you," she said, "or you'd never make that train. Who is this young man you seem to fascinate? He looks familiar."

"His (*Continued on following page*)



"Big Buff" fixes "Little Buff's" corsage just before the wedding. While Buffie's dress is new, the Brussels lace shawl she carried is two hundred years old, and was worn by her mother at her wedding.




Groom Bill Eythe wasn't nervous. Of course, he chain-smoked, nearly lost the rings, and paced a track in the carpet. Something he ate, no doubt—like those words about not marrying till 30! (He's 29.)

**For months, Bill Eythe and Buff Cobb fought about silly things—like the color green. Till one day they agreed about the color for blossoms—orange.**

BY VIRGINIA WILSON



Among those watching the bride and groom cut the cake was Major Frank Chapman, Buff's father, who's now married to opera star Gladys Swarthou

name is William Eythe. I've seen him in lots of pictures," Buff said dreamily. She was feeling suddenly warm and sort of happy for the first time in months. Funny—and nice too, because maybe it meant that your life wasn't *really* over at eighteen, even though you were on your way to Las Vegas for a divorce. Maybe it meant that you hadn't really been so terribly in love with Greg Bautzer after all, and that some day you'd meet a man like this one with the sensitive, humorous face and intent dark eyes.

But it was almost train-time now, and daydreams were silly anyway, so off Buff went to Las Vegas. After the divorce came Hollywood, with a chance to get in pictures and no time to think about a luncheon in Chicago.

Then came the day Carl and Luci Schroeder gave the swimming party Buff sat in the dazzling California sun wearing a yellow sarong bathing su that showed off her tan. She wa dabbling scarlet-painted toenails in th pool when she glanced up at two ne arrivals who were saying hello to the hostess. She almost fell into the wate because one (*Continued on page 96*

Little Miss Knight—one of Buff's *very* junior miss friends—shakes hands with Big Mr. Mason. James, whom Bill met while making *Meet Me At Dawn* in England, is Buff's favorite actor.



The Eythes have it! Father and Mother Eythe and sister Ruth came in from Pennsylvania for the wedding. They arrived the day before, spent a hectic two days in New York, then hurried back home to tell Bill's Pa. friends all about the wedding.



"Yes, it's official now," smiles author Virginia Wilson. Before her marriage, Buff roomed with Virginny in N. Y., kept her awake nights talking about "that Bill Eythe."

*The course of true love...*



***DYNAMITE!***

***In the most unusual story Modern Screen has ever printed, Hedy Lamarr tells why her marriage failed— and John Loder counters with a startling confession!***

*By* ***FLORABEL MUIR***

# lady in the dark



## *Hedy's side:*

■ There have been so many conflicting reports about the on-again, off-again marriage of beautiful Hedy Lamarr and handsome John Loder, the English actor, that I decided to get the truth straight from Hedy's lips. I asked her if it were true that she and John had reconciled.

"No," she said wearily. "He isn't living here. He left the show he was with in New York and came back here. We've had many talks but they haven't done any good. I'm very tired. I want a long rest."

Despite the fact that Hedy has become a very successful producer with her last picture, *Strange Woman*, clicking in a big way at the box office, she is as unhappy a girl as I've ever met. When I first saw her in 1941, right after she had married Gene Markey, successful Hollywood producer, she was so radiantly beautiful that she was a triple threat to every other girl in Hollywood. As I watched her one night at the Brown Derby, the thought never occurred to me that one day I would feel sorry for her. But as we talked about her marriage with Loder, I could see that she was very near the breaking point. Hard work, having two babies very close together, and facing an uncertain future in her marital relations has taken a great toll of her body and spirit. She is unhappy about another divorce. She hates the idea of not having been able to make a go of her marriages. There have been three of them and she had been pinning more faith in this last one than the others. But she has suddenly realized that she has three children to look out for—the oldest boy, seven-year-old Jamesie, she adopted while still Mrs. Markey—and deep in her heart she wonders if John will ever assume the obligations a husband and father should. In their talks she has written out certain things she would like to have him consider, but when I visited her, no understanding had been arrived at. Charming, lovable John isn't geared to keeping his nose to the grindstone, I'm afraid, and I think that is what frightens Hedy.

"I want to go away for a long rest," she told me. "I think I'll go to Lake Tahoe. I think I will be able to sleep better there. I'll take Jamesie along; he needs the security of being with me." (*Continued on page 113*)

## *John's side:*

■ Here is John Loder's side of the ever widening breach between him and tempestuous Hedy Lamarr: "God knows I love my wife madly. I'd cut off my right hand if I knew it would make her happy," John told me.

He was obviously under a great strain, after weeks of chit-chatting with his wife in an attempt to iron out their grievances. "But there is nothing I can do," he continued. "She seems to be in the grip of some emotion that is stronger than our love. Mind you, I think she loves me as much as I love her. There isn't any one else in her life or in mine, and I'm hoping that some time we can get together again. I think if she went away for a long rest, away from any Hollywood influence, she would begin to realize that her happiness lies with me and in my arms.

"Ever since she began to take treatments from a psychoanalyst we have been in trouble. Right at the time when it looked as if we could iron things out, she had a dream about her father in which he beat her. This dream was interpreted by her psychoanalyst as fear of me. She told me she realized that she had been afraid of me ever since the children were born. I argued with her, reminding her that she had always told me her father had been wonderful to her and that it was her mother who had been so cruel. She then said recently she has come to realize that it was not her mother but her father who was cruel, and now she thinks that I am assuming the personality of her father in her eyes. You can see how difficult it is to battle with a dream. There isn't any reasoning I can bring to bear on that subject; there isn't any reasoning in it.

"In a talk with her attorney, Ronald Button, she admitted that I loved her; that I never came home drunk; that I never beat her or the children; that I loved them all dearly; that I never went about town making a public show of myself. These are the usual charges a woman makes against a man she wants to divorce. But she couldn't bring herself to charge me with any of them.

"There has been much talk lately of economics, and assertions that I was not holding up my share of the household expenses. For the first three and a half years of our marriage, I con- (*Continued on page 123*)



**1.** 1929: Jeanette first won screen success with Maurice Chevalier in *The Love Parade,* a gay, Continental comedy, typical of early screen musicals. Curiously, both staged triumphant comebacks this year.



**2.** 1935: *Naughty Marietta* marked the debut of Nelson Eddy—and the beginning of the most popular romantic singing team in movie history. Even today, fans still clamor for the return of the Eddy-MacDonald duo.



**3.** 1936: The following year, the Eddy-MacDonald team split up temporarily and Jeanette scored as a dramatic actress in the all-time hit, *San Francisco*, with Clark Gable. She also sang the famous title song.



**4:** 1937: By 1937, Jeanette had a brand new musical co-star in Allan Jones, whom many preferred to Nelson as Jeanette's leading man. In Rudolph Friml's colorful *Firefly,* they sang "Gianina Mia," "Sympathy."



**5.** 1941: Jeanette's favorite co-star—husband Gene Raymond—played her mad lover in the musical version of *Smiling Through.* A year later, Gene donned a lieutenant's uniform, and Jeanette retired from pictures.



**6.** 1947: In her "encore" film, *The Birds and the Bees,* Jeanette has a new screen mate—a pianist instead of a singer: Jose Iturbi. Their screen children are Mary Eleanor Donahue, Ann Todd and Jane Powell.

encore!
encore!
encore!
encore!
encore!
encore!
encore!

*Out of sight, out of mind—*
*that's the oldest Hollywood story. But*
*Jeanette MacDonald's fans have*
*written a different ending.*
*To them, she's never left home.*

BY CAMERON SHIPP

■ Jeanette MacDonald's departure from Hollywood in 1944 was in the best tradition of light opera, romance, and red-heads.

Her renown was at concert pitch. Her high C's were liquid-clear and worth stacks of green, any time she cared to record them on sound film. Her pictures, from *Love Parade* to *Naughty Marietta*, to *Rose Marie*, *San Francisco*, and *Cairo*, to name only a tuneful handful, were world-famous.

Now she's back, a top star again at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and you'll see and hear her soon in *The Birds and the Bees*, accompanied by no less a virtuoso than the great Jose Iturbi. Why'd she leave? Where's she been?

She left Hollywood so suddenly that her own husband, Gene Raymond, didn't know her plans. This is how it happened:

The big airliner at the Burbank Airport was filling with passengers for Washington. In the waiting room, brigadier generals, sailors, WACS, WAVES and optimistic civilians jostled toward it.

"This is where we say good-bye, Bunko," said Gene. "Kiss me here. Forget the crowd."

"Oh, I can go farther than this," said Jeanette.

Gene was in uniform, a new uniform he had just donned after months of rigorous training as an intelligence officer. Like (*Continued on page 111*)



**7.** Gene and Jeanette relax at home in the peace and quiet of their swimming pool. Irregularly shaped, it's an engineering feat, the only one of its kind in Hollywood.



While in New York, Gene Tierney visited the local interior decoration and art galleries. Clever Gene selected cocoa damask draperies for her living room windows, which would beautify the room and also conceal an unattractive view.



Mr. Frederick House, of Saks' Fabric Salon, shows Gene (now in *The Ghost And Mrs. Muir*) material in her favorite color: white.

"It takes an awfully good husband," reads Gene's favorite quotation, "to make up for a life of independence." Which is why Miss Tierney regrets . . . but declines all proposals.

by ELIZABETH FARRINGTON

■ She was a very pretty girl, but her slip showed at least an inch. She wore an old felt hat jammed over her honey-colored hair, and not a bit of makeup. She was walking very fast up Second Avenue, but not fast enough to lose the group of kids behind her.

They were arguing loudly among themselves.

"I tell you it couldn't be her," one of them announced. "Didn't you ever see her in the movies? Gosh, she wears the grooviest clothes of *anybody!* She wouldn't be found dead with her slip showing and no lipstick."

# Miss Tierney regrets...



Oleg Cassini, Gene's ex-husband, still designs her clothes. Here, Martha Matzner, dressmaker, studies Oleg's sketch for a new daytime dress.



When she was a little girl, children's clothes designers used to coax Mrs. Tierney to let Gene model. But Gene didn't have the patience she has now about fittings.



At the Parke Bernet Antique Galleries, Gene considered buying a Chinoiserie wall panel, made in France about 1830.

"It is, too, her," a pig-tailed blonde said stubbornly. "Nobody but Gene Tierney could *look* that pretty with her slip showing and no makeup!"

Gene, overhearing, was torn between amusement and annoyance. This little procession behind her was apt to spoil what had seemed like a good scheme.

For weeks now she had been haunting the Second and Third Avenue antique shops. She was decorating her mother's house in the country and an apartment in town for herself and her sister, Pat. It was great fun and she loved it, but there was a catch.

When you walk into an antique shop and are recognized as Gene Tierney of Hollywood, the prices jump like a kangaroo with a hotfoot. So a helpful friend suggested, "Go in disguise, Gene."

It had worked in the first shop she went to. She had gotten some lovely antiques at a reasonable price. Then she had run into the kids as they came out of school and they had immediately begun this "is you is or is you ain't" routine.

Gene stopped suddenly before a dingy window crammed with a mad assortment of what looked to the uninitiated eye like junk. That heavenly brass fender! She couldn't use it in the apartment—no fireplace—but it would be perfect for Mummy's place in the country.

A bald little man in shirt sleeves told her the price was forty dollars.

"I'll take it," Gene said. Then suddenly the old felt hat caught on a lampshade and fell off. From outside the shop came a long whoop of recognition. The kids stormed the door like an armored division going into battle.

"Hey, Gene Tierney, how about an autograph?" (*Continued on page 71*)



# SENTIMENTAL Journey

**SOMETIMES IT SCARES HIM, TO THINK HOW CLOSE HE CAME TO LOSING HIS "BEST INVESTMENT." BECAUSE NOW JOHN PAYNE KNOWS THAT'S WHAT MARRIAGE WITH GLORIA MEANS . . .**

**By GEORGE BENJAMIN**

■ It was one of those nights. At eleven-thirty, when John and Gloria Payne came out of Ciro's, not even the glow from Los Angeles' 1600 neon-luminous square miles, sprawled glittering and breathtaking below Sunset Boulevard, could dim the moon. It was a full moon, and rain had washed the air clean; there was a breeze from the ocean.

"Where'll we go now?" he asked, after their car was driven up.

"I don't care. Let's just drive for awhile. It's a shame to waste a night like this."

"All right." He headed down wind-



The star of *Miracle On 34 Street* finds the behavior of his daughters another miracle. Kathleen, above, is still manageable, but Julie, 5, likes to invite strangers into the house—for daddy's autograph.

ing Sunset Boulevard, until the sea was on their left and Malibu and Santa Barbara ahead of them. "Feel better?" he asked.

"I've felt fine all day. I just wasn't in a night club mood."

"You seemed depressed. That's why I suggested Ciro's. Aren't things making out as they should at home?"

"So far as I can see, they are. Kathleen has a new expression."

"You mean one you can understand?" He pushed the cigarette lighter on the dash, found it wouldn't work, and used a match while Gloria held the wheel. "I had a fifteen-minute conversation with her last night and she didn't utter an intelligible sound. All nonsense syllables."

"Well, today something displeased her, and she said, 'Oh damn!' just as plain . . ."

John groaned. "That's just dandy. What did you do?"

"What could I do? If I made a fuss she'd think it was cute and keep right on saying it."

"Did she?"

"Well, as a matter of fact she did seem rather pleased with the phrase."

"Tomorrow I'll explain to her that it's pronounced 'darn,'" John decided.

"Will you be home tomorrow?"

"I'll be home for three or four days."

"John—I've an idea. Let's call the house from Malibu and just keep on up the coast. We could stop in Santa Barbara tonight, and make the Lodge at Pebble Beach tomorrow afternoon by cocktail time, and have Saturday night in San Francisco. Yes?"

"We haven't any luggage or clothes with us—not even a toothbrush."

"That's never stopped us before. We can pick up what we need in the morning, in Santa Barbara."

He took a deep breath. "Do you realize how (*Continued on page 114*)



# we three

by Paul Brinkman

WHAT DO YOU

DO WITH A WIFE WHO

SITS ON CACTUS,

SCOLDS FURNITURE, AND

LAUGHS AT BABY BOOK

RULES? IF SHE'S

JEANNE CRAIN, YOU COUNT

YOUR BLESSINGS . . .

■ One sunny day, three years ago, I was paddling in the Pacific Ocean with a certain girl I was pretty crazy about, named Jeanne Crain.

We waded through the waves into deep water, and I liked the touch of Jeanne's hand on my shoulder, swimming along. It was a good sign. Why else would a girl swim with her hand on your shoulder unless she kind of liked you?

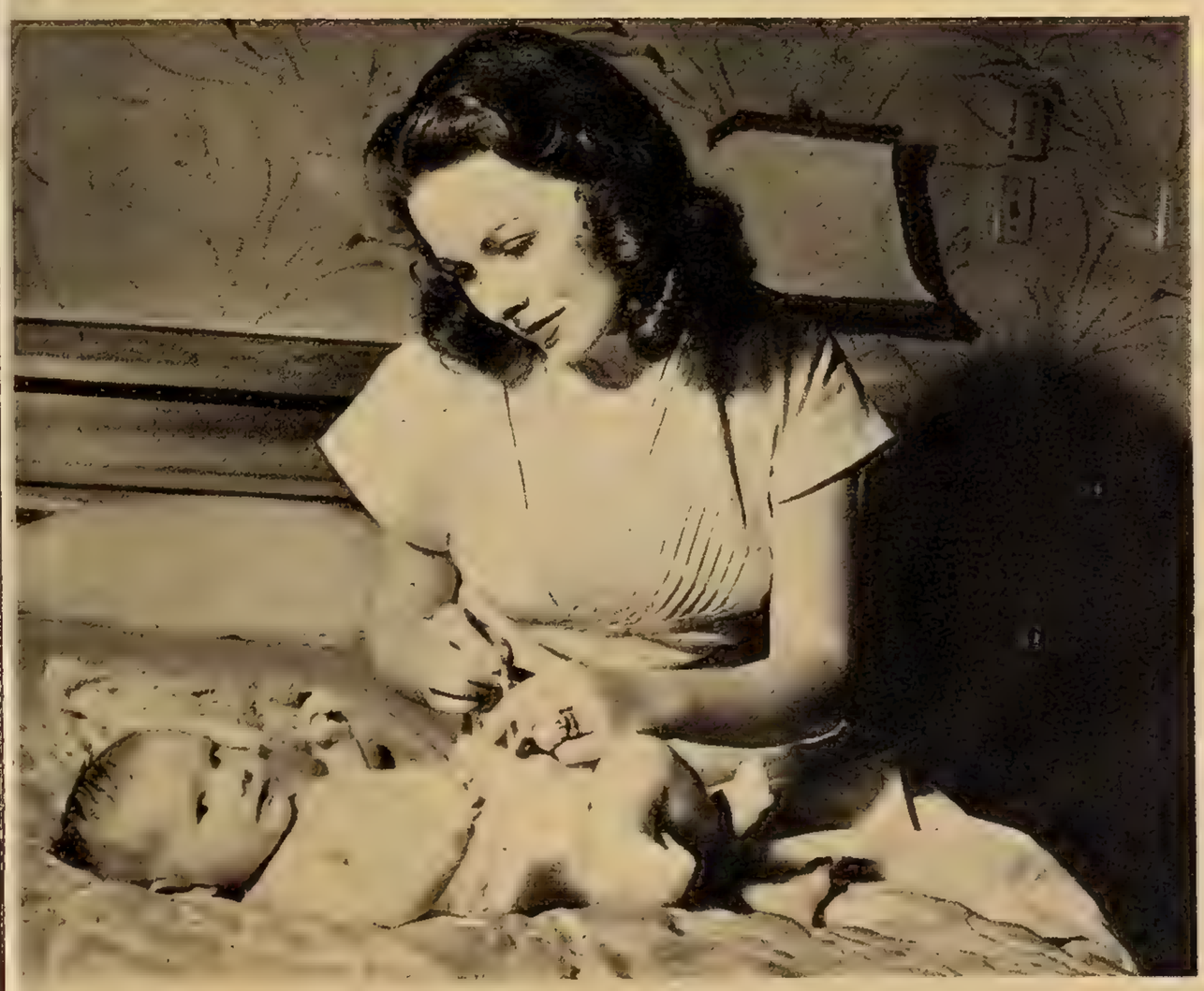
Just as I was patting myself on the back, I happened to look up at the sky. There, streaking south in perfect "V" formation, was the prettiest flight of geese I'd seen in a long time. I shot my arm up in the air and pointed excitedly as her hand slipped off. "Look, Jeanne," I yelled. "Wild geese!" I stared a few seconds, then turned around to catch Jeanne's expression.

There wasn't any. Jeanne had disappeared—sunk under the waves like a rock. I dived fast and grabbed her. "What happened?" I shouted. She just sputtered. "Can't you *swim*?" I asked, horrified.

"N-no," Jeanne gasped. We were several hundred feet out. I got her to shore all right, a little shaky but safe and sound. I started to teach her to swim that afternoon, you can bet, and a little later on I married the girl. Life with Jeannie has been packed with surprises ever since.

I chased Jeanne through Hollywood traffic—just like in the movies—to get her license number and find out who she was. That didn't work because the motor vehicle bureau wouldn't give me the name. So I had to wait for another coincidence, running across her among the millions in Los Angeles at—of all places—a pie counter at the Farmer's (*Continued on page 117*)





Paul Brinkman, Jr., looks positively disgusted with the photographer. Can't a fellow have some privacy while he's dressing, huh? Ah, this life in a gold fish bowl . . .

➤ With a new house, new baby, and their respective careers, the day isn't long enough to discuss household affairs—so Paul and Jeanne talk things over during the dinner dishes.



▲ Her next film is *The Flapper Age*, but unlike the gals of the roarin' 20's, Jeanne has a talent for motherhood—whether it's bringing up Paul, Jr., or Terry, their wire-haired terrier.



**It's the pixie in their souls**
**that makes Maureen O'Hara play ball**
**without a ball, and daughter Bronwyn**
**end her "Hail Mary" with**
**"had a little lamb . . ."**

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

# moments of maureen

■ The other pre-dawn, Maureen O'Hara opened her eyes on pandemonium. The room was tipping, and things were crashing to the floor in the dark. She looked over at her husband Will, who was not dropping a stitch of his sleep, and gave him a good shake.

"Will," she told him. "It's an earthquake!" Will Price hopped out of bed to investigate, and a minute later his face was peering at her through the door, and there was a smile on it.

"Sorry to rob you of the thrill, but that was no earthquake," he reported. "We're on a boat, remember? We just slipped anchor, and the boat is rolling up on the beach, or trying to. That crunching is the boat bottom grinding on the sand. The hull acts like a drum and amplifies it."

Maureen sat up in bed and giggled. "For heaven's sake, I'd forgotten about the boat. I thought we were home."

They went up on deck and looked around. They could see the riding lights of at least a dozen other boats anchored in the cove, but there wasn't a human visible. There was nothing to do but yodel for aid, since their Chris-Craft might spring itself open any moment. Between them they managed to wake everybody in the flotilla. The nearest boat came in for them and gave them a tow back to deep water, whereupon Maureen told Will that as the apprentice seaman aboard (after all, Will had been a major in the Marines and outranked her at sea) she would do a little swab duty.

Sunrise saw the job done, and Maureen sat in a chair blissfully re-living the (*Continued on page 115*)



Auburn-haired Maureen O'Hara (now in *Homestretch*) specializes in floppy-brimmed hats to shield her from the sun—even though husband Will Price says he "loves every freckle."





# family man— western style

**They seldom cry, the Roy Rogers children, even though the Lady of the House is gone. "Because," explains Cheryl gravely, "we don't want Daddy to feel bad."**

**By JEAN KINKEAD**

■ If he were less of a guy he might be very bitter. His house in the Valley might be a quiet place where no child ever sang or laughed. As it is, the ranch house is still a happy spot where two little girls shout and play, and argue and makeup again; where a baby boy grows fat and healthy and grins at the whole world. For Roy Rogers is an extraordinary man. He hugs his sorrow close and burdens no one with it. He fills in the empty spaces his young wife's death has left in his life with hard work and good friends, with skylarking with his two pretty daughters, and of course with his little boy Dusty—after whose birth last fall Arlene died.

People ask Roy about the children. Are they lonesome and miserable? They're lonesome, naturally, but they are less concerned with themselves than with "poor daddy." They'd like to devote their every waking second to keeping him happy.

Evenings when Roy and Whitey (that's his stand-in and best friend) get home from the studio, Cheryl and Linda are on hand, a-quiver with plans.

"Let's go to the horse ranch and see Trigger." This is before the two men are even inside the door.

"I've just *seen* Trigger," (*Continued on page 92*)



He wouldn't take candy from babies, but Roy Rogers swipes their bike! With the star of *Springtime In The Sierras* are Linda, 4, Cheryl, 7, and Roy Jr., 10 months.



■ Lon McCallister swung his legs over the side of the couch and picked up the phone. He dialed and waited and then—"Hey, Coke," he said. (Coke is starlet Colleen Townsend.) "I'm putting the beach house up for sale. How's for painting the old joint red before some stuffed-shirt takes it over?" If you want to paint a place red, Coke's your gal. She's got more pep than a Marx Brother, and what's more she's a gorgeous thing.

It was a wonderful day. They swam and sang and ate clam chowder and talked the beautiful, incoherent and—for Lon—the almost-forgotten language of youth. And after he'd taken her home, Lon thought, "Say

(*Continued on page 64*)

# don't get around much anq more

**No wonder Lon McCallister feels that life is passing him by. His ex-girl friends are raising families—and the current crop calls him "Pops!"**

By JACK WADE



Before Lon tacked a "For Sale" sign on his Malibu beach house, he had a "last fling" at surf-and-sand sports. But that's no fun without a pretty mermaid, so Colleen Townsend (with him in *Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay*) cheerfully obliged



Lon beat Colleen at paddle tennis, so she tried to even the score by testing him at a more delicate skill—tying a draw-string blouse. You'll be seeing Colleen soon in *Green Grass of Wyoming.*



As a gag, they tried a musical duet. "Strictly from hunger," was their frank admission—which reminded Lon about the wonderful food at Tail O' The Cock, on Malibu pier (below). Colleen, on a diet, had only *one* sundae!



For an "old guy," Lon's still a good jitterbug—but luckless at fishing (below). So he sent Colleen into a shop, borrowed a "catch," and pretended he'd caught 'em while she was gone.





# JUST IMAGINE! See them all together in one hilarious full-length picture!



There's *Mortimer* (Hayseed) *Snerd* vs. *Donald* (The Temper) *Duck.* Timber-r-r-r!

Edgar Bergen...Charlie McCarthy... Mickey Mouse...Mortimer Snerd... Donald Duck...plus three rollicking new Disney characters...*all together* in one of the funniest feature-length pictures you'll ever hope to see.

There's *Mickey Mouse* in his most hair-raising adventure.







There's *Bongo,* the famous circus bear who wants to get away from it all...



There's radio's favorite blockhead — *Charlie* (I'll mow 'em down) *McCarthy.*

# Walt Disney's

FULL-LENGTH MUSICAL CARTOON FEATURE

# "Fun and Fancy Free"

FEATURING

EDGAR BERGEN – DINAH SHORE

IN TECHNICOLOR



...and little *Lulubelle,* who causes *Bongo* plenty of heartaches.



There's the *only Goofy,* who is more confused than ever.

There's *Jiminy Cricket,* who's full of fun—and fancy free.



**Parade of hit songs**

"Fun and Fancy Free"
"Lazy Countryside"
"Too Good To Be True"
"Say It With a Slap"
and others you'll be humming soon.

**EDGAR BERGEN** in the flesh with his radio pals *Charlie McCarthy* and *Mortimer Snerd.*

**DINAH SHORE** singing and narrating the tuneful story of *Bongo*— the little circus bear.

*with*

**Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse and Goofy**
and introducing 3 lovable new Disney characters
**Bongo, Lulubelle, Willie the Giant**

*Released through RKO Radio Pictures* ©WDP

*Some day Loretta*
*Young's retiring to Hawaii, where*
*they call her La-hi*
*La-hi—"The Delicate One." Only*
*right now this fragile*
*flower is busy with her 75th movie!*

by KIRTLEY BASKETTE

# the Delicate One



Loretta (in *The Bishop's Wife*) and her husband Tom chortle over her success in "unglamorous" *Farmer's Daughter* role. Swedish dialect was taught her by Ruth Roberts, coach who "unlearned" Bergman's!

■ One day, a few weeks ago, the cast and crew of *The Bishop's Wife* at Goldwyn's were busy between takes riffling through a stack of ancient magazines for Loretta Young. Stars of today as they looked years ago were being snipped out by Loretta and her set pals, pasted on cardboards, and numbered.

It was a contest idea Loretta had to pep up a party she was planning. The idea: Whoever identified the stars of the dear, dead days would win.

Suddenly David Niven whooped, "I've got one!" He trotted over to Loretta with a flossy picture, definitely Miss Hollywood, circa 1928.

Loretta took a look and howled. "Wonderful!" she chuckled. "That's the prize, Davey. But, who in the world is it?"

David slipped his finger from the bottom of the clipping. The caption read, "Loretta Young."

You can't exactly blame Loretta Young for not knowing herself when she stared into her own growing girl face. She was 14 then, and Lon Chaney's leading lady in *Laugh, Clown, Laugh.* She said she was eighteen, fibbing, as she did all through those underage years. In fact, eighteen got to be such an automatic answer for Loretta that sometimes even today she slips. With the license of an old friend who knew her when, Doug Fairbanks asked her the other day, "Let's see, Loretta, just how old are you?"

"Eighteen," came back Loretta without even thinking.

Loretta Young, young as she is, could look back quite a spell if she wanted to. (*Continued on page 89*)

# ah, youth!

**She eats lettuce to be slinky, like an actress—and banana splits to be sturdy, like a singer. Otherwise, tiny Bev Tyler might float away, on one of her high notes.**

**by JANE WILKIE**



Bev (of *My Brother Who Talks to Horses*) dances with Duff Whitney (debuting in *Good News*) at Old Vienna Gardens.

■ It was one of those hot California days that blister the heels, the kind of weather ignored by the Chamber of Commerce. Beverly Tyler, behind and under numerous packages, struggled through the door of a drugstore, deposited her bundles in a neat ring around the base of the soda fountain stool, and sat down wearily. An acquaintance occupying the neighboring stool was sipping a coke.

"Hi," said the friend.

"'Lo," said Bev.

"What'll you have?" asked the soda jerker.

"A cup of coffee," said Bev. "And a plate of lettuce."

"Waistline?" inquired the friend sympathetically.

"Well, sort of," said Bev. "You see, for movies, I have to keep slim, but for singing, I need some weight. Something to back me up, or I blow myself through a backdrop. So some days I eat banana splits and other days I eat lettuce, depending on whether I'm working at the (*Continued on page 119*)

"Red Majesty

# ...PLEASES THAT LAD IN MY LIFE!"... says Mrs. ALAN LADD

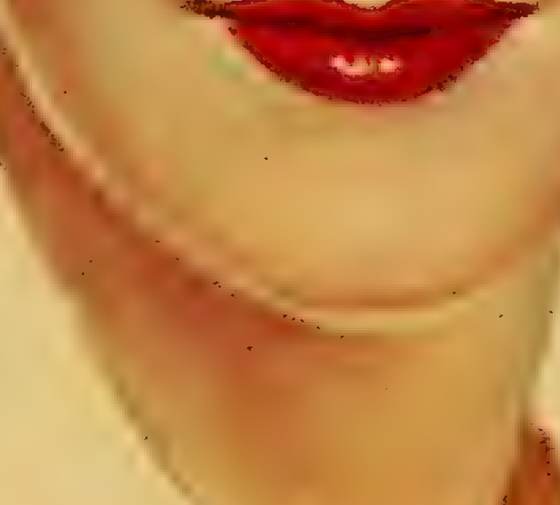
*...delightful wife of the dashing screen star*

If you want your lips to be teasingly pleasing ...to look glamourous and amourous...to have that exciting, inviting glow that brings a warm glow in every man's heart...then do as so many Hollywood beauties do—for your very next lipstick, choose that terrific new Tangee hit-shade...Red Majesty!

Red Majesty

NEW HIT SHADE BY

Tangee



To lovely women, Tangee offers a complete line of matched beauty aids.



**CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN**
Head of the House of Tangee and creator of Tangee Red Majesty Lipstick and Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up.



GAY-RED



RED-RED



MEDIUM-RED



THEATRICAL-RED



NATURAL

# DON'T GET AROUND MUCH ANY MORE

(*Continued from page 58*)

maybe I'm not an old man after all. . ."

It was a nice thought, but a fleeting one. Ever since Lon came back from the war he's felt lost, and at least two million years old. His old gals are raising families now, and the new gals-about-town are strictly j.g. It puts a guy on the spot being an uncle to everyone. He wants to get back on the beam, have fun—but it's rugged.

Take the other night. Lon was lying around his apartment with his specs on, poring over a philosophy book, when Peggy Ann Garner called.

"How about coming over to my house tonight?" she invited. "I'm having some kids in for fun. That is, if you aren't doing anything."

Lon wasn't doing anything.

"I don't know, Peggy," he balked from force of habit. "I've got some reading I ought to do. I—"

"Come on, Pops!" razzed Peggy Ann. "Stir your stumps."

"Okay," laughed Lon. After all, it might be more fun than the serious reading he'd been wrapping himself up in of nights, listening alone to symphonies.

Lon stirred his stumps, with vague misgivings, and the minute he stepped inside, he knew it was a mistake.

Peggy Ann's party guests were Beverly Hills High School kids. They hopped around, chased and raced, jumped and jived. Lon sat like a bump on a log, trying to enter in and not doing so well! A couple of kids called him "Sir." He knew for sure they thought he was Old Man Mose, a square from Delaware, strictly passé and out of date. Pretty soon he sighed and gave up. He spent the rest of the evening talking to Peggy Ann's mother.

Since then Lon, who's just twenty-four, has had moments when he's dashed to the mirror to see if he's sprouted a long, gray beard. One such happened the other day when he called up his old sweetie-pal, Jeanne Crain. Jeanne and June Haver and Lon all started out together at Twentieth as stars-to-be in *Home in Indiana*. Lon's packed a soft spot in his heart for them both ever since. He took Jeanne around Hollywood a bit before he went off to war and she went off to matrimony. Lon got a whiff of nostalgia not long ago and gave her a ring. "Hi, Jeanne," he said, "It's Lon. Nothing special," he confessed. "Just thought I'd call up and talk about old times. How's everything?"

"Wonderful!" came back Jeannie. "Lon, you've just got to come out and see him sometime soon. Such a darling! The cutest thing! Listen to what he did the other morning. . ."

For a half-hour Lon listened, and Jeanne rattled on the whole time about her baby. When Lon hung up at last, his long, gray beard had sprouted another foot.

June Haver handed him more of the same mood right after that. June was making *Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay* with Lon and they were on location just 15 miles over the hills from Lon's Malibu beach house. One day a flock of Lon's old high school gang, whom he still sees all the time, came to visit him and his stand-in pal, Ray Sperry, on location. "Say, June," suggested Lon, "some of the old gang's here and we're going over to the beach to whip up a supper and play some records. How about coming along?"

"It's a deal!" agreed June. So they drove over to Malibu, grilled steaks, danced and sang and had a gay time, with six guys busily beauing Junie. It was swell, until suddenly June looked at her wrist watch. "Gosh!" she said, "I told Jimmy I'd meet him at eleven. Gotta break it up." (This was before she and her husband, Jimmy Zito, separated.) Lon and the crew escorted June to the Trianon Ballroom where Jimmy was playing, and then they went on home dismally by themselves, leaving June with husband Jim. Lon aged a couple more years.

The other day, he got to counting on his fingers the girls he'd handed their first screen kisses—Jeanne Crain, June Haver, Peggy Ann Garner, Julie London, Allene Roberts, Marjorie Riordan—he stopped and dabbed a spot of cold sweat from his brow. Why, it sounded like Errol Flynn, or some such venerable screen lover.

He gets a touch of the lonesome bachelor blues, too, when something happens such as the other week when Sol Lesser's studio called Lon at home. "How'd you like to fly to Las Vegas tonight for some fun and glamor?" they asked. "The new Flamingo Club's opening and if you'll make an appearance, it's all free; there's no fee." That "fly" did it with Lon. Anywhere he can snag an air-ride, he's interested.

Well, who should show up at the airport but cute Allene Roberts, a Sol Lesser starlet. Allene played with Lon at Lesser's in *The Red House* and, he remembered, he'd practically discovered her after making twenty-odd tests with this and that girl.

Anyway, Lon and Allene flew up to the Nevada play-spot for the gala Flamingo opening. When Allene tripped inside on his arm, she squealed, "Oh—a night club! What do we do?" Lon grinned wanly. He could see Allene was thrilled to pieces and when he finally dragged her, still bright eyed and full of beans, out of the place, he was yawning like a ribbon clerk on his unaccustomed night out.

Lon realizes he's dropped a lot of his boyish interests since he's been back from the Air Corps, and replaced them with serious things like housing projects.

He realized after he came home that the Malibu beach house was too far for himself, working 35 miles away, and also too isolated for his mother and grandparents. And when he shut it up and moved into town he felt guilty because it stood vacant with so many people without a roof. So he got his dad, who's a real estate man, to find him a Hollywood apartment house, in the old, unfashionable, but handy part of Hollywood. That's where Lon lives today with his folks. He owns it and he's planning on taking the tiniest suite in the place and fixing it up for himself. Meanwhile, he's staying up nights drawing plans for a housing layout he wants to promote when his bank account grows up again. Lon's designing the houses himself—all small, modern ones with lots of glass and the latest efficiency gadgets.

**well-dressed man . . .**

Lon even traded in his sporty looking coupé for a plain gray Ford sedan. He's bought all of two new suits in the two years he's been out of uniform. Hasn't any use for more—although his skimpy wardrobe lodged him into an embarrassing jam last fall in New York!

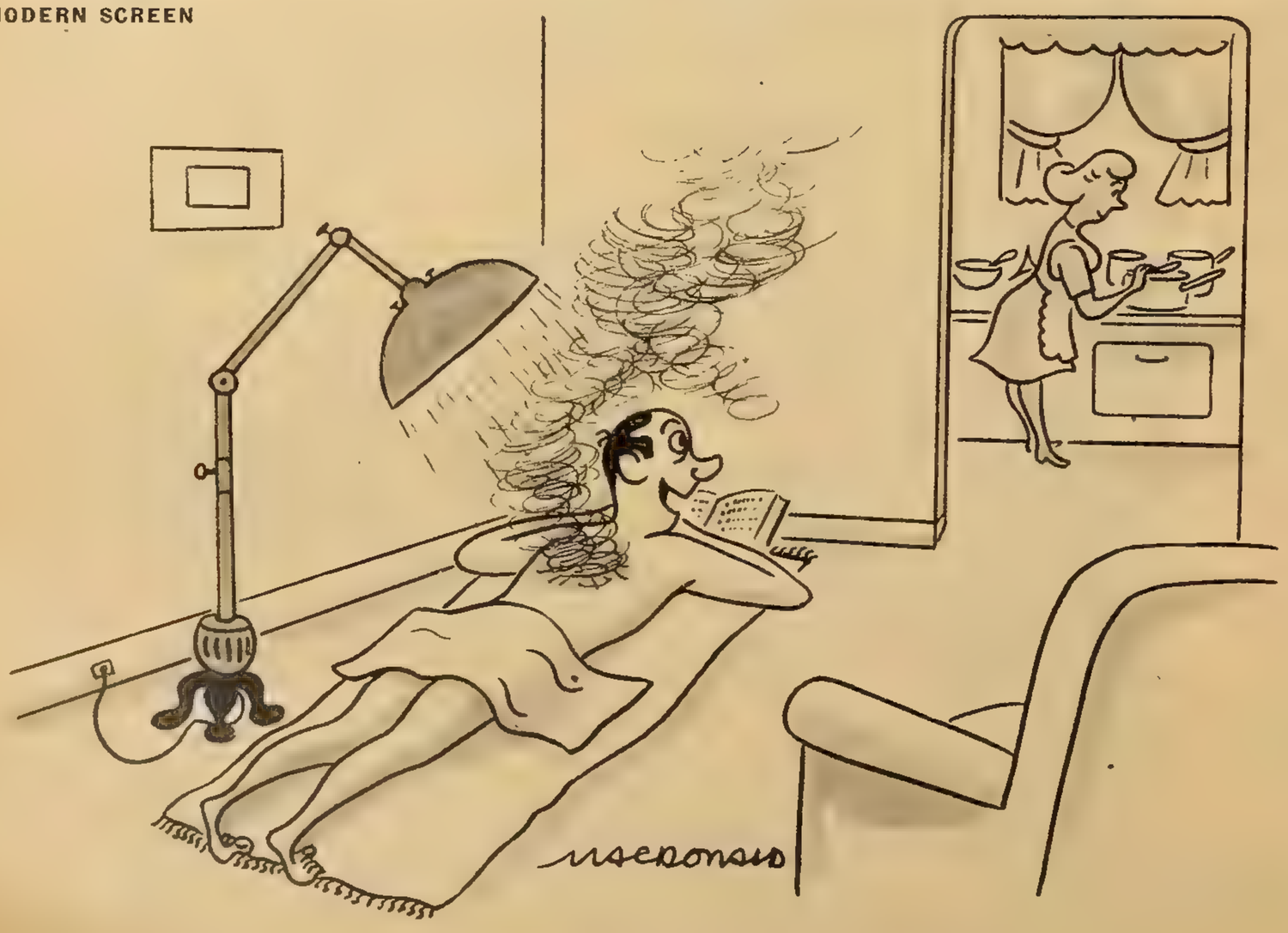
While he was in the Big Town, Darryl Zanuck premiered *The Razor's Edge* and Lon gathered that he was expected to show up. That put him on the spot: he deliberately didn't have a dinner jacket with him and it was strictly formal. He told the studio arrangers his self-imposed sad plight.

"We'll rent you one," they assured him, and they did.

Lon borrowed studs and cufflinks from a bellboy at the Gotham, where he was staying, and slipped into the tux—only to discover that it was a good two sizes too roomy. He covered up the best he could with his overcoat.

In front of a television mike at the entrance, Ben Grauer, the announcer whispered, "Take off your overcoat." Ben took one look at the fit of his tux and hissed quickly, "Good gosh, put the coat back on!" This on-again-off-again routine threw Lon off his stride and he wasn't exactly Mr. Television, 1947.





"M-M-M! Something smells good—What's cooking for dinner, dear?"

HE'LL COO LIKE A DOVE . . . HE'LL STOP, LOOK AND LOVE

IF YOU WEAR **JERGENS**



# "Pink Frosting"

# New Exciting Shade in Jergens Matchmates




New Powder...New Lipstick
shade-mated...
both for $1.00 (plus tax)

1. Big boudoir box of Jergens new Powder
2. Full-size Jergens new Lipstick

Choose from 7 rapturous shade-pairs, including new "Look and Love" shade, Pink Frosting.

LOVE BEGINS when you wear new Pink Frosting. Jergens just-down-from-heaven shade. Designed to take you to a Paradise for Two.

**Pink Frosting Powder** . . . instant charm of color on your skin. Is this you—this glowing, enticing woman, just ruining a man's peace of mind?

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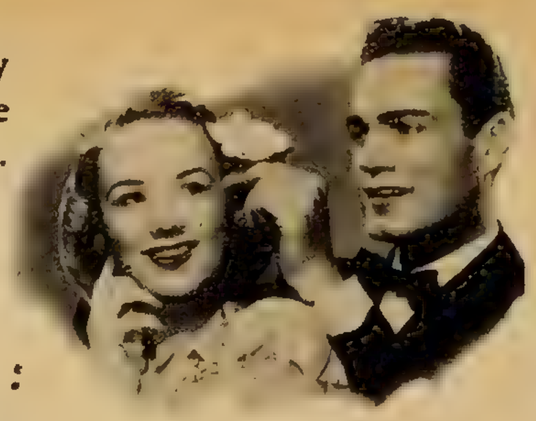
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The moths would just get fat, Lon suspects, if he kept any party rags around the house these days, the way he's dropped out of circulation. It's really not because he's old and cold and covered with mold, though. He's just got a lot of things now he likes to do better.

Lon's taking piano lessons, for instance, and studying voice. And if his next picture comes through at Lesser's with Ray Bolger, as it seems it will, he'll be taking dancing.

In New York City last winter, Lon and Ray looked up Don Taylor and his wife Phil, Ray Middleton and a lot of the gang he toured with in *Winged Victory,* and they had a terrific time doing the sights. And a very special sight for Lon McCallister was a girl named Eeta Linden.

She's a young New York actress he met when he was in Alaska during the war, and he hadn't seen her since she left the Deep Freeze. Eeta was on a U.S.O. tour in those days, doing something for the boys in rugged outposts. Lon was detailed to guide her troupe around Alaska. She's a small blonde girl with the sparkle of a dozen diamonds and loaded with talent, Lon believes. In fact, she's the first girl to qualify for the offer Katherine Cornell made Lon 'way back when they made *Stage Door Canteen* together. Then the incomparable Kit told him, "If you ever meet anyone who seems really talented and ambitious to you, let me know." After his Manhattan reunion with Eeta, Lon wrote Miss Cornell about her. When she returns from her road show, she promised, she'll look Eeta over, too. Meanwhile one of the top girls in Lon McCallister's date book is heading for Hollywood this summer on her vacation. Lon hopes the studios will see how good she is and that she won't go back. He says it's not love or anything like that—she's just a swell friend. But where have you heard that before?

**no woman hater . . .**

Of course, Lon buddies with all the girls he works with or runs around the country with, on those p.a. tours of his. Cathy Downs, Peggy Ann Garner and Allene Roberts. And both Lon and Ray Sperry had a ton of fun beauing cute Colleen Townsend, the new Twentieth Century-Fox starlet in *Scudda Hoo.*

But (says Lon) there really isn't any serious Hollywood heart interest for him. He still sees his old high school chums. They meet around at everybody's house, mostly Lon's beach place—it isn't sold yet—or his new apartment for bridge, poker and just plain old bull sessions. It's strictly stag except when they trail out to see the lone married member of the crew, Harvey Dack, and his wife, Jean Anne. There Lon gets a cozy picture of domestic bliss, because Harvey and Jean Anne are building a log cabin on a country plot in the San Fernando Valley. They put Lon and the bachelors to work burying electric wires and sanding floors while Jean ties on an apron and cooks up a feed for the bunch. So Lon knows what fun's in store for him, if and when he dicards that bachelor tag.

When you pin Lon down on that delicate subject, he grins frankly and says, "You're darned right I want to get married—some day. But I've got a lot of hard work to do first—and then—well, I'm not in love yet." When that happens, he's already got his dream trip picked out. He wants to fly back to Alaska, and revisit all the places he touched during the war—Fairbanks, Nome, Anchorage, Juneau, and White Horse in the Yukon. He wants first to look at the scenery next time, maybe catch up on fishing and loafing.

There's no doubt about it—that could certainly make a swell honeymoon tour for a guy who doesn't get around much any more.

## SONNET TO A LADY

(*Continued from page 34*)

I called Victor Samrock, business manager of the Playwrights' Company. Was there any part for me? "No, Sam, I'm sorry. There's only one part and you're much too young to play it—"

Several weeks later came a phone call from Toni Ward of the William Morris Agency. In my book her name's written in capitals—gold ones. She literally shoved me into the part. I argued against wasting everyone's time and making an ass of myself. She said; "As a favor to me—"

Skipping a lot of detail, I finally took my fate in my hands and went down to read—not merely as a favor to Toni, don't kid yourself. As I came in, Maxwell Anderson, the author—a huge, bearlike man—was standing by the door. "What's *he* doing here?" he rumbled.

"Reading for the Jimmy Masters role."

"Jimmy Masters?!! Jimmy Masters is a 45-year-old character, and I've got a luncheon date." And off he went.

I read for the director. What arguments she used on Anderson I don't know, but the following Monday I was called down to read for him. When I got through, he pushed back his chair and walked out. A few minutes later he returned with Bob Sherwood and asked me to read again.

"But what about this age business?" Anderson asked.

Sherwood got up. "Put a moustache on him. That'll age him."

So the unbelievable happened. I got the part. Understand, it was just a two-week contract, subject to Miss Bergman's approval.

Which brings me to the day when I walked into the theater, rubber-legged, to meet the goddess of my fate.

The stage manager introduced us and left us together. We said howdyado, she looked at me in that pleasant way she has, and I tried to be nonchalant—a lousy performance.

**stage-fright—offstage . . .**

For one solid week I couldn't talk to the girl. Never in my life have I read so badly. Any day I expected to be canned. The director came over. "What's the matter with you, Sam?"

"The girl frightens me."

At the end of the week I realized that I'd have to do something drastic, or fade out. We were gathering for rehearsal. Without giving myself time to think, I pulled a chair up to hers and sat down. "I'm going to talk to you," I said. "I don't know what about, but I'm going to talk to you if it kills me."

She threw back her head and laughed. She said, "You have a little girl, too, don't you? Mine's eight. How old is yours?" Five, I told her. We talked about our children, then hopped to that child of another age, Joan of Arc. When she talks about Joan a light goes up inside. From the day she reached Hollywood, it's been her one great longing to play the part. As we talked, her cheeks flushed a deep rose and her blue eyes kindled; the contrast was startlingly beautiful. Later, I saw it happen many times: when she was especially happy or excited, when she'd had two glasses of champagne instead of one. But this was the first time, and I drew her on—from Joan to the play and its problems, acting in general, to the stage versus movies. By the time rehearsal was called, I knew I'd have no more trouble talking to Bergman. There was too much to talk about.

This thing I call an aura because I can't


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**(and which had her permanent at the beauty shop? See answer below.)**



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find a better word—this universal tendency to put her on a pedestal—is tough to analyze. Certainly she does nothing to produce or encourage it, being the most natural person in the world. I think it's partly her beauty, partly a spiritual quality, partly her dignity and reserve.

Considering my own shakes when I first approached her, what happened later had its comical side. During the Washington run and before our Broadway opening, I was asked to take over the direction of the play. While I directed, the aura blanked itself out. Nothing mattered but to get the effect across. I treated her as I would any other player—"I don't believe you, Ingrid. It doesn't ring true—" The first time that happened, I was aware of a disapproving stir among the others.

"Look," I said to her later, "maybe I shouldn't correct you in front of the company. Maybe I should take you aside and tell you in private—"

"But that's crazy," laughed Ingrid. "We'd never get anywhere. And besides, what for? You're the director. Whatever you have to say, I want to be told. Right out loud, in front of everyone else."

On opening night she sent me a very kind wire, paraphrasing one of her speeches in the play. But the end was a small wail. "Oh tell me, please, what can I do about stage fright?"

When my makeup was on, I went down to her dressing room. There were flowers all over the place. Her husband, who'd come on for the occasion, was already out front . . .

"Nervous, Ingrid?" I asked.

"Oh no, not really. Are you?"

"Not a bit."

She looked up at me. "Oh Sam, what awful liars we are." But through the smile, her voice was shaking.

Before curtain time two things happened that broke the tension a little. One gave us a laugh. The other gave me a thrill. For the first scene, everyone's assembled on stage. Word had got around of this and that big name in the audience. When Ingrid appeared, seemingly calm except for the flame in her eyes, she gasped: "All those movie stars!" for all the world as if she weren't among the most dazzling herself. "Show me the hole in the curtain so I can see them!"

Then came that fearful, wonderful moment when the house lights dimmed and the curtain was about to rise. "Wait a minute," said Ingrid, startling everyone. "Hold the curtain a minute," and ran over and kissed me on the cheek. For luck.

**reaction . . .**

No one who's been part of a first night can possibly describe it, and I'm not going to try. When it was all over, the Andersons gave a party at the Dorset. Ingrid, a person of great self-control, told me later how she'd felt so strange and lonely at first that she slipped out to a little side room and broke into tears. It was a natural reaction to the climax of all the weeks of strain behind her, but you'd never have suspected that little interlude from her radiance as she danced in the arms of her husband. Dr. Lindstrom's what the British call a fine figger of a man, over six feet, and strikingly handsome. They look wonderful together and they love dancing together, especially the waltz.

Which reminds me of the time I saw Ingrid jitterbug. That was at the party she herself gave after the Washington opening. I don't remember who it was she stepped out with, but she gave it plenty of bounce, like a Swedish folk dance. You'd look at her feet and then up at her face, and they just didn't match. She seemed to be having the time of her life....

Once we were settled in the play, she

gave herself up to enjoying New York. She loved its stimulating quality, the speed and tempo most people complain about, *and* the cold. "Snow and the changing seasons," she told me once, "that's what I miss most in California." Like a kid, she couldn't wait for the snow to start—went out and bought herself fur coats which she didn't get to wear more than two or three times, we had so little snow. A hat she never wore. When it turned really cold, she'd pull on a hood—pull it on, pull it off, and her hair would fly and she'd look more enchanting than ever.

She thought the stage was a cinch. Of course with Bergman, her work is such a passion that she still sometimes catches her breath over the wonder of being *allowed* to act. "They *pay* me," she once said, "for doing something that I would pay them to *let* me do. If I had the money." She concedes, however, that ten hours a day at the studio is work. "But not this. Here you come to the theater for three hours and the rest of the time you have to yourself."

She took advantage of every minute. Concerts and art galleries and the ballet. Benefit performances of plays and matinees that didn't clash with our own. Motion pictures she couldn't get enough of. I'd come in and tell her about some foreign movie I'd seen, and next day she'd be there. One of her delights was to track down out-of-the-way restaurants for lunch —Chinese, Russian, Armenian. Before the show, she never ate very much, but when it was over she wanted a big steak. Once in a while she'd be in the mood for a nightclub, but not often.

**walk like the wind . . .**

But ask me what she liked best, and I think it was walking. Walking alone and getting the feel of the town. It's hard to say why, but people didn't gang up on her. My own theory is that she walked too fast for people to recognize her. Or else they were struck motionless for a moment and, before they recovered, Ingrid was out of sight. Her legs are not only prettier than most, but they're longer.

But the kids with the albums, even she couldn't escape. Every night she'd walk from 59th Street, where she lived at the Hampshire House, to the theater at 52nd. Every night the kids would be waiting at the door. No matter how often and patiently she told them, "I never sign autographs on the street. Write me a letter," they'd pop up anyway, mostly the same ones. She was always touched by the people who made no demands but went to endless trouble to do things they thought would please her—sending her portraits they'd painted of her, or tremendous scrapbooks on herself. "They don't even *know* me," she'd marvel. "What makes them so kind?" There'd be flowers and candy, which she'd bring out on stage and share with the company. But orchids —well, Ingrid's the rare woman who doesn't care for them particularly.

At Christmas time Pia came to spend the holidays with her mother. Twice she was allowed to watch the first act from the stage; then the nurse took her home. Ingrid didn't want her to see the second act. She felt the child wasn't old enough to accept her mother in that tragic, shattering situation without being more or less shattered herself. Pia wasn't overcome by the backstage glamor either. Interested, yes, but her eyes didn't pop. Remember that to her, Ingrid Bergman isn't some faraway princess or the face that launched a thousand ships, or even Ingrid Bergman —she's Mother. In which connection, I made a faux pas there's no excuse for—especially since I'm the husband of an actress myself.


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I was showing Pia round the theater and took her downstairs, where the electricians had just finished fixing up some rows of bulbs that spelled out BERGMAN, to be used above the marquee. "There's your name," I told her.

She took a look, then lifted grave eyes to mine. "That's not my name. My name's Lindstrom—Pia Lindstrom." I felt properly reprimanded.

That Ingrid adores her daughter goes without saying, but she's not the kind to fuss or be over-demonstrative. She has definite ideas on bringing up youngsters, rooted in the conviction that they're humans and that you can rear them without trampling on their personalities. She believes in sending them to school at an early age, and in teaching them the value of money in the bank.

Coming from California, Ingrid had a little trouble adjusting to New York traffic regulations, broke a small one, and got a ticket. Pia's eyes went wide, but she sat very quiet till they drove on again. Then: "What *was* it, Mother?"

"I made a mistake, though I didn't mean to. It'll cost me five dollars."

"Five *dollars!* Oh *my!* Where will you get *five dollars?!*"

The final week of any good run is a sad one. You've lived with the play and with each other, and now you're breaking up. For Ingrid it held a special sadness, since in a special way she'd be parting with Joan. Each night as the house darkened and the curtain started up, she'd look out at the audience and murmur: "Just think. After this week I'll never do it again."

What took the edge off her blues was the knowledge that the screen version still lay ahead of her. Maxwell Anderson had been signed to write it. It was to be the straight story of Joan—not a play within a play, as on the stage. A day before *Joan of Lorraine* closed, I signed with Milton Sperling to make *Ever the Beginning.*

Ingrid was delighted for me—promised to give me pointers on Hollywood. But in the last-minute rush, we hadn't time to say much more than "Goodbye, see you in California." The following Monday found me at LaGuardia Airport with Charlotte and my daughter, Abby, who'd come to see me off and who were to join me within a couple of weeks. As we stood there talking, Charlotte broke off in the middle of a sentence. "Look!—Nobody walks like that but Ingrid—"

It was Ingrid, all right. Her plane left fifteen minutes ahead of mine. We waved goodbye to her. "I'm not superstitious," said my wife firmly. "But there's no law that says I can't call it a good omen—"

**that ingrid aura . . .**

There's one more story I think belongs here. During the run of the play, Abby'd seen pictures of me with Bergman in magazines. They interested her. She was rather vague about what I did for a living, but she liked the pictures.

One day Charlotte brought her to the theater and, hearing she was there, Ingrid asked to meet her. We took her down.

"You know who this is don't you, Abby?"

"Yes, it's Miss Bergman. I always see her picture in the magazine."

Suddenly she dried up. Now my daughter's no bashful Bertha! She's not given to sticking her finger in her mouth or hanging her head. But so help me, that's exactly what she did. Ingrid, who knows how to talk to children, was charming with her. By all the rules, Abby should have chattered like a magpie. But Abby squirmed, shot adoring glances from downcast eyes, and couldn't utter a sound.

I suppose you're two jumps ahead of me on the pay-off. Yes, even my five-year-old daughter felt the aura.

# MISS TIERNEY REGRETS

*(Continued from page 49)*

The bald little man stared at her and muttered to himself. By the time the kids had been disposed of, the price of the fender had gone up to $140.

"That's what I said all along," he insisted. And Gene, who doesn't like being robbed any more than the rest of us, walked indignantly out of the shop.

She never tried the disguise again, but she was fairly lucky after that in getting things for the apartment. A set of delicate blue Wedgwood. An inlaid Hepplewhite table. A pair of charming old lamps for the bedroom she is to share with Pat.

This sharing a bedroom doesn't always work too well with sisters as popular as Gene and Pat, who are usually dressing for their dates at the same time. But Gene has eliminated this hazard quite simply. The dressing table is seven feet long, with mirror to match, and two benches, one at either end. Plenty of drawer space, too.

**prettily practical . . .**

One reason Gene is such a good decorator is because she does have this combination of practicality and taste. Little Daria, Gene's four-year-old, has a bedroom that's a delightful Alice-in-Wonderland place of ruffled organdy and flowered wallpaper. It is also carefully situated where the child won't be disturbed if her mother and aunt entertain at home.

"Mother" and "aunt" seem strange words to use in describing Gene and Pat, who both look like schoolgirls. Gene has a quiet little air of dignity, of course, when she's in the public eye, but relaxing at home in the sweater and slacks she adores, she might be sixteen.

Not that she would want to be. She loves being twenty-five, with her newly acquired knowledge of the world and people. Some of this knowledge has come through tears and heart-ache, but you won't find Gene complaining about that.

"I had a happy marriage," she says soberly. "A *really* happy one. Not everyone has that. I'm sorry mine had to end, but I'm glad for what it taught me. I don't regret any of it. And it has given me Daria."

Daria is a small beauty who will one day be as lovely as her mother. The upper half of her face is like Gene's in its bone structure, the lower half like Oleg's.

Gene is a doting parent, but never to the point where it would be bad for Daria. She's happy that Daria can be in Connecticut now with Gene's brother's family. They have a little girl, Michele, who's almost the same age, and the two children

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play, battle and giggle merrily together by the hours.

Soon she will be old enough to do some of the things that Gene remembers from her own childhood in Connecticut. Picnics on the beach with the wind in your hair, the sun baking you Indian brown, and Mummy saying "Well, maybe *one* more hardboiled egg won't hurt you." Simple things, like Gene's simple tastes.

Actually, Gene's only expensive taste is clothes. She doesn't drink, so champagne leaves her cold. She dislikes orchid corsages—would much rather have flowers for her apartment. Particularly white flowers.

But she does like really elegant clothes. Elegant in the old-fashioned sense of the word, I mean. She buys good clothes—very good ones. Oleg Cassini still designs most of them.

**clothes counsellor . . .**

The whole family goes to Gene for advice on clothes and kindred matters. Pat, particularly, is influenced by her. Pat had been living with her mother in New York until last year, when Mrs. Tierney decided to send her out to Gene on the Coast. Pat needed to reduce, but all suggestions to that effect had been greeted with "Oh, mother, don't nag."

Just before Christmas, Pat arrived in Hollywood. The first evening, Gene looked at her sister and said,

"You know what I'm going to give you for Christmas? A reducing course at the smartest place in town. It will make all the difference in the world in the way you look and feel."

Pat took the reducing course and lost eighteen pounds. She emerged with a willowy figure which she wouldn't trade for all the diamond earrings in the world.

Gene and Pat get along well together, although they're quite different. Gene is romantic and a bit temperamental, like most good actresses. Pat is a solid, "feet-on-the-ground" type.

The girls double-date occasionally, but not often. The five years' difference in their ages shows up in the men they go around with more than in any other way. Pat's male friends seem a bit on the juvenile side to Gene.

One night they all went to an amusement park together. Ate popcorn, rode the ferris wheel, giggled through the "Fun House." They came at last to the roller coaster.

"Come on, Gene," one of the boys coaxed. "Ride with me on the coaster."

"Look." Gene spoke firmly. "When I was sixteen I *had* to go on a roller coaster to show I wasn't afraid. Now I've proved it and I don't ever have to go again. And I don't intend to."

Gene went to a debutante party with the younger set in Connecticut this summer, and was definitely a belle. She wasn't quite sure before she went whether it was a good idea or not.

"I hope they won't expect me to look all slinky and movie-star-ish," she told her mother worriedly. "Because I just don't." She was wearing pale blue chiffon and looked about the right age to be a debutante herself. Gene danced herself into tatters that night, and the younger set adored her.

One of the happiest times Gene has had since her divorce was when she went to Bermuda with Pat and an old school friend and her husband. The friend is Mary Louise Bromson, who lives in Denmark. She and Gene were in school together in Switzerland, and hadn't seen each other since. But the minute they got together again it was as if they had never been apart.

The Bromsons had rather a bad time during the war. They were working with the Danish Underground movement, and finally had to escape to Sweden in a small boat, just one jump ahead of the Nazis.

They went to stay with some friends in Sweden, and the third day they were there, something funny happened. The woman they were visiting was telling about an American movie she had seen.

"You must go, Mary Louise. It's very good. The name of it is *Heaven Can Wait* and there is a girl in it I think you will like. Her name is Gene Tierney."

"It never occurred to me that it might be you, though," she told Gene, that first night in New York. "We went to see the picture a few days later. Got there after it had begun and when we went in, you were on the screen. I've never been so excited!"

Gene hadn't been on a bicycle in years, but the day after their arrival in Bermuda, Mary Louise said, "Let's go bicycling. They tell me there's a beautiful path along the shore."

At first, Gene was skeptical about her inexperience.

As it turned out—and it's a tribute to the condition she keeps herself in—Gene had nothing worse than a few aching leg-muscles to show for the trip.

Gene loved the fishing, and had much better luck with it than Pat did. Pat would reel in her line and at the end of it would be a graceful thing of gold, striped in dark green, with fins like delicate green tissue paper.

"Pat, throw that beautiful fish back in the water this instant," Gene would command. "That's to be admired—not eaten."

**the one that got away . . .**

Reluctantly, Pat would let her prize swim away. And in a minute Gene would hook a nice, plump, utilitarian fish in a subdued shade of gray, strictly for eating—which they did!

One day on the ship going back to New York, Gene and Mary Louise were sitting on deck, talking about life and love and all the things girls do talk about when they are "best friends."

"Mary Louise, you're always so calm and happy," Gene said impulsively. "You've been that way ever since I've known you. Don't you lose your temper sometimes or get depressed?"

"No, I don't think I do. But I deserve no credit for it—it is the way I was born. I go along on a smooth, even plane. You, Gene, hit the depths occasionally but you also hit the heights."

It's true that Gene does get depressed sometimes. It was true during her marriage, and it has been true since her divorce. It still seems strange now and then to be single again. But it does have its advantages. There's a quotation that she found not long ago which she cut out of a magazine and stuck in the mirror over her dressing table. Something about "It takes an awfully good husband to make up for a life of independence."

That doesn't mean that she won't marry again—far from it. But it does mean that for now she's heart-whole (or as near it as one can be after the break-up of a happy marriage) and fancy-free, and saying "no" gently but firmly about marriage.

Right now she's concerned with her career and her daughter and her home, which is enough to keep even Gene busy. She was a victim for a long while of an absolute jinx in the maid problem.

Then one day she was lunching with Faye and Elliott Roosevelt at "21." They were all having a fine time, but the minute lunch was over, Gene prepared regretfully to leave.

"I've got to go home and do some plain and fancy vacuum cleaning," she apologized. "I'm maidless again."

"Gene, I'll help you get a good maid," Faye offered. And she went to work on it.

Gene was hardly back at her apartment when the telephone rang.

"Miss Tierney?" a brisk voice said. "This is Mrs. Roosevelt's secretary speaking. I understand you are looking for a maid. We'll send you one early on Thursday."

It wasn't a dream, either. The maid actually arrived and took over the household with brisk confidence. And Gene couldn't be more grateful.

Come fall, she'll be back on the Coast, of course, working on another picture to follow the very successful *Ghost and Mrs. Muir*. She'll leave Daria either with Howard's family, or with her mother, and the nurse. Pat works as Gene's secretary now, so she will go along.

Gene has bought a five-room cottage, practically in the back yard of the studio. It's a charming little place and much better suited to her needs than a large house would be. There's plenty of room for her and Pat and Butch.

Butch is a police dog the approximate size of a horse, and Gene has had him for years. George Jean Nathan gave him to her originally, and he was owned before that by Sidney Kingsley, the playwright.

Since she has had him, friends and relatives have occasionally ventured to suggest that perhaps Butch might not be one hundred percent thoroughbred police dog. Gene has always denied this indignantly.

But when she came East with Butch this time, she confided in her mother. "His father was a police dog, all right—a real champion, Mummy. But it's true—his mother was just an old dog that sort of hung around the stables. I don't even know *what* she was."

Mrs. Tierney laughed. "You've certainly stuck to your story for a long while."

"I was a snob," Gene said sadly. "But I've decided that a little proletarian blood mixed in with the thoroughbred makes dogs—and people too—a lot nicer to know."

All of which is a minor, but interesting, indication that Gene makes up her own mind these days, and it's strictly on the basis of common sense. She'll do all right!

**Bambi Linn . . .**

the golden-haired darling who danced in *Oklahoma!* and *Carousel* and who is currently wowing New York audiences as "Alice" in *Alice in Wonderland*.

In this issue, Bambi poses especially for you Modern Screen readers who are getting ready to go back to school. On the following pages she models the clothes we think you're most likely to succeed in next semester, at prices most likely to go easy on your budget.

For example—the fireman-red corduroy jumper and jacket opposite. We won't waste words on how they look—you can see for yourself—but we will hint that there's no end to the blouses and sweaters you can wear with the jumper—and we predict the jacket will rarely be off your back.

Jumper and jacket come in red, kelly, dark brown, dark green, wine, grey or black. In sizes 10-18. (A plaid shirt to match coat lining is also available.)

Jumper ..... About $7.95
Jacket ..... About $14.95

By Korday.

Pleated bosom rayon blouse, in many colors. Sizes 32-38.

Blouse by Adelaar ..... $5.95

To find out where to buy these school fashions, turn to page 86.

modern

screen

fashions



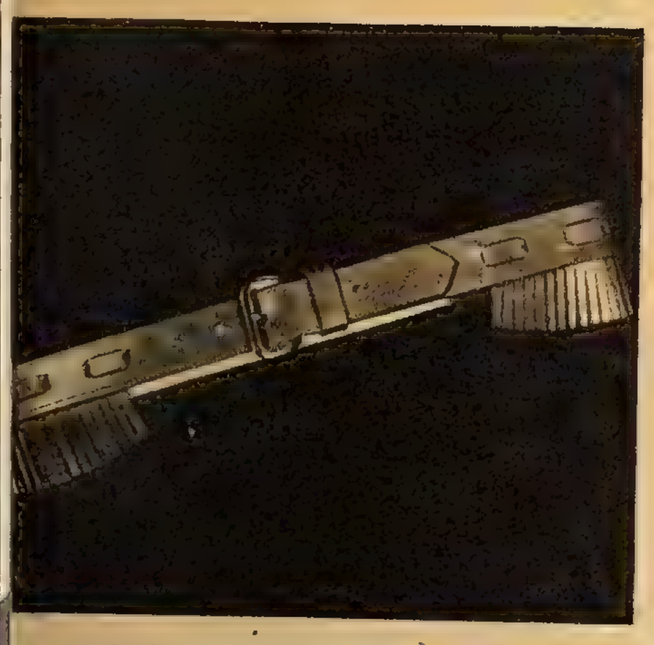
OR WHERE TO BUY
urn to page 86

By Connie Bartel,

Fashion Editor



Middy sweater—with a collar just like a sailor's. 100% zephyr wool—in every color you love. Sweater by Ladyarn . . . about $6. All around pleated skirt, in Pacific wool crepe. Black, brown, green or grey. Sizes 12-18. Skirt by Leemor . . about $5.95.



Cowhide belt with braid and fringe trim. Red, green, and other colors. Cute with plaids! By Vogue, $2.



A large pure silk scarf that is shaded from beige to brown. Lots of other wonderful colors too. $3.



The fraternity pin dress—with a stripe meant just for your jewelry. Two piece wool jersey—with a nice swingy skirt which boasts two pockets. Luggage top with black skirt; black with red; beige with brown; royal with black. Comes in sizes 12-18. By Mayline . . . about $14.95. Both pages: Macy's, New York The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.

Bambi Linn shows off a long-torso sweater - a long-torso dress

*(for school, needless to say!)*

FOR WHERE TO BUY
Turn to page 86



Gold-finished chain and authentic-looking crested medal. By Coro. Chain $1, medallion $2, plus tax.



Side-pleated plaid skirt with a leather belt and a scarf to tie at the throat or around your head. All wool, with your choice of green, red or white background. Sizes 10-18.

By Sporteens....about $7.95.

Featherknits wool sweater..$3.98.



Washable shortie fabric gloves with flared hand-stitched cuffs. Black, brown, grey, chamois yellow. $3.




A gold-finished link bracelet with a dangling disc that tells your fortune. By Coro, $1, plus tax.



Two-piece wool plaid. Jumper top with new cuffed edge. Slightly flared skirt. Brown and blue; red and green; green, blue and black. Sizes 10 to 18. By Jack Schnittman, . . about $15.

Rayon crepe blouse, quilted Peter Pan collar and cuffs. Pastel and dark colors. 32-38. Adelaar blouse . . about $5.95.

Both pages: Macy's, New York
The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.

# Bambi Linn poses in plaid with scarf-plaid with tunic

*(for school, as if you didn't know!)*



a

typical

Carole King

girl

"DATED UP"... Who else but *you*, when you wear this ever-so-slim Carole King Original in wool-and-rayon! Junior sizes 9 to 15. Under $15.00.

Exclusively at one fine store in your city.

Carole King

DRESSES FOR JUNIORS

FOR WHERE TO
Turn to page 86

# Bambi Linn wears a medallion-print blouse

*(bound to have the whole class talking!)*

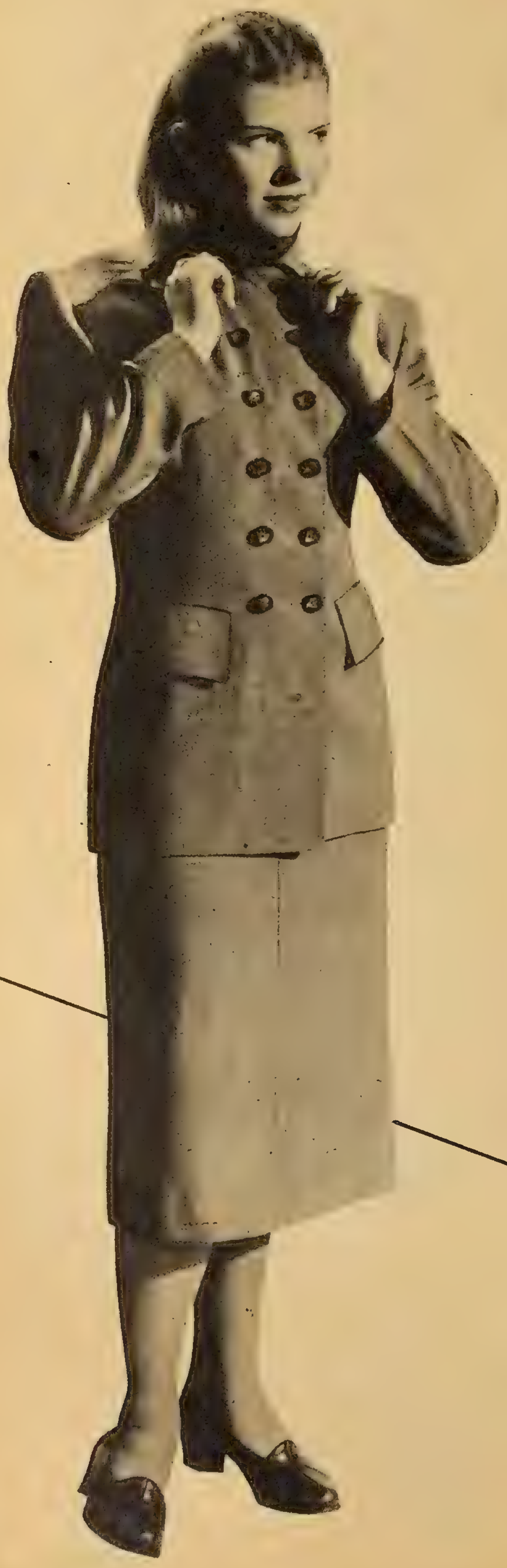
Strictly ooh and ah—a
grey rayon challis blouse
printed with bright colored
medallions. Also on
white ground. Sizes 32-38.
Blouse by Adelaar . . about $5.
Patch pocket corduroy
skirt, bright or dark colors.
Sizes 12-20. Skirt by
Ann Marie . . about $5.98.
Macy's, New York
The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.



R WHERE TO BUY
rn to page 86

# Bambi Linn models a suit that's cute

*(a girl's best friend in the classroom.)*



Such a young suit—
such a slick fit. The
double-breasted jacket
has this year's longer
look. Grey or tan rayon
worsted. In sizes 10-18.
By Joselli . . . . about $25.
Macy's, New York
The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.



# Modern Screen shops for you

BY MAXINE FIRESTONE



This is just the trickiest hair comb ever! The gold-finished rhinestone bow-knot pin looks darling in your hair—and you can take it off the comb to wear on your dress. Gold or silver. By Ben Hur. About $3, plus tax. Bloomingdale's.



The perfect belt to wear to classes. It has a separate slide change purse to hold your knick-knacks. Made of plastic suede, comes in almost every color. By Etra Products—and guess what? It's yours for only $1. At Bloomingdale's, N. Y.




Gold-plated "Clinch" pin to keep shoulder bags from slipping. It's such a smooth looking pin that you won't want to take it off—bag or no. By Carol Barnes. About $3, plus tax. The monogramming is extra. At Bloomingdale's, N. Y.


DD

Look what DORIS DODSON did . . . ran rings around VARSITY...her newest-length "two-piecer" that broadens your shoulders, belittles your middle, accents the fluid swing of your skirt. Beloved rayon gabardine in green, banded in red and natural; black, with blue and white; or brown, with luggage and gold.
9 to 15. About $13.00

ELLIOT CLARKE

Doris Dodson
JUNIOR ORIGINALS

Write for the name of your local shop...Doris Dodson, St. Louis 1, Missouri




YOUR HAIR

*romantic as the harvest moon*



Cared-for hair is always the loveliest, the most lustrous—and the most alluring. Re-condition summer dried or faded hair with: RECONDITIONING OIL • LANOLIN CREME SHAMPOO • CREAM HAIR PACK • CREME SET.

*At drug, dept. stores*

Ogilvie Sisters

HAIR PREPARATIONS

82 ASK ABOUT OGILVIE METHOD FOR MEN


Joan Leslie has such a fine complexion! She uses powder correctly.



# no puffing!

■ Breathless puffing from a long stair climb isn't too important. But puffing powder on your nose every five minutes displeases your beau and that's very important! So let's check. Joan Leslie, Lauren Bacall and Lana Turner have petal-soft complexions, but their makeup is never a public performance. Correct application does away with unglamorous patchwork.

Powder should not absorb the oil of a makeup base—powder should simply rest in it lightly. So spare the foundation! Colored or colorless, it should be the barest overcoating for your skin, a light but firm foothold for powder.

Now literally saturate your puff with powder. Close your eyes and fluff it all over from hairline to base of throat. Never mind if you look like a circus clown. You can look forward to owning a complexion like Joan Leslie's.

With the puff free of powder, next *pat* firmly over your face (don't forget the nostril area). Rubbing the puff disturbs the even distribution of foundation, causes makeup to look splotchy.

Finally, use the puff or a soft complexion brush to whisk off any excess powder. Clean brows and lashes. Such a good powdering job lasts a long time, calls for no repairs or public puffing . . . and looks simply beautiful!

**Face powder must be applied correctly. It's so very important to glamor! Learn how Hollywood stars use face powder**

**By CAROL CARTER, BEAUTY EDITOR**

*A Wonderful New Brush by Pro-phy-lac-tic...*

# Jewelite INVIGORATOR



It's the newest creation of America's foremost maker of fine brushes! The unique Jewelite Invigorator provides extra-wide bristle area—a scientifically arranged half-circle of long, resilient Prolon bristles, to stimulate your scalp and bring shining new beauty to your hair. Jewelite Brushes, Combs and complete Dresser Sets are available at good brush departments in delicate shades of ruby or sapphire, or in diamond-clear crystal. Jewelite, styled in the loveliest of plastics, is made by the makers of the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. Look for the name Jewelite on the box.

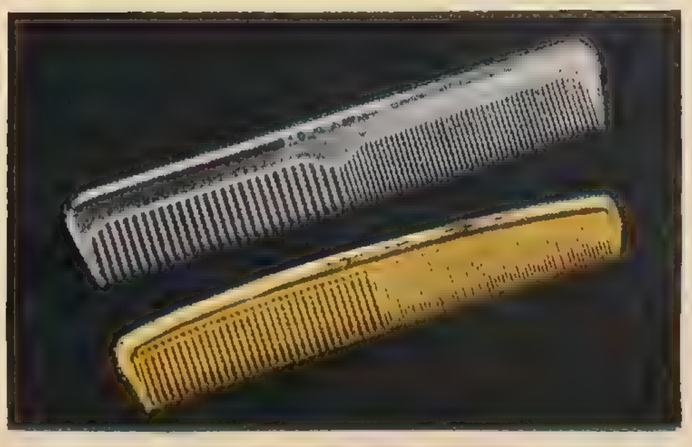
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY
*Florence, Mass.*



The new Jewelite Invigorator Brush has more than 1000 individual Prolon bristles set in a wide-flaring pattern to provide maximum brushing efficiency. And it's *easy* to keep clean. Each Jewelite Invigorator comes packaged in its own miniature "showcase" with the new transparent dome top. $4.00.



Jewelite for men, too! This handsomely streamlined club brush and comb set is a new addition to the Jewelite line. Available in garnet or crystal. $4.50.



Jewelite Combs and other lovely Pro-phy-lac-tic Plastic Combs are designed for perfect combing. Available in a wide choice of styles and colors. 15¢ to 50¢.

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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

JEWELITE BY PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC




## Can you tell which is which?

TEACHER can't tell them apart—twin or dress! For though one little frock cost $6.95 and the other over *twice* as much, both were laundered with LINIT* Starch. That means they are equally crisp, fresh and dainty.

LINIT is an easy, wonderful way to make everything washable look its best. It gives a smooth, soil-resisting finish that busy mothers appreciate. No white streaks on colored fabrics. No white spots. Easy directions are on the package.

The pink dress cost $14.95

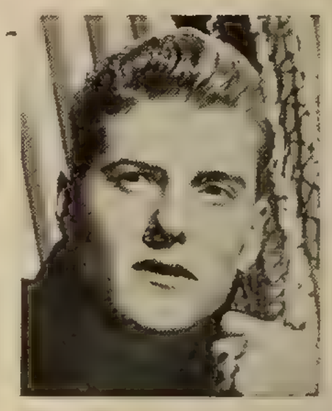



*LINIT IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.
©C.P.R. CO., 1947

...ADDS THE *"finishing touch"*


## INFORMATION DESK

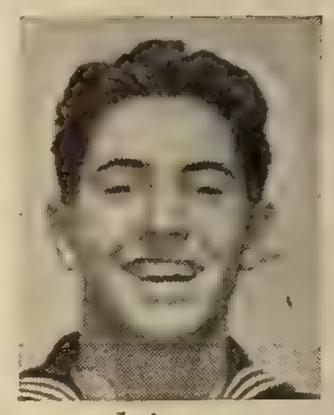
**by Beverly Linet**



*DICK WALSH, who was Teddy in* Humoresque, *and the young interne in* Possessed, *was born in Brooklyn, New York, 25 years ago. He is 6' 2" tall, has blue eyes, blond hair and is unmarried. Dick has no fan club, but would love one. Any would-be presidents or fans can write him at Warner's, Burbank, Calif.*



*JOAN LORRING was born in China, on April 17, 1926. Joan's 5' 3" tall, weighs 109 lbs., has reddish hair, hazel eyes and is unmarried. Next film is* The Lost Moment. *Sally Hubbell, 28 W. 54, Indianapolis, Indiana, has her fan club. Joan welcomes fan mail at Universal, Universal City, California.*



*Welcome back Farley Granger whose first post-war pic is* Your Red Wagon, *by writing to him at RKO, Hollywood. Farley was born in San Jose, Calif., on July 1, 1925. He's 6' tall, with brown hair and eyes, and is unmarried.*

*Mrs. Susan Sill, N. Y. C. Edna Skinner, this column's discovery, will soon be seen with Sinatra in* The Kissing Bandit. *Tommy Wonder, versatile actor-dancer, just completed* This Time for Keeps, *and* Saramba. *Both would love mail sent to them at M-G-M, Culver City. Handsome, blond, Michael Steele is still with RKO, no film set yet, but write him there for a photo.*

*Charles Lampert, B'klyn: La Feria de Las Flores, La China Mexicana, Jarabe Tapatio, Las Mananitas, Borrachito, El Zopolite, El Mosco, La Salida del Toro, La Diana, Cielo Andaluz, Chiclanera, Novillero, and Aaron Copland's composition, El Salon de Mexico, arranged for the picture as Fantasia Mexicana, were the musical pieces in* Fiesta.

*Ginnie Martin: Gladys Hanson, 212 N. W. 4th, Chisolm, Minn., has Lauren Bacall's Club; Betty Rowland, 4407 So. Peoria, Tulsa, Okla., has Jennifer Jones'; Cecelia Olsen, 142 Java, Brooklyn, N. Y., has Tommy Wonder's.*

*My request? QUESTIONS! My address? Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y. Don't forget the self-addressed, stamped envelopes.*

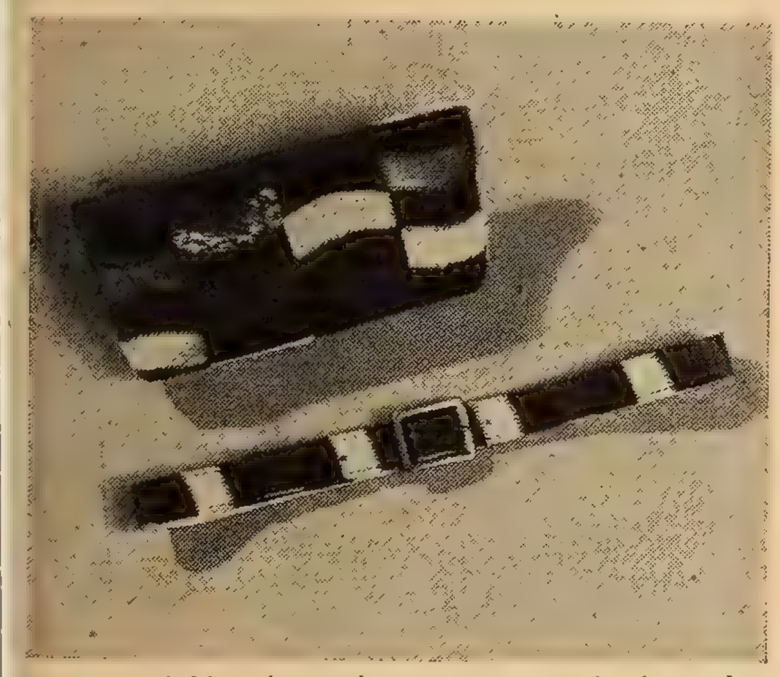
**SPECIAL OFFER**

SUPER-STAR INFORMATION CHART—1946-'47-(10c)—A new edition of the chart that's a 32-page pocket encyclopedia of fascinating data on all your favorite stars. 100 additional names never before listed! Please send 10c in coin to Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

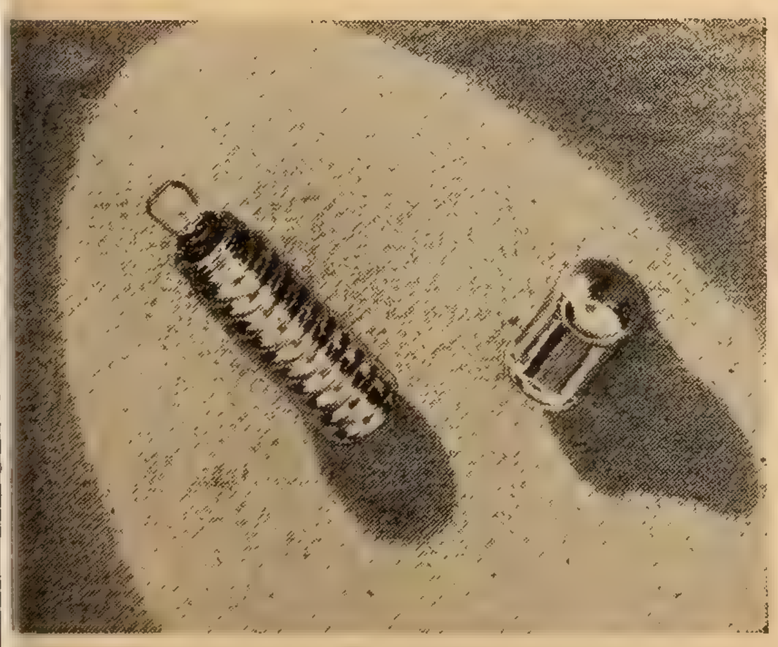
# modern screen shops for you



There's date interest in this gold-finished link bracelet. Seven charms (for each day) to jot down dates or reminders. At week's end just wash 'em to start off with a clean slate. By Omar. About $2, plus tax. Saks 34th St., N.Y.



Pure ritz! You know how expensive looking *fur* is. You know the swank of *suede.* Imagine the wealthy look and feel of both together! Pony-skin and suede; black or brown. Elf Accessories Belt about $3; Bag, about $5. Mary Lewis, N.Y.



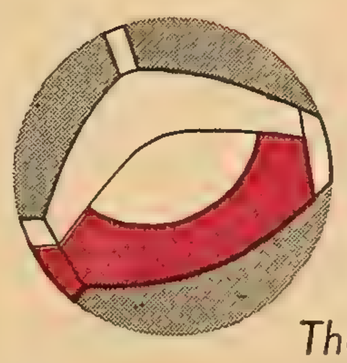
A perfume flask in lipstick size. Glass lined and leak proof. Comes with tiny funnel for easy filling. Nothing like a whiff of sweet smelling stuff for a pick-up! Gold, only $1, postpaid. Gift Clues, 302 E. 45th St., N. Y.



*Write for FREE BOOK-LET on corset and brassiere fitting comfort. Address Ruth Stone—"Perma-lift" Stylist, 1143 W. Congress St., Chicago 7, Ill., Dept. 44*

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DORIS DODSON makes you SLIM in an adjustable-waist dress with front skirt pleats. Grey, Copper Penny, or Aquaglint Band Box rayon flannel. 11 to 17. About $13.00.

Write for the name of your local shop . . . Doris Dodson, St. Louis 1, Missouri


# WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices on merchandise may vary throughout the country.)

**Korday red corduroy jumper and matching plaid lined jacket worn by Bambi Linn in the full color photograph**

(page 73)

New York, N. Y.—Macy's

Providence, R. I.—Gladding's, Inc., Sportswear, Third Floor

Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Company

**Adelaar blouse shown in the full color photograph**

(page 73)

Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.

New York, N. Y.—Macy's

Providence, R. I.—Gladding's, Inc., Sportswear, Third Floor

Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Company

**Ladyarn middy sweater with sailor collar**

(page 74)

Detroit, Mich.—Ernst Kern Co., Sports Shop, Sixth Floor

Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger & Co.

New York, N. Y.—Macy's

St. Louis, Mo.—Famous & Barr Co. Little New Yorker Shop, Fourth Floor

Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Company

**Leemor all around pleated skirt**

(page 74)

Boston, Mass.—R. H. White's, Fashions, Second Floor

New York, N. Y.—Macy's

Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Company

**Mayline two piece fraternity pin dress**

(page 75)

Boston, Mass.—Neal's, Inc.

New York, N. Y.—Macy's

Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Company

**Sporteens plaid skirt with matching scarf**

(page 76)

Columbus, Ohio—Morehouse-Martens, Sportswear Dept., First Floor

New York, N. Y.—Macy's

St. Paul, Minn.—The Emporium, Sports Shop, Second Floor

Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Company

**Featherknit wool sweater**

(page 76)

Cleveland, Ohio—The May Co.

New York, N. Y.—Macy's

Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Company

**Jack Schnittman plaid middy tunic top and skirt**

(page 77)

Boston, Mass.—R. H. White's, Fashions, Second Floor

Cincinnati, Ohio—Mabley & Carew Sportswear Dept., Third Floor

New York, N. Y.—Macy's

Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Company

**Adelaar blouse with quilted collar and cuffs**

(page 77)

Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.

New York, N. Y.—Macy's

Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Company

**Ann Marie corduroy patch pocket skirt**

(page 79)

Baltimore, Md.—The May Co.

New York, N. Y.—Macy's

Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Company

**Adelaar shield print blouse**

(page 79)

New York, N. Y.—Macy's

Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Company

**Joselli double breasted suit**

(page 80)

Easton, Pa.—Bon Ton Dept. Store Ready-to-Wear, Second Floor

New York, N. Y.—Macy's

Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Company

**Accessories shown on Pages 74 and 7**

**Coro medallion necklace and fortune telling bracelet**

Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Bros. Co., Jewelry Dept., First Floor

New York, N. Y.—Macy's

**Handstitched cotton gloves**

New York, N. Y.—Macy's

Seattle, Wash.—The Bon Marche, Street Floor

**Vogue cowhide belt**

Atlanta, Ga.—Davison-Paxon Co., Accessories, Street Floor

Boston, Mass.—Filene's

New York, N. Y.—Macy's

**Pure silk scarf**

Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Bros. Co., Fashion Accessory Shop, First Floor

New York, N. Y.—Macy's

Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothro

*If no store in your city is listed write: Fashion Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.*

# THE RABBIT GOT AWAY

(*Continued from page 33*)

addicts. Proper equipment is essential.

Guy and Gail use bows and arrows themselves, but even if you prefer guns, you need the same clothing.

Heavy boots are important; there are snakes in the brushy, mountainous, rabbit country. Rough clothes, too, of course.

If you prefer to leave mountains alone, and admit you're middle-aged, you can hunt exclusively from the top of a car. The creeping car will flush the rabbits before it, and you can wham away.

Incidentally, lady archers who want to protect their delicate hands often wear finger guards.

Gail has some that Guy made her. A little leather sheath goes over each finger, and then each sheath is attached to the wrist by a rawhide thong. Turkey claws are set into the leather, too. They sound ugly, but they're awfully strong.

Guy also makes his own arrows, feathers them himself, and constructs the points. The arrows are cedar, the feathers are goose, and the points are dural.

But whether you use a dural-pointed, goose-feathered, cedar arrow, or an old 20-gauge shot-gun, a jack-rabbit will give you plenty of argument. They travel so fast they're only blurs, and a fifteen-foot broad jump is nothing more than a step in the right direction, to a rabbit.

The direction away from you, that is.

When you go off for the day on one of these hunting trips, you usually pack a lunch (there aren't any drive-ins in them thar hills) and you usually discover yourself eating it on bare rocks.

Gail's picnic lunches are like in the movies—fried chicken and cool drinks—and Guy pretends it's the only reason he takes her. "If I go by myself, I pack a chocolate bar. What's the percentage?"

In all fairness, we ought to report that the day Modern Screen went along, Madison was gallantry itself. He helped Gail up hills, through brush, and over rock. And now and then, when a lovely big ugly rabbit showed, he even let her shoot first. Which is why all the rabbits got away.


she's called "the threat"

**lizabeth scott**
and **modern screen**
has captured her challenging, exciting beauty for our october cover
**on sale september 12**





the secret's in the circle!

Merry-Go-Round encircles your bust with glamour—transforms a small bust into alluring, feminine curves—gives a full bosom youthful, firm contours. Circles of stitching support the bust—patented Circular Bias molds the bust. The secret's in the circle!

Merry-Go-Round* A PETER PAN BRA



* Only Peter Pan makes patentedMerry-Go-Round. LOOK FOR THE LABEL!

▶ For FREE Booklet, "Your New Guide to Bustline Beauty," Write Dept. D-4

PETER PAN 116 EAST 27 ST., NEW YORK 16





In All White for WOMEN IN WHITE

In Red or Brown to WEAR AROUN' TOWN

The PATTY

Kickerinos

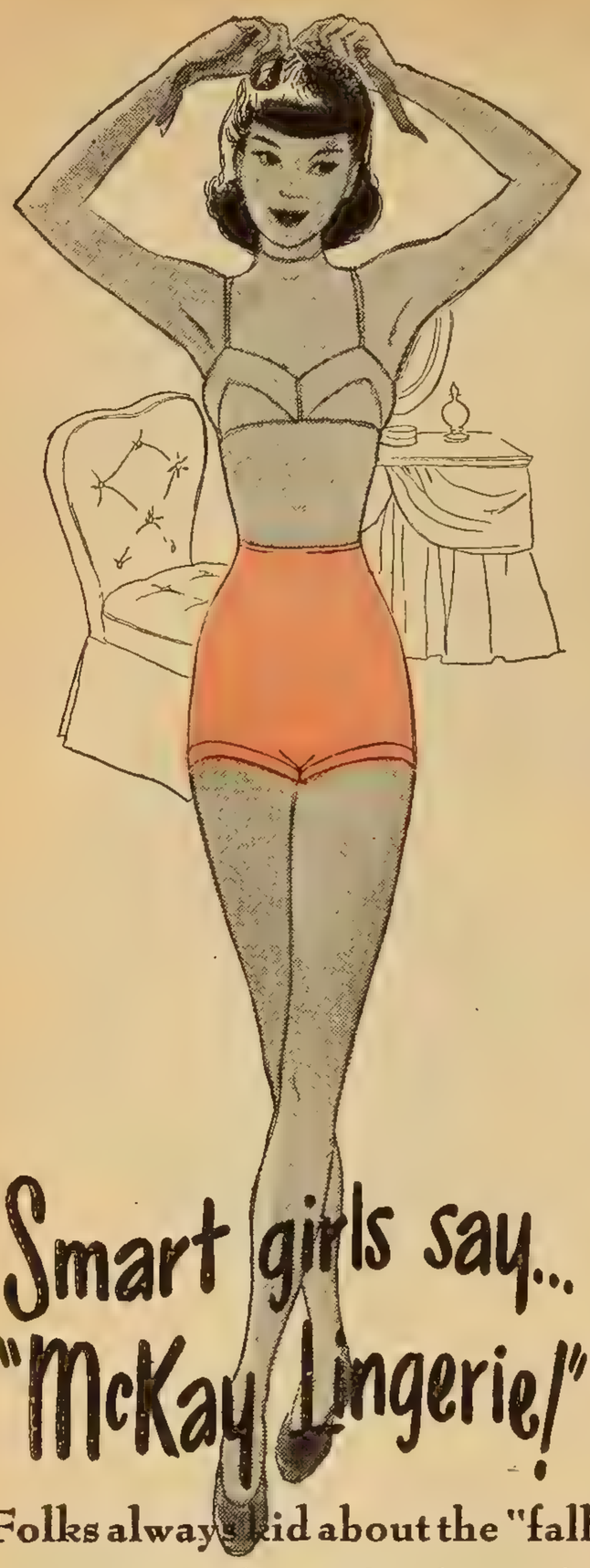
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**So many lovely styles . . . so free to wear . . . so easy to wash.**

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A cardigan sweater called Stop and Go. The large squares are red and green, the back solid color. Bet that policemen's whistles aren't the only ones you get! All wool. By Featherknits. About $4. At Macy's, N. Y.



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**MOVIE STAR SLIPS • 159 MADISON AVE., N.Y.**

# THE DELICATE ONE

(*Continued from page 61*)

Just about as long as she can remember, she's been making movies. It was almost a matter of necessity back in her baby days, when her spunky mother, left with five kids to raise, had to make every nickel count. Loretta's uncle was business manager for George Melford, a silent era producer, and Loretta, Polly, Sally and all the younger Youngs showed up for a quick check every time a kiddie bit came along. A lot of her own early Hollywood memories are lost in the mists of childhood. She didn't even know how she got her name, "Loretta," until recently when Colleen Moore, one of Hollywood's great silent stars, told her.

They had needed a child for a bit part in one of Colleen's movies. "There's a little beauty over there," Colleen told director Mervyn LeRoy, "who could grow up and be a star some day. How about her?"

Mervyn took a look and agreed. He slipped the moppet into the part and asked her name. "Gretchen." That jarred, he thought. She'd need a smoother tag. That's when Colleen came up with the name of her favorite doll, named after a fairy princess, "Loreta." "Too foreign sounding," objected Mervyn. "Add a 't' and make it 'Loretta'," suggested Colleen. That's what happened, as Loretta learned only a few months ago.

Loretta's still "Gretch" to her family and old friends, but it's significant, maybe, that every name she's collected since her christening has been a tribute to Loretta's flower-petal loveliness. Last year Loretta and her husband, Tom Lewis, took a trip to Honolulu. Right away the Hawaiians christened her as they saw her, "La-hi La-hi," which means "The Delicate One."

**perennial pet . . .**

Her beauty isn't the main reason, by a long shot, that Loretta Young is playing today to a second generation audience, every bit as smitten with her as the jazz-age boys and girls when her fresh beauty first flashed on the silent screen in *Laugh, Clown, Laugh.*

As a star, Loretta's still Young, to pull a pun, because she's strictly professional. She knows her stuff as few Hollywood stars do. She's stayed "Gretch" Young as a person and Loretta Young as a movie star—and she's done all right in both departments.

Six years ago, Loretta became Mrs. Tom Lewis. Tom's a big, good looking radio executive, who, as an army Colonel, organized and bossed the Armed Forces Radio Services during the war. They met when Tom had Loretta on his Screen Guild air show. He called her. "This is Tom Lewis, Miss Young. I'd like you to be down at the studio at eleven o'clock Sunday for rehearsal."

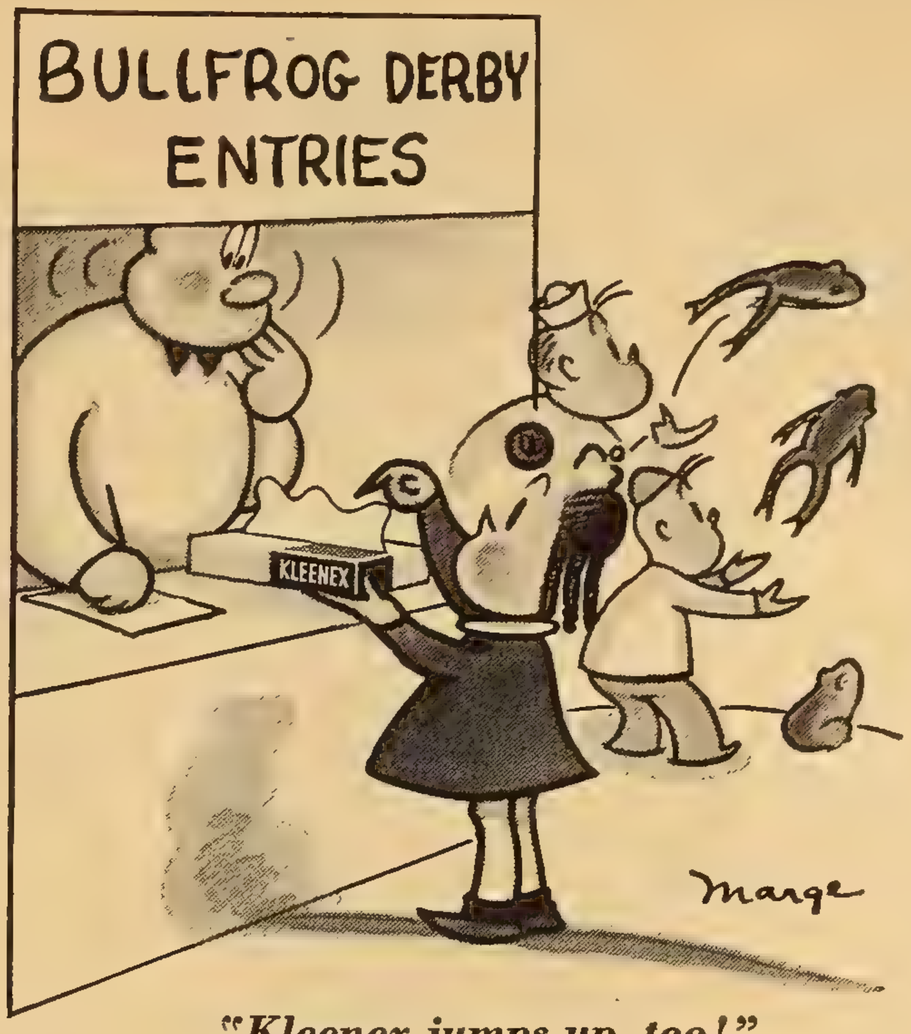
"I go to church at eleven on Sundays, Mr. Lewis," came back Loretta. "May I go to church with you?" he asked. He's been going to church with her ever since.

With both sides of the house active in show business careers, Loretta made a canny vow the minute she married to "hoard our private life." She's kept it, too, which isn't easy in Hollywood.

Loretta doesn't play hard-to-get as a screen star. She's easy to see; no closed sets, no acts, no poses. She isn't temperamental or headstrong, but she usually gets her way by being frank.

Henry Koster, directing *The Bishop's Wife,* said recently that Loretta's scenes were the easiest job he'd ever had. They're the result of a twenty-minute study each morning as Loretta's maid, Beatrice, drives


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*"Kleenex jumps up, too!"*

*Little Lulu says*...Compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see why 7 out of 10 tissue users like Kleenex* best! Soft! Strong! Pops Up! It's America's favorite tissue.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

her to work in the car. The point is—she knows her stuff, and she's not afraid to strut it in public when the occasion demands. On display, Loretta's level head tells her, a movie star owes it to the world to be glamorous.

Last year Loretta was invited to a cocktail party in New York. She understood it was definitely a dress-up affair. "Okay," she told herself. "I'll *really* dress." She dolled up tip to toe in her newest glamor rags and swept into the place. She heard a woman whisper, "My God—leave it to Hollywood!" That didn't bother Loretta.

Loretta's favorite dress for "Gretch" is a plain white sharkskin she bought to go to Mexico on her honeymoon. She's worn it constantly since. Oddly enough, this strictly "Gretch" dress betrayed her as Loretta Young the only time she attempted to fool her public!

She wore it one day on her honeymoon, in Chapultepec, Mexico, where Loretta and Tom were taking in Cortez' old palace with some Mexican friends. They warned her. "Don't admit you're Loretta Young. You might get caught in a mob."

So when the first little girl asked her, "Are you not Señorita Young?" she denied all. "No, no, I'm not." But the girl came back with the same question, and each time with more people. Pretty soon the mob Loretta was ducking hemmed her in. She couldn't understand it until Tom rescued her.

"Look at your dress," he suggested.

On each lapel, big as life, embroidered "L.Y.'s" gave her away all the time.

Loretta and Tom's children are a section of her life Loretta keeps securely sealed off from her life as a celebrity. She and Tom won't have pictures of their brood taken for publication, and neither Loretta's children nor their friends consider her anything extraordinary. In fact, Loretta pretty well proved to them she wasn't—around her home town, at least, in a slight embarrassment she had a while back.

The occasion was daughter Judy's 11th birthday. Tom and Loretta collected a swarm of neighborhood moppets and carted them off to the Westwood Village. After the show, Tom drove away with his load, and Loretta started to drive hers out of the parking lot when she realized she didn't happen to have any money with her.

She explained to the glowering attendant she was temporarily embarrassed for funds but that she'd be back and pay. "I'm Loretta Young," she said. The name meant nothing. "I don't care who you are, lady," he said, "I want my two-bits."

Loretta sighed, excused herself from the kids, and explained her predicament to the manager. He didn't glimmer a spark of recognition either. "Well," he said grudgingly, like someone granting coffee money to a panhandler, "I guess if you need a quarter, like you say, I can let you have it."

Loretta works overtime at being a good mother. Instead of giving her housekeeper and nurse one day off a week, she picks once a month, and dismisses them for five or six days in a row. That's her time to take over everything for the kids—even cooking, which she's admittedly pretty sad at. You can't be a good mother by remote control, she believes, movie star or not. Not a mother like her maternal ideal, her own mother, Mrs. Belser, who even today keeps her independence with a business of her own, a separate home and a personality that even her famous daughters can't shadow. The Youngs have always been a close clan all their lives, and Loretta reserves a special place in her heart for the three girls and the brother she grew up with. The happiest birthday party Loretta remembers was one right in her room at home. She came home, after working late one night, to find a tiny cake, candles and silver service set on a little table. A note read, "Dear Gretch. I waited up as long as I could. Wake me up when you get in. Happy Birthday!" She woke up sister Sally and they had a party at midnight. Loretta denies it but she's really sentimental as all get out. Last Christmas, Tom was called East on business. At the Lewis's, they ignored the calendar and saved Christmas, gifts and everything, until Tom got back—in February!

The Lewis's live in a white brick Normandy house. Loretta has packed it with antiques she's brought over from Europe, remodeled the downstairs for a view and fussed around generally—one domestic weakness she can't resist. Once Loretta dropped by to see an old friend of hers in Hollywood. "Make yourself at home," said the friend, running upstairs. "I'll be down in a minute." When she came down, Loretta had moved all the front room furniture around!

Loretta loves her own home and its life, particularly since she has a husband and family. Before she got married, she loved going out, the oftener the better, had a new dress and a spectacular hat every time she had a day off to shop. But her most glamorous outfits now are swap jobs.

Loretta and a good friend of hers showed up at a dinner party a few years ago in brand new gowns. "What a lovely dress!" marvelled the friend. "I think *yours* is gorgeous!" came back Loretta. The mutual admiration act went on until Loretta cracked, "I'll swap you even."

"Okay," laughed her friend.

Loretta Young has changed in a lot more ways than cutting down her clothes bill since she became Mrs. Tom Lewis—but in a lot of other ways she's still about as she was when she first faced a camera.

Loretta still wants a good nine hours sleep every night and usually dozes off in the twenty minutes it takes for Beatrice to drive her home from a day on the set.

**oversized heart . . .**

Loretta still packs an oversized heart, especially for her old pals. One of the gang who hung around the pretty Young girls, Billy Bakewell, now a victim of the housing panic, lives in Loretta's guest house today. Another, who dated all the daughters and ate Mrs. Belser's cooking, (which came in handy at the time, since he was a struggling young actor) is David Niven, who's starring with Loretta and Cary Grant right now in *The Bishop's Wife.* When the Texas City explosion disaster broke recently, a drive was made in Hollywood for star souvenirs to auction at benefits. Loretta brought in her newest evening gown, a Howard Greer number that set her back Heaven knows how many hundreds. A girl friend fell ill a few months ago, was homeless and needed help. Loretta brought her to her house where she stayed until she was completely recovered. That's her style.

Privately, Loretta Young has changed most with the changes a happy and successful marriage bring. Her home, her husband and her children are her life now. For fun, she likes evenings at home instead of stepping around, small dinner parties with her good friends, Irene Dunne and Frank Griffin, Claudette Colbert and Joel Pressman, the William Goetzes, Roz Russell and Freddie Brisson, Jennifer Holt and Bill Bakewell, David Niven, Lew Ayres, Josie Wayne (John Wayne's former wife) and members of her own family and in-laws.

Professionally, Loretta's changed, coincidentally, in the same solid way. Since *The Farmer's Daughter* particularly, Loretta's insisted on something to say and a character to play. "That's why I'm free-lancing from now on," she explained. If she doesn't like a part she says "No"—and that's that.

Sometimes Loretta and Tom Lewis talk of getting away from it all one day to their favorite spot, Hawaii but they both know they're just clicking their teeth—especially Loretta.

She was raised before a camera. Hollywood's deep in her blood and vice versa, and she loves everything about it. Loretta's a sucker particularly for all the new faces who bob up to rival established stars like herself. She admits she's simply nuts about Van Johnson and Pete Lawford, swoons for Lana Turner's beauty, and ever since she saw Jane Greer in *Out of the Past,* she's simply become a bit boring to her friends, press-agenting Jane's talents. "What pictures simply have to have all the time," she points out, "is young blood."

After all, Loretta's only thirty-three. And in spite of the twenty-odd service stripes on her dressing gown, she's still part of that young blood herself. It's the heart that counts.




"Leaving early today, aren't you, Miss Jones?"





**Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney attends a members' reception at the Metropolitan Museum**

# "Before I go out—always a 1-Minute Mask!"

In white mink, and snowy lace, Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney has the fragile beauty of a Dresden figurine. Framed by its soft halo of golden hair, Mrs. Whitney's complexion glows with a smooth, translucent loveliness. "Before I go out, I always have a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream," says this charming Long Island society favorite.

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*It's a lovely foundation cream, too*






*Every time you want to look your best, re-style your complexion with Mrs. Whitney's beloved beauty treatment—the 1-Minute Mask!*

## See how easy it is to make your evenings more glamorous

**1.** Give your tired "end of the day" complexion a quick beauty re-styling! Smooth a cool white Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face, except eyes.

**2.** Right away—"keratolytic" action of the Cream starts to loosen and dissolve off little roughnesses that make skin look coarser, duller. After one minute, tissue off *clean!*

**3.** You're lovelier—all in one minute! Your complexion has a lighter, clearer, more wide-awake look—a so much *smoother* feel! You're ready for a wonderful evening—looking your very prettiest!

# FAMILY MAN—WESTERN STYLE

(*Continued from page 57*)

Roy will explain patiently, loosening his tie.

"Well, then," Cheryl will proceed, "We'll entertain you at home." One time the entertainment consisted of bubble gum. Whitey, Roy and Linda Lou sat on the couch and watched Cheryl blow.

"A man could put up with a lot all day if he knew he was coming home to a fascinating gal like that at night," Whitey said —a grin in his voice and his eyes where Cheryl couldn't see.

"Darn right," said Roy, and he wasn't kidding. He's a gone duck where his kids are concerned.

Another night, the entertainment was ballet. Cheryl's just started taking lessons, and she's not bad. Roy watched her, transfigured. For his dough, Pavlova could now move over. Whitey was more casual about it. He tossed popcorn into his mouth and said,

"He-ey, the kid's gonna have Legs!"

Whitey's good for Roy. A fellow bringing up three youngsters alone could get sort of panicky, but not with Whitey around. He's their second father, and he shares all Roy's joys and worries.

"What do you do about discipline, Roy?" a fellow at Republic Studios asked him one day.

**jest whop 'em . . .**

Roy replied in words of one syllable. "We spank."

"We?" the man pursued.

"Sure—we. Whitey and I." "We" is a comfortable word.

The most recent spanking was over pills. Cheryl is a little bit anemic, and the doctor prescribed pills. They were very small. They were even candy-coated. But Cheryl could *not* swallow them. She said.

Roy wheedled. "Come on now, honey."

Whitey looked fierce. "Don't you want to get *blood?*"

Nothing cut any ice until Roy spanked. He didn't do it in anger. It was just a cool, well-placed smack, and Cheryl now eats pills without a murmur.

In spite of his methods, Roy's kids adore him, and they'd sooner see one of his movies than eat. Roy has a 16 mm. camera and prints of two of his old pictures, *Navajo Trail* and *Don't Fence Me In*—which the kids would like to see every night in the week. However, the present arrangement—far from satisfactory to the insatiable pair—is to show *Navajo Trail* on Tuesday and *Don't Fence Me In* on Thursday. Week in and week out. Says Whitey, who spells Roy at the projector, "I'm so sick of that Roy Rogers I could yell."

"*You're* sick of him," Roy shouts. "How'd you like to *be* the guy?"

The Roy Rogers comics are something else again. Roy took a bunch of them away from Cheryl one day when she was supposed to be doing some work for school. He happened to glance over them absentmindedly and actually found himself caring what happened next. He's been quite a fan ever since.

Both kids brag about pop unmercifully to the local small fry, and when the youngsters at Sherman Oaks—where Cheryl goes to school—didn't believe she was Roy Rogers' little girl, she insisted on wearing her cowboy suit, which is identical to one of Roy's, to school. To absolutely cinch things, she also distributed dozens of his pictures. As a result she couldn't be more popular, and Roy—who doesn't know about the pictures—is pleased as Punch. And Cheryl's too smart to tell.

"Got a way with the boys already," he gloated one night at dinner.

Whitey's attractive mom, Marian, who keeps house for them all, smiled gently. "She certainly has."

For her part, Cheryl only has eyes for Whitey. She's simply mad for him. Not long ago, Whitey began bringing Jane Frazee around quite a lot. (She's co-starring in Roy's latest picture.) For weeks, Cheryl ignored her, thinking that if she simply paid no attention, Janie might go away. The last time Jane was at the house, just before Whitey and Roy left for the East, Cheryl's jealousy got out of control. She sat between them on the ride to the horse ranch and stuck to them like glue in the interval before dinner. At the dinner-table, Whitey did manage to get in a word with Janie, whereupon Cheryl, tears in her voice, moaned, "Oh, Whitey, talk to *me-ee.*"

Later on, Roy—sort of embarrassed over his daughter's overt affection, tried to talk to Whitey about it. "What the heck are you doing in this hornets' nest, slugger? A nice young guy trying to get along—"

Whitey looked at him as if he were nuts. "Darn it," he muttered. "I like it here."

In three and a half years of friendship, these two have never had a fight. They're two of a kind. Easy-going, straight-shooting, honest almost to a fault. Roy and his honesty are a press agent's nightmare. And aside from his honesty, he's devoid of vanity.

He and Republic's publicity representative, Evelyn Koleman, were having lunch with an interviewer one day, and Evelyn remarked as an icebreaker, "Roy just spent $6,000 for a new saddle for Trigger."

"4,800, Evelyn," Roy said dourly. Things went along pleasantly enough for a while, and then Evelyn said, "A youngster I know is so crazy about Roy that she wears her Roy Rogers cowboy suit to bed." Roy put down his fork and looked at Evelyn hard.

"Is that a true story?" he inquired. Fortunately, it was. That lad's a human lie-detector. As the interview was ending, Evelyn trotted out some pictures of Roy and Trigger. Roy shuffled through them and handed the interviewer a couple.

"What about these others?" Evelyn said. "You're a thousand times better-looking in the smiling ones."

"Maybe," Roy drawled. "But Trigger's got his eyes closed in these other ones."

The entire Rogers family, from Trigger to Dusty, gets fan mail. The studio handles most of it—including the 80,000 letters that come in for Roy in a month—but lately seven-year-old Cheryl wants to dictate her own replies. "That's all we need," Roy told her. "A mob of gals working on letters at the studio, Evelyn handling a bunch of them at the New York office, Marian doing the ones that come here—and now you want to get into the act." Cheryl hummed a small non-committal tune and studied her fingernails. Roy recently discovered that she's acquired a big box of "Cheryl Rogers" stationery, and is replying voluminously to her own admirers.

The most restful member of the group at this point is eight-months-old Dusty, who minds his own business and says nothing and has exquisite taste in ties For Father's Day, Linda and Cheryl went down town with Donna, Dusty's nurse, and selected ties for Roy. Linda's choice was loud and horsey. So was Cheryl's. Donna looked over the entire rack thoughtfully.

"I think Dusty would choose this one," she said. It was a soft wool plaid job. Very nice.

Roy was in New York on Father's Day for the Roy Rogers Thrill Circus, and he found the box of ties in his suitcase. "Look at these," he said to Whitey. Whitey slipped on his sun glasses.

"Lucky you," he said.

Then Roy opened Dusty's box, read the silly little card and beamed. "Say," he said softly, "It takes a man to pick one every time."

**a kid's dream . . .**

The Roy Rogers Thrill Circus opened that day at the Polo Grounds, and that opening was one of the top moments of Roy's life. As a little kid he'd always wanted to be in the circus, and here he was not only in one, he owned the thing. And this circus is really something. Everything under the sun goes on. A gal is shot out of a cannon, a guy rides a bicycle on a tight rope miles above the ground, another fellow sits on a chair a-top a swaying 180-foot pole. It's the sort of thing that has mom close to swooning, but that the kiddies adore. When Roy isn't doing his spectacular riding—on Trigger, of course—he's watching the show, as thrilled as any nine-year-old. Only bad feature of the deal is that for the five weeks that the circus is on tour, Roy won't see the kids. It's his own fault, actually. "We could be in it," Linda Lou had suggested wistfully. "I could ride Nip and Cheryl could ride Tuck." Each child has a pony, and Cheryl's a pretty good rider, but little Linda can just about stay on.

Roy, remembering his early dreams, had said, "Not this year, honey. Maybe when you're bigger . . ."

So now he's lonesome for the noise and the bubble gum and Alice-in-Wonderland interminably on the victrola. He misses braiding the kids' hair and burping Dusty and having his breakfast brought up to him at 6 a.m. by his two maddening, well-meaning daughters. Whitey looked at him moping in his hotel room the other day. "Smile, chum," he said. "You're the guy who always wanted to be in the circus."

"Shucks," Roy told him, "I guess I want everything."

He's such a darn nice guy, we kinda hope he gets it.

## I SAW IT HAPPEN



*While Esther Williams was down here making* Fiesta, *with her husband, Ben Gage, I saw her at the races. I asked her for her autograph and then, since I seemed to her to know a lot about the horses, she asked me who was going to win the next race. I said, "Number Seven." She thanked me and went to place her bet. Later, when Number Seven won, she called me over and said, "Thanks, honey. I told Ben I would win this race and he would lose—and that's just what happened."*

*Beverly Crump*
*Mexico City, Mexico*




# "Be Lovelier Tonight!"

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**I'm taking** Joan Crawford's tip! She says: "It's wonderful the way Lux Soap facials give skin fresh new beauty! Smooth the fragrant Active lather well in, rinse with warm water, then cold. Pat with a towel to dry."



**Joan Crawford** is *right.* Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. Be lovelier tonight!

*In recent tests* of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!

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**29¢ for 10 in applicators**




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Dear Martha Steele: I want to try REGULAR Meds. Please send, in plain wrapper, with full directions, trial package for which I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin) to cover mailing.

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# the fans



**MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION • SHIRLEY FROHLICH, DIRECTOR**

SURPRISE FINISH: We've often referred to our MODERN SCREEN Trophy Cup Contest as a race, and after the surprise finish in the contest just completed, we're convinced that it's so. It *was* a race—and with a real movie ending, too! For just as League Three's disappointed runner-up club was about to tear up its ticket (figuratively speaking, natch)—whoosh! Down came the flag of the previously-announced winner (disqualified by mutual agreement) and up went the flag of the final and true winner in League Three: the Richard Jaeckel Club. The Fifth Semi-Annual M. S. Trophy Cup Competition is now officially over—and the staff is exceedingly happy with the results.

**the toppers . . .**

Now, of course, you want to know something about the winning clubs, so let's take 'em up individually:

The Nelson Eddy Music Club, co-prexied by Rita and Jo Mottola of Hempstead, L. I., won the League One Trophy with a total of 1450 points. They've recently celebrated their 12th Anniversary, and they're the proud sponsors of an adopted war orphan *and* the Nelson Eddy Music Club Scholarship, presented to the Juilliard Institute of Musical Art in Nelson's honor. They're also members of the Metropolitan Opera Guild and the Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York. Their journal is noted for its forums on serious music and the fascinating monthly questionnaire which Nelson fills out in his own hand. At present, the club ambition is to see its honorary starred in a screen biography of Chaliapin.

Loretta Verbin, president of the Jack Carson Club (winner of the League Two Cup) recently graduated from high school in San Francisco. Her graduation present was a visit with Jack in Hollywood. Her club is just over two years old, and its journal, *Carson's Collections,* is distinguished for the same bright humor that is characteristic of its honorary. The Carson Club chalked up 1500 points.

The Richard Jaeckel Club, League Three winner, is another two-year baby, piloted by Louise Warnes of Hamilton, N. Y. Its hectographed journals are neat as a pin, but the club is saving patiently for that mark of fan club success—a mimeograph machine. For most of the club's existence, Jake was in the Merchant Marine, but members did a great job of plugging for their boy. The club has just turned over $30 to the Red Cross, and its immediate ambition is to have Jake get the role of Robert in *Miracle of the Bells.* Every year the Jaeckel Club awards the title, Miss Jaeckel Times, to its prettiest member and this year the coveted title belongs to Marie Vranicar.

Runners-up, and all highly-recommended clubs: League One: Gene Autry F. C., Dick Haymes Associates, June (Allyson) Bugs, Ernest Tubb C., Binggang, Rex Allen C. and Bob Mitchum C. League Two: Dennis Morgan C. (where there's Carson, can Morgan be far behind?), Bob Crosby Bob-cats, Intern. Shirley Temple C., Ginger Rogers C., Charles Korvin C., Gene Kelly C., and (Rosemary) DeCampaigners. League Three: Sinatra C. (Wolfenstein), Vincent Price C., Bill Williams C. (Demers), Basil Rathbone C., Carole Landis C., Sinatra C. (Beattie), Joe Cotten C., and Sinatra C. (Chiappari).

**starting line . . .**

Sixth Semi-Annual Trophy Club Contest: This month marks the beginning of a completely new contest—and that means every club has a chance to win, even if it's never scored a point before. So that every club member will understand exactly how he or she can help his or her club to the top, we're going to explain in detail how our Contest works:

Once every six months, MODERN SCREEN awards one Trophy Cup to the best fan club in each of our Three Leagues. If your club has under 200 members, it belongs in League Three; if it has 200 to 499 members, it's in League Two and if it boasts 500 members or more, it's in League One. (Note that we've changed the minimum membership in League One to 500, in order to bring more real competition to that League.)

Your club competes for its League Cup on the basis of points awarded by MODERN SCREEN's editors in our series of monthly contests. In many cases, not only will you win points for your club, but if our editorial judges select your work, you'll also win a personal gift prize worth having. We're talking about lush stuff like POND's wonderful cosmetics, specially packaged for us; the handsome TANGEE Trip-Kit, fitted with Tangee preparations and perfect for travel; FABERGE's exciting Perfume and Cologne Combination Sets and FABERGE's Men's Cologne; subscriptions to FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE, SCREEN ALBUM, and a variety of hair-raising DELL Mystery books. All yours—if you give it a fair try! Now here's a list of the monthly contests and the points awarded each winner:

"This Is My Best" Contest. Every month our editors select the six best articles and/or poems printed in your journals, 100 pts. each.

Candid Camera Contest. Every MSFCA member is eligible to submit amateur snapshots to our Candid Camera Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16. They need not be pics of movie stars; any interesting snap is eligible. Write your name, address and club on back of each photo. First prize, 100 pts. Five others, 50 pts. each.

Best Journal of the Month: One journal selected from each League, 500 pts. each.

Best Editors of the Month: One editor selected from each League, 250 pts. each.

Best Covers of the Month: One cover selected from each League, 250 pts. each.

Best Original Piece of Art Work: One award each month, 150 pts.

Most Worthwhile Activities of the Month: One selection from each League, 250 pts. each.

Greatest Percentage Increase in Membership Each Month: One (*Continued on page 100*)

# —that Always-Fresh look...



"My skin sparkles fresh, smooth . . .
after this clean, clean cleansing
with Woodbury Cold Cream!"
says *Ann Blyth*

in "MORTAL COILS"
a Universal-International Picture




**FOUR RICH OILS IN WOODBURY COLD CREAM**

*Clean-cleansing oils* float away make-up and clogging skin soil

*Rich softening oils* smooth skin each cleansing

## Ann's beauty-glow cleansing...with Woodbury Cold Cream



**Looks luscious**—that fresh-awake glow of Ann's skin! "Morning starts with my dewy cream-cleansing . . . *always* with Woodbury Cold Cream," says Ann. "This silken cream really freshens . . . leaves skin satiny!" Start *your* day with Woodbury!



**Date with glamour!** "But first, my 'pretty-making' date with Woodbury Cold Cream!" Ann tells you . . . "So rich—it smooths away that studio-tired look . . . leaves skin fresh-lovely!" Easy, girls, to keep your glamour a-glow . . . with Woodbury Cold Cream.

**That "Always-Fresh" look**

Clear-clean, silken-soft skin . . . for you! Woodbury Cold Cream is different . . . made with four rich oils that cleanse deep to pore-openings, whisk off make-up, grime . . . *rich softening oils* that soften dryness. See the velvet-fresh look Woodbury Cold Cream gives *your* skin!

No finer cream than Woodbury is made — at any price!

**FOR SPECIAL SKIN PROBLEMS**

**Dry Skin:** Woodbury Cream-cleanse. Soften with Woodbury *Special* Dry Skin Cream . . . rich in lanolin's benefits.

**Oily Skin:** Cleanse with Woodbury *Liquefying* Cleansing Cream. Leaves skin clearer.



**Ann's Woodbury Beauty Nightcap!** "Couldn't miss my bedtime Woodbury cleansing," confides Ann. "Then, a mist of this rich cream to *soften* all night through." By morning, skin's dewy! For that "Always-Fresh" look...it's Woodbury Cold Cream!





# THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE

(*Continued from page 42*)

was her Chicago dream man, looking handsomer than ever.

Fate, that's what it was, Buff decided immediately, and she would make the most of it. So she pulled herself together, assumed a gracefully unconscious pose, and was gazing off into space when Lucia said, "Buff, I want you to meet Bill Eythe and Charley Russell."

Buff smiled sweetly, murmured, "How do you do?" and then ruined the effect by breaking into laughter at the expression on Bill's face.

"Say, could you possibly have been in the Pump Room in Chicago last March?" he demanded.

"I could. In fact, I was, between trains."

"Well, hello, Miss Prim! Charley, I practically threw crackers at this girl all through lunch one day and she never even looked at me."

The swimming party was a success for them from that moment, naturally. Bill and Charley took Buff on to dinner at the Players' and then drove her home.

A few days later Bill called and asked her to have lunch with him at the Twentieth Century-Fox Studio. Buff accepted and it was fun. Afterwards, they went over to the Beverly Hills Tropics and sat around for hours, absorbed in a very involved discussion about philosophy and education. They found that their minds worked the same way even when they disagreed violently. It was, somehow, a very exciting discovery.

Their next date was for the gala premiere of *Captain Eddie*. Buff spent the entire day getting ready for it. Hours at the hair-dresser acquiring a lacquered, upswept hair-do. More hours of bubble bath, sophisticated makeup and donning a dramatic, bottle-green evening gown, very decollette. She might be only eighteen, but she wasn't going to let anyone guess it tonight!

Unfortunately, when Bill arrived his reaction to all this grandeur wasn't quite what she had expected. He smiled politely, and escorted her out to the car without a word of comment on her appearance.

"How do you like my dress?" Buff inquired at last, trying to goad him into a compliment.

**build-up to a let-down . . .**

"I *hate* green," Bill said, unexpectedly and fiercely.

"Oh." Buff's tone was subdued.

"And I like your hair down, like a kid's," Bill added. "You don't look like yourself at all, this way."

After that evening they didn't see each other for a while. When Bill didn't call, Buff told herself firmly that she didn't care. That he was stuffy and opinionated and who did he think he was anyway? She started wearing her hair up all the while and going out with a different date every night and making all the columns.

In October, Buffie's grandmother gave a birthday party for her. Practically all of Hollywood was there—including William Eythe.

As Buff was blowing out the candles on her birthday cake, the pink tulle hat she was wearing suddenly caught fire. It flared up crazily, and everyone screamed. Everyone but Buff and Bill. Bill grabbed the hat off and stamped out the flame and Buff calmly said, "Thank you," and began to cut the cake.

"I guess," said Mr. Eythe to himself, "I may have had this girl wrong. She seems to have guts."

He never left her side the rest of the evening. Eventually, they went out into the patio and sat and held hands in the moonlight. Instead of talking like mad the way they usually did, they didn't say anything at all. Just smiled at each other and sat there, happy as clams.

From that day on, things were different. Bill was moving into a new house over in the Valley. Buff helped him get settled. This was a completely new Buff and Bill watched her in amazement. She scrubbed floors, painted shelves, cut out paper for drawers and generally made like a little housewife.

Someone came to interview him for a magazine in the midst of this welter of activity. Buff came down the stairs during the interview, carrying four of Bill's dirty shirts and a box of soap powder. She wore no makeup, dungarees rolled to the knees, a white sweater patterned in crimson paint, and her hair in pigtails.

**miss pigtails of 1947 . . .**

Bill looked at the interviewer with a wicked gleam in his eyes. "Do you know the glamorous Buff Cobb?" he inquired politely. He still claims the interviewer fainted dead away.

Bill was making *Centennial Summer* now, and Buff was working in *Anna and the King of Siam*. They lunched together on the lot every day and people automatically asked them to parties together.

By now they both knew they were in love. And it scared them almost to death. Bill had done a lot of thinking about marriage since he had been in Hollywood, and he was sure he wanted no part of it, at least as long as he was in pictures. Because when Bill got married, he wanted it to be for keeps. But Buff was such a kid in so many ways. Always riding off in seventeen different directions. She just wasn't grown-up.

Buff, too, after one unhappy experience with matrimony, had her doubts on the subject. Of course, she had been only seventeen then, and she and Greg hadn't known each other very long when they were married, and maybe this would be entirely different. Or maybe it wouldn't. How could you tell?

That spring Johnny Coy and Dorothy Babbs got married. They and Buff and Bill had been a frequent foursome for months. As you remember, Bill took charge of all the wedding arrangements. He and Buff came to New York with them, and fixed it for the kids to be married in the Little Church Around The Corner.

While Bill was in New York, he met Buff's family, and they clicked right from the start. Of course he had known her charming grandmother in California. Now he met "big Buff," who isn't any bigger than a minute but is "little Buff's" chic, brilliant mother. And Cobby, her half-brother. And Frank Chapman, her father, who is now married to Gladys Swarthout, the famous opera singer.

It was a wonderful two weeks, and then Bill had to sail for England to make a picture. He put Buff on a plane for the Coast before he left.

"Be a good girl and learn your job so you'll be a fine actress. And try to find out what the hell you want to make of your life." He kept his tone carefully casual.

Buff just couldn't. "Will you miss me, Willy?" She called him that sometimes when she loved him specially much.

"I'll miss you all right," he said and now




# *Never before in History!*

**But now Fresh brings you a new fluffier, creamier deodorant . . . to give you carefree underarm protection *even on hottest days.***

**Only Fresh can give you this patented combination of amazing ingredients in a new deodorant *that has never been made before.***

**New Fresh** is the most effective cream deodorant you have ever tried . . . we think you'll agree! Yet dresses are perfectly safe from rotting . . . normal skin is perfectly safe from irritation.

**New Fresh** is delicately perfumed, delightful to smooth on. No gritty crystals or annoying hard particles and it doesn't dry out in the jar.

**But don't take our word for it—test it.** Test New Perfect Fresh today against your present deodorant—see if it isn't the most effective—the most pleasant cream deodorant you have ever been able to buy. Get your jar of New Perfect Fresh now—for carefree underarm protection even on hottest days. Available at all drug and toilet goods counters.

*Be Lovelier to Love with new perfect Fresh*




**New Perfect Fresh comes to you at the same low pre-war prices . . . 10¢, 25¢, 43¢, and new 59¢ economy size.**

(*Advertisement*)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

# At the first blush of Womanhood



by
**VALDA SHERMAN**

**Many mysterious** changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

**No need for alarm**—There is nothing "wrong" with you. It is just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl. It is also a warning that now you *must* select a truly effective underarm deodorant.

**Two dangers to overcome**—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this age when a girl wants to be attractive, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills odor instantly, safely and surely, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for many hours and keeps you safe. Moreover, it protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. The physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion of the teens and twenties can cause the apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration. A dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend as well as ruin a dress.

**All deodorants not alike**—Don't take chances! Rely on Arrid which stops underarm perspiration as well as odor. No other deodorant gives you the same intimate protection as Arrid's exclusive formula. That's why Arrid is so popular with girls your age. They buy more Arrid than any other age group. More nurses—more men and women everywhere—use Arrid than any other deodorant.

**How to protect yourself**—You'll find the new Arrid a snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears in a jiffy. Never gritty or grainy. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Gentle, antiseptic Arrid will not irritate skin. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely!

**Don't be half-safe**—During this "age of courtship," don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid right away, only 39¢ plus tax at your favorite drug counter.

his voice wasn't casual any more. He seized her and gave her a hard, quick kiss, and then she was on the plane and there wasn't anything ahead but loneliness.

Those were long months. Buff did stock at Laguna all summer, working hard and learning all she could. In the fall she was called East for a part in a play with Tallulah Bankhead. But Miss Bankhead decided not to do the play after all, so Buffie was out of luck. She thought she'd stay in New York anyway, and something else might turn up. She wanted a tiny apartment, and through her family she heard that I was going to rent part of mine. So she came to live with me, and we had a wonderful time talking pictures and people. Especially people named Bill.

It was November before he got back. But a cable finally came that said, "Have your brightest Monday morning smile on. The Elizabeth docks at eight."

The next week was a mad scramble of theater and "21" and dinner clothes every night and hearing Bill's marvelous stories about England. Then things gradually settled down a little. They spent Christmas with his family in Pennsylvania and the Eythes accepted Buff immediately as one of the family. She loved them all. His mother and father, and Dutch—his brother who used to be All-American, and Ruth, his sister, and her husband, Charles. It was a good Christmas, in the friendly, happy, small-town tradition.

When they got back to New York, things suddenly started happening to them both, professionally. Bill's agent called him to come back to the Coast on business. And Buff was offered a good part in a play called *Darling, Darling, Darling.*

Meanwhile, James Mason and his wife had arrived in New York and wanted to see Bill, whom they had met and liked in England. They also wanted to meet Buffie. So the night before Bill left for Hollywood, they all had dinner together.

"Buff was your number one fan in Hollywood," Bill told James. "She saw *Hotel Reserve* and went around telling everyone that you were going to make cinema history. Then she saw *Man in Grey.*"

"And changed her mind," James suggested, with his sardonic smile.

"On the contrary. She called me up when she came out and said, 'Darling, you can drop dead. I'm in love with Mason.'"

**lovers' spat . . .**

It was a gay evening and couldn't have been more fun. But when Bill was taking Buff home later, they had one of the silly, violent quarrels that come sometimes when you love each other very much. It started because Bill thought Buff had been in one of her "Hollywood states," as he calls them. Talking and laughing and screaming all over the place and making like an actress. *You* know.

Buff's feelings were hurt and she came home and stormed around, hating Eythe in seven different languages. Until he called her on the phone and things straightened out a little.

But the situation was still tense when Bill left the next day. Buff plunged into rehearsals for her play and didn't have time to think, talk or breathe.

The show opened, and closed in five days, without ever getting to Broadway. Buff's notices were good but it was a terrific disappointment not to have made Broadway. She took it quietly and well.

If anyone asked me my guess on the major factor in Bill's deciding marriage was for him in spite of all his previous doubts, I'd say it was the way Buff worked on that play and the way she took the disappointment. She wasn't a child any more. She was grown-up and definitely wife material.

On the evening of March 9, 1947, exactly two years to the day since that lunch at the Pump Room in Chicago, Buff came home and found a message in her box. Hollywood had been trying to call her. It was, of course, Bill.

"What I wanted to ask you," he said all in a rush, "was do you think maybe it would be nice if we got married? Or not."

This time Buff ignored the trailer. "I think it would be wonderful, Willy," she said. "Are you sure you want to?"

"*I'm* sure. Are you sure *you* want to?"

Buff gave a sudden, wild giggle. "This could go on for hours, Bill," she said, "I'm sure. But right now I'm sort of stunned. I love you, Willy."

"I love you, too. And *I'm* sort of stunned. Good-night, darling."

**sweet cataclysm . . .**

Buff sat on the bed a minute, hardly able to think. Then she came and knocked on my door. It was one a.m. but I hadn't gone to bed yet.

"Come on in," I said. Then I took another look.

"Buffie," I said, "are you sick?"

She stared at me like a sleepwalker. "Sick?" she whispered in a dazed voice. "No. I'm *engaged!*"

Well, you can imagine what the next couple of months were like. Bill was stuck out on the Coast for considerably longer than he had expected. As fast as they would make plans for the wedding, they would have to change them.

All of a sudden, after Bill arrived in New York, everything fell in place quite neatly. Ruth Ford agreed to rent them her apartment. They decided to be married right in New York by a judge who was a friend of Buff's father. There would be a big reception later that day.

So they had blood tests and they got the license, with Buff getting lost when they changed trains on the subway. Bill went on down to City Hall thinking she'd show up there, and she went on to the next station thinking he'd show up *there.*

"Lost, one about-to-be-bride," Bill said resignedly. By the time they got together again they just made it as the license bureau was closing. But now they were all set. Monday, June 2, was the day.

It was a beautiful day, with sunshine to bring luck to the bride. The ceremony was at two o'clock in the judge's chambers. You never saw two such calm people as Bill and Buff—on the surface.

Bill wasn't nervous. Certainly not! The fact that he went off and left the shower running so it flooded the room was nothing but a coincidence. He was doing fine. He had the rings with him, didn't he? Well, if he had them, where were they? He went through his pockets frantically.

Then he said with dreadful calm, "We can't get married. No rings."

Buff laughed. "Willy, you're wonderful. You gave them to me to keep so you wouldn't forget them. Here they are."

There was just the family at the wedding. Bill's and Buff's. However, *everyone* was at the reception. Society names, theatrical names, picture names. It was from five to seven, in the beautiful Fifth Avenue apartment of Herschel Williams, who wrote *Janie.* There was punch made from an old Cobb family recipe, and fifty kinds of sandwiches, and a wedding cake.

Just as Buff was about to cut the cake, some friends of Bill's whom she had never met, arrived. He greeted them happily.

"Come on over," he said. "I want to introduce you. This is Miss Cobb—"

Somebody giggled. It was Buff. "That was this morning," she said. "This evening I'm Mrs. Eythe."

I have a feeling she's going to *stay* Mrs. Eythe. And I couldn't be gladder for both!



★ ★ ★ ★ ★

# The "Slacks Brigade" deals in facts—not fancies



**Girls test new napkin—**
**84 out of 95 report no chafing**
**with Free-Stride Modess!**

**Girls in the great, humming industrial plants** of the land—girls to whom comfort is a "must"—recently found it pays to investigate.

Young women who had been annoyed by chafing with their regular napkin agreed to try out a new, improved napkin—*Free-Stride* Modess.

No girl was told its name or brand. She was simply asked to try this new napkin . . . to see if it gave her freedom from chafe.

The verdict? 84 out of 95 girls who help make industry's wheels turn reported *no chafing* with *Free-Stride* Modess!

**The secret of the chafe-free comfort** that so many women found in *Free-Stride* Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the *napkin edges.*

*Free-Stride* Modess has *extra* cotton on its edges—*extra* softness—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton also acts to direct and retain moisture *inside* the napkin, keeping the edges dry and smooth longer. And dry, smooth edges don't chafe!

**So safe, too!** *Free-Stride* Modess' triple safety shield guards you against embarrassment—keeps you so carefree! And there are no telltale outlines with *Free-Stride* Modess—it's *silhouette-proof!*

Try it now—this luxury-comfortable, luxury-safe napkin. *Free-Stride* Modess is on sale everywhere.

Product of Personal Products Corporation.




*Walk with comfort! Move with freedom!*
*Try the new Free-stride Modess!*

*How to set a perfect table*

Begin with these



The two blocks of sterling inlaid at back of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks. They make this silverplate stay lovelier longer. Fifty-two piece set $68.50 with chest. (No Federal Tax.)



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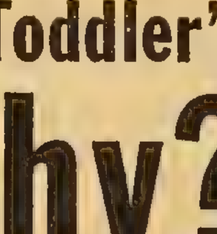
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WEE WALKER Shoes FOR Wee WALKERS


# THE FANS

*(Continued from page 94)*

selection from each League, 100 pts. each.

Best MSFCA Correspondents of the Month: One selection from each League, 50 pts. each.

For each regular issue of journal, club receives 100 pts.

(Note: The editors reserve right to make no award when, in their considered judgment, no club or individual has qualified.)

And that's all there is to it! Study the rules carefully; write us if you have any questions—and then start working on that Trophy Cup. Remember, it takes the ACTIVE support of every member to win a Cup!

Club News: As this is written, the Hollywood Fan Club Convention is a few days off. Final program: Monday: Introductory Luncheon, Knickerbocker Hotel Lido Room. Tuesday: Business meeting for prexies and official reps only. Wednesday: Tour of city and studios via hired buses. Thursday: Breakfast at Tom Brennerman's (including broadcast). Lunch at Mona Lisa Restaurant, featuring Journalism Forum. Speakers: Tom Carlile, MODERN SCREEN's West Coast Editor: Erskine Johnson, syndicated columnist and radio commentator, and Eileen Mosely, U.P. correspondent. Evening: Buffet Supper, followed by dance and late supper at Ambassador's Cocoanut Grove. Friday, All-day Outing, Laguna Beach. Saturday: Tea at Cocoanut Grove. Awarding of MODERN SCREEN Trophy Cups. Sunday: Lunch at Lido Room, Knickerbocker Hotel. Fashion show and raffle drawings. Awarding of raffle proceeds to Damon Runyon Cancer Fund. Evening: Theater party, *Skin Of Our Teeth.* In addition, tickets to top radio shows will be available to delegates all week.

Aside to MPPDA: With Walter Winchell's blessings, a check for $1,000 is being turned over to the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund by the Hollywood Fan Club Convention. Gene Autry Friendship Club, the biggest contributor ($475) will receive a special cup. Runners-up are June Allyson Club ($325) and the Joan Crawford Club.

**new york rodeo . . .**

Gene Autry Club, incidentally, will have an Eastern Convention in New York, September 25-28, during Gene's Rodeo at the Garden . . . Sinatra Guild now has thirty clubs. Frank, who's long wanted his clubs to get together, is very happy . . . Joan Caulfield Club will turn entire proceeds of its Charity Raffle over to Braille Institute and Cancer Fund. Tickets are 25c, and prizes have been donated by Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Fredric March, Bette Davis and Joan, herself . . . Judy Spinner's Johnnie Johnston Club and Betty Petrie's Club Friendship are working on the Stamps For the Wounded Drive. All kinds of foreign stamps and stamp collectors' equipment are needed . . . Agnes Moorehead Club offering 150 free memberships. Write us for club address . . . Dan Duryea sends personal letter of welcome to new mems of Pat Maben's club . . . Louise Erickson Club sponsoring an essay contest, on "How to combat juvenile delinquency in our community" . . . Arthur Kennedy first journal solicited raves from our staff. Ditto: King James' (Mason) Court and Burt Lancaster News, also "firsts."

Sam Edwards Clubbers are still thrilling over their visit to the Edwards home. Sam played his records for the gang and the whole family joined in entertaining them. . . Prexy Lee Garber met her honorary, Mel Torme, at last—when he came East for a night club appearance. Disc jockey Freddy Robbins introduced them, and Lee was Mel's guest at his radio guest shots. . . . those partying Baritony Clubbers did it again—this time at the Broadway Hof-Brau. Two of the club's three honcraries, Jerry Cooper and Jimmy Farrell were on hand. Too bad Ray Heatherton couldn't make it! . . . Bill Vaughn, of 1723 N. Chestnut Street, Ottawa, Ill., has a novel idea in clubs. It's a "Scrap Club" and the idea is to exchange pics and clips you don't want for others that you do . . . closing night for Johnnie Johnston's show at the Capitol, N. Y., was a big event for Johnnie's Gay Notes. Backstage, afterwards, they presented a corsage to Johnnie's girl, Kathy Grayson . . . the Famous Kitchen, N. Y., Charles Korvin's favorite eaterie, was the scene of the recent Korvin Club soiree . . . Dolores Johnson's Jay Norris Clubbers are really going "social"—four meetings, a party, and a roller-skating shindig!

TROPHY CONTEST WINNERS for July (1st lap, Sixth Semi-Annual Competition): **"This Is My Best"** winners: Shirley Thayer, "Our New Lost Generation," *Richard Jaeckel Times;* Pat Harris, "Jimmy Durante, I Love You," Soliloquy (Sinatra, Ling); Gladys Hagblom, "Chat Chat," (Betty) *Grable's Fables;* Phil Markovich, "Nosey Nonsense," *Larry Douglas Journal;* Florence Kelley, "Let's Gossip with Greg Peck," *Burt Lancaster News;* Dorothy Whitman, "Fan Clubs," *En-Gage-ingly Yours* (Donald Gage). **Candid Camera Contest Winners:** 1st Prize, Ena Svedise, Joseph Calleia C. Others: Lois Carnahan, Barbara Hale C.; Lenore Larson, Danny Scholl C.; Narda Eyssen, Errol Flynn C., Jeanne Saltsman, Danny Kaye C.; Eileen Sinnott, Johnny Desmond C. **Best Journals:** 1. *June's Journal* (Allyson). 2. (Joan) *Crawford News.* 3. *Arthur's Echoes* (Kennedy). **Best Editors:** 1. Margaret and Joy Nicholin, *Nelson Eddy Golden Notes* (International C.). 2. Marilyn Boinski, *Larry Douglas Journal.* 3. Pat Maben, *Merchant of Menace* (Dan Duryea). **Best Covers:** 1. *Shirley's Scoops* (Temple). 2. *Musical Notes* (Jeanette MacDonald, Riley). 3. (tie) *Soliloquy* (Sinatra, Ling) and *Voice Inquirer* (Sinatra, Bush). **Best Original Art Work:** Jacki Jaacks, (Betty) *Grable's Fables.* **Most Worthwhile Activities:** 1. International Shirley Temple C. (Collected over 2,000 stamps for Veterans; also many records and books for Mountain Home Vets' Hospital). 2. Jeanette MacDonald C. (Farrington) (Contributed $55 for Non-denominational War Vets' Comm., on Jeanette's birthday). 3. Alan Ladd C. (Pearl) (Contributed 95 books, 300 mags to Jefferson Barrack's Vets' Hospital). **Greatest Percentage Increases:** 1. Intern. Shirley Temple C. 2. Bill Boyd C. 3. Dan Duryea C. (Grant). **Best Correspondents:** 1. Kit Pritchett, Dennis Morgan C. 2. Rita and Jo Mottola, Rise Stevens C. 3. Violet Theisen, Jimmy Morgan C. (Space prohibits listing all clubs credited with 100 pts. for journal. See rules above for other point awards, prizes.)

## I SAW IT HAPPEN



*It was the night that the 20th Century-Fox offices here in Panama gave a very gay party for Cesar Romero and Tyrone Power, who arrived in their plane, "Saludos, Amigos," for a three-day holiday. A group of Panamanian senoritas were performing the "Tamborito," our national dance. They were whirling away in their beautiful costumes to the tune of the gay music, when suddenly one of the girls invited Cesar Romero to join them. He certainly stole the show when he danced graciously and sang our music. Cesar Romero is the perfect "Good Will Ambassador."*

*Judith Parada Arias,*
*Panama, Rep. of Panama*

# PARIS LABEL

(*Continued from page 38*)

Frederique often, and she grew progressively more amiable.

He began to call her Quique—it was a pet name—and since he'd always had a passion for American songs, he could make up puns. "I Get a *Keek* Out of You," he would bellow, strolling home after their visits, and people in his path would retreat, sure that he was mad.

In 1941, Louis joined the Work For Youth Army, in Unoccupied France. It was simply military training, without guns.

While he was gone, Quique sent him cigarettes and candies.

Late in 1942, Louis was released, and went straight to his family, in Cannes.

Quique was with them, and after the greetings, Louis' mother took his hand. "I am troubled. They are sending all the young men to Germany to work—"

He kissed her. "Don't worry. There are methods—"

There was a method. It was with a theatrical troupe, going to Africa. The troupe was a pretense, but a good way to get young men out of the country.

They gave him his ticket. "November tenth" was printed on it.

The morning of November eighth—it was nine a.m., and Louis never expects to forget it—the radio, which had been playing, stopped.

He came out of his room to see what had happened, and his father was bent over the dial. "I have tried all the stations," he said. "They are all cut off."

"What can it be?" Louis said. "What can it be?"

**dawn of hope . . .**

His father straightened. "I think the Americans or the English have landed in Africa." The words were soft, but they seemed to fill the room.

He was right, and Louis swung his mother around the room wildly, while his two young brothers grinned.

It was a brief and lovely hysteria which ended quickly.

By January, 1943, the Nazis had occupied all France. Louis' father was arrested by the Gestapo, and the rest of the family fled to a town called Pierre De Bresse, taking Quique with them.

Quique has nightmares, even now. She wakes up moaning, and Louis is frightened. "What is it? You're shaking—"

"The Germans are coming back," she says wildly, and he has to pull her to a window, and point. "The moon, see? The stars. Nothing else; just quiet streets. This is another world—"

Sometimes Quique tries to tell an American about France in 1943. "On the walls of the prisons in Paris, there was writing in blood," she will say. And the American thinks she's using a flowery figure of speech, when all she means is that prisoners literally wrote defiant messages on the walls with their own blood.

Pierre De Bresse was quiet, after Paris. A little, sleepy place.

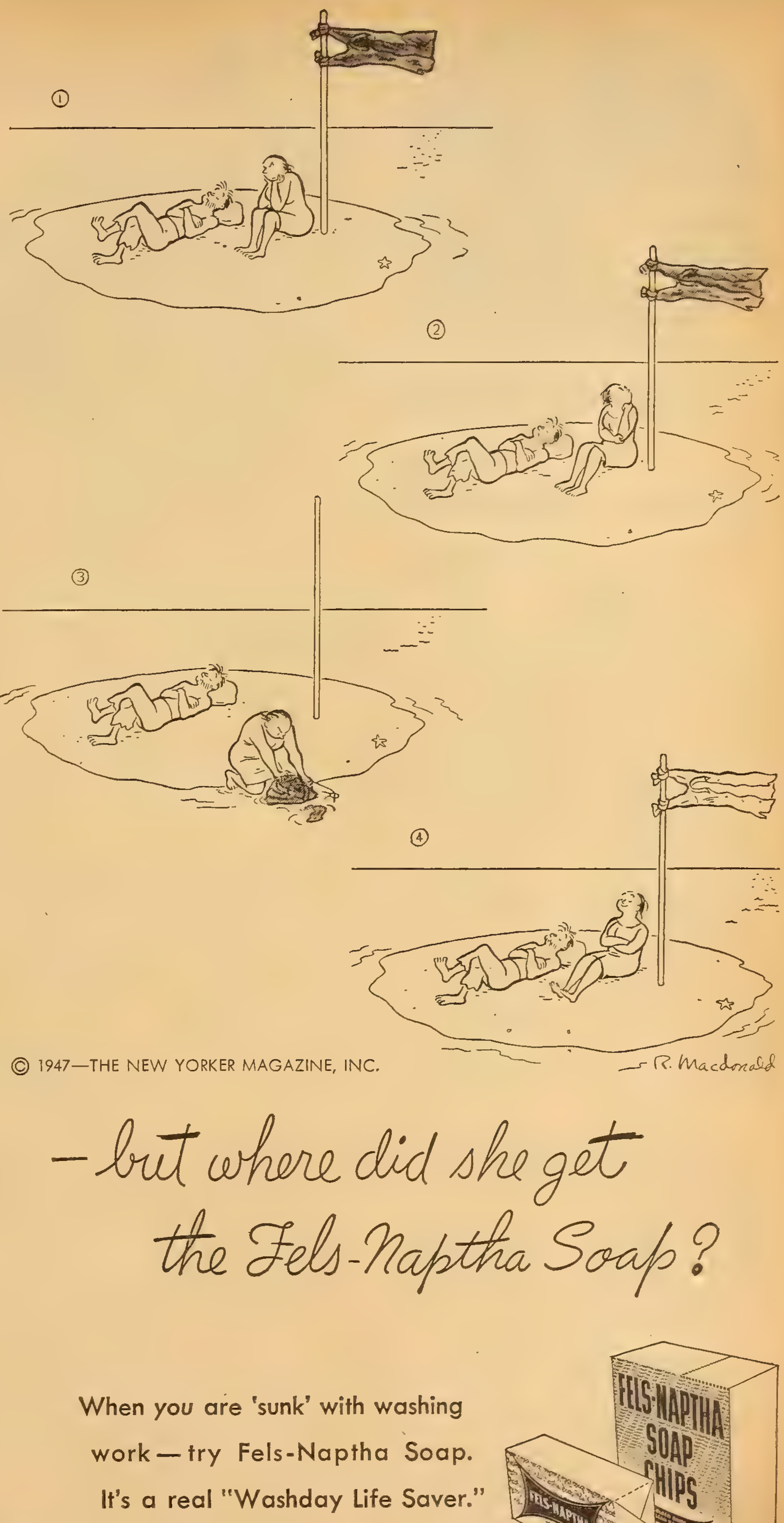
Louis worked for an underground newspaper, and waited hopefully for news of his father's release, and in March, he and Quique were married.

It was a very simple ceremony.

Quique had picked a few flowers from the garden for the table; she had a grey dress, and in one of her suitcases, she found a hat with a bird of Paradise.

Louis almost stumbled over her, sitting on the floor, stroking the long, bright feathers.

"I did not even (*Continued on page 103*)




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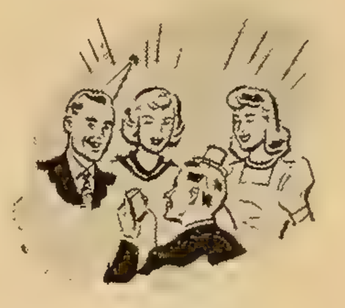
Mirrors of Memory

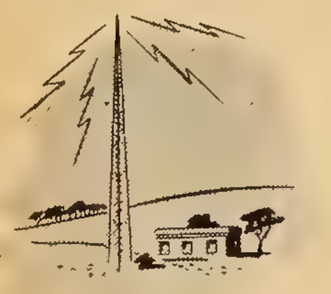
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## POPULAR

**JUST AN OLD LOVE OF MINE**—*Billy Eckstine (MGM)

A promising M-G-M debut for one of the better baritones, singing the newest Peggy Lee-Dave Barbour song hit, with fine orchestral help from Sonny Burke, who led the band on Van Johnson's records.

**LAZY MOOD**—*Matt Dennis (Capitol), *Jimmy Dorsey (MGM), Frankie Carle (Columbia)

Written and played by saxman Eddie Miller in the old Bob Crosby band, this tune now has Johnny Mercer lyrics and a new lease on life.

**PASSING BY** (Vous Qui Passez Sans Me Voir)—*Jean Sablon (Victor); Jo Stafford (Capitol); Tony Martin (Victor)

**PEG O' MY HEART**—Harmonicats (Vitacoustic); Three Suns (Victor); Buddy Clark (Columbia); Glenn Miller (Decca); Clark Dennis (Capitol); Danny O'Neil (Majestic); Art Lund (M-G-M); etc.

If you aren't sick and tired of this one, listen to the Glenn Miller version for curiosity. It was made by a pick-up group a decade ago, before Glenn really had his own band. The Harmonicats' version, cut in Chicago as a private recording and released as an experiment, makes some very odd sounds, for better or for worse.

**THAT'S LIFE, I GUESS**—*Tommy Dorsey's Clambake Seven (Victor)

You'll be surprised by this side, featuring Hannah Williams, ex-Mrs. Jack Dempsey and musical comedy star, whose youthful, rhythmic voice has none of the Broadway affectations you might expect. Dorsey's accompaniment includes Charlie Shavers, Teddy Wilson and Billy Bauer.

## HOT JAZZ

**MERCER ELLINGTON**—*You Name It (Sunrise)

A new label, a new band led by Duke's son, and a catchy bebop tune by pianist Luther Henderson.

**ELLA FITZGERALD**—**Lady Be Good, **Flying Home (Decca)

Ella's riff-singing in bebop style on this pairing is just amazing. Don't miss it!

**ERROLL GARNER**—*Gaslight; *Yesterdays (Signature)

**DIZZY GILLESPIE ALBUM**—*Eight Tunes (Musicraft)

Other albums: Louis Armstrong, Paris, 1934; Charlie Christian Memorial; Alec Wilder Octet, all on Vox; Piano Score of Four on Jewel.

**HARRY JAMES**—*Moten Swing, Parts I & II (Columbia)

Showing The Horn can still play good jazz; not to mention Willie Smith, Corky Corcoran and some swell Arnold Ross piano.

## FROM THE MOVIES

**COPACABANA**—Je Vous Aime: Wayne King (Victor); Eddy Duchin (Columbia)

**FABULOUS DORSEYS**—Dorsey Concerto: *Tommy & Jimmy Dorsey with Louis Forbes Symphony Orch. (Victor)

An interesting work, though not at all in the jazz idiom that made the Dorseys fabulous.

**FIESTA**—Fantasia Mexicana: *Macklin Marrow & MGM Orchestra (MGM)

Johnny Green adapted this for piano and orchestra from Aaron Copland's *El Salon de Mexico,* and the scene in which it's played is the second best thing in the picture (yes, I'm an Esther Williams fan).

**LOVE AND LEARN**—Would You Believe Me: *Tony Martin (Mercury)

**PERILS OF PAULINE**—I Wish I Didn't Love You So: Vaughn Monroe (Victor)

**VARIETY GIRL**—Tallahassee: Woody Herman & Dinah Shore (Columbia); *Johnny Mercer & Pied Pipers (Capitol); Vaughn Monroe (Victor); Bing Crosby-Andrews Sisters (Decca)

(*Continued from page 101*) know I had it with me," she said. "My beautiful bird. Now it will be a splendid wedding."

They were married; Louis' father was released by the Gestapo, finally; and the days moved slowly toward the Liberation.

Word came at last, spreading through the countryside. Men were needed in Paris.

Louis and Quique made their way back by night, walking and hitch-hiking, and once in the city, Louis contacted his guild, to find out what his job would be.

It was an easy enough job—guarding a certain door—and the actual reasons for it are no longer important.

One morning Louis went off to his guard duty, and didn't come back.

As usual, he'd gone out with his gun in one inside coat pocket; his FFI ribbon in another. After he and a friend had stood guard for the required time, their relief took over. And that's when they were picked up by Germans.

The Germans never bothered to explain things much, but it wasn't hard to figure out that they were being taken to Headquarters for questioning. Three other young men were gathered en route.

At home, meanwhile, Quique waited. She waited a painfully long time and then, troubled, she made her way through the street mobs to the building.

She waved to the man on guard at Louis' station. "Where is Louis?"

He shrugged, his eyes warning.

"It's so hot." She tried again. "He was wearing his coat?"

The man shook his head.

"Then—would you give me his coat?"

**her heart stood still . . .**

When she walked away, the coat, with the FFI ribbons still in the pocket, hanging casually over her arm, she thought her chest would break with thumping.

Nazi Headquarters were in the Grand Hotel. It was there the police had taken Louis and his four companions, to be questioned and searched. In the end, the men with FFI ribbons were held; Louis was freed.

He got home, how he can't even remember, and there was Quique, trembling and he took her in his arms.

At 2 a.m., the radio reported briskly that the Americans had arrived.

It was an end, and a beginning.

The war over, Louis went back to picture-making, and Jenia Reissar, David Selznick's talent-scout-on-the-continent, sent word of him to Mr. Selznick. What was more concrete, she sent scenes.

Mr. Jourdan was thereafter sold, signed, and delivered.

"Maybe I'll be in a Hitchcock movie someday," he said to Quique. He'd seen three Hitchcock dramas, and was a devotee.

Quique held out a newspaper. "Look."

There was a paragraph which read: "Louis Jourdan is leaving for the United States to make *The Paradine Case*. It will be directed by Alfred Hitchcock." He couldn't believe it.

Twelve days later, he was in New York, and Mr. Selznick told him it was true.

He didn't start the picture for six months, and Quique didn't get to the United States for two months. There was some mix-up about her papers, and when she finally arrived, she went out and bought twelve pairs of shoes. She'd worn wooden ones for so long, the sight of plentiful, delicate leathers left her slightly demented.

"Wooden shoes, you know," she said to Louis, trotting away from the store—"it knocks in your head, wooden shoes."

Both the Jourdans speak English, but Louis is particularly magnificent, for which he credits popular songs. He always owned lots of American records, and even though he'd had only three or four years of school English as a boy, he could sing Crosby





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Gaylа

SUPERGRIP




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numbers with the faintest accent.

Quique has never had a regular English lesson in her life, but she hates to be corrected when she talks. It enrages her. "Leave me my foolish English," she cries. "I'm not afraid if people are laughing."

She remembers once when people were glaring at her though.

It was her first Hollywood dinner party, and she was seated next to a gentleman who attempted to be charming. He started off with the weather, and continued with the state of the world, dwelt briefly on Truman, summed up Dewey, talked about his wife, and discussed capital punishment.

Quique hadn't the faintest idea how to answer him, so she never said one word through the whole dinner, and by the time it was over, the man was in pitiful shape.

The days passed, however, and Quique learned. First off, she learned "yes."

"You can say 'yes' with a hundred inflections, even sometimes it means 'no,'" she observed to Louis, profoundly, when a few weeks had passed.

"People will think you are completely silly," Louis said sternly. "More than 'yes' is needed."

Eight months after the original dinner party fiasco, another dinner party came up. The Jourdans were invited, and so was the pitiful gentleman.

"You," the hostess said to that long-suffering soul, "will sit next to Mrs. Jourdan."

He blanched, and marched grimly to the table, muttering savagely, "Mrs. Jourdan! Jourdan must keep her on the mantelpiece. Good for nothing else. Silent butler sort of woman!"

**miss gabbo! . . .**

He got more than he expected. Quique gabbed all through the meal.

When they were finished, he looked at her wonderingly. "Excuse me, Mrs. Jourdan—but has there been a change in me?"

She smiled at him, enchantingly. "I understood every word you said at the last dinner, but I didn't know how to answer."

When Quique enchants 'em, they stay enchanted. The poor man was saying "a thousand pardons, beautiful lady" in French, when they dragged him away.

A person who intrigues the Jourdans is Keenan Wynn, who can talk what sounds like beautiful French for five minutes straight without ever really saying one French word.

But Keenan is only one of the marvels of America to the Jourdans. There's their suite in the Miramar Hotel, at Santa Monica —the sea from your window, the beach at your fingertips. . .

There was the trip to New York, and *Finian's Rainbow,* and afterward, standing under the marquee for two hours in the pouring rain, while the reflections from the lights shivered in the puddles, and mink-coated women stepped into big cars.

Hollywood's pleasing, too. *The Paradine Case* (the first thing in which American fans will see Louis) is all wrapped up, and Mr. Selznick's anxiously awaiting audience reaction.

Louis plays a romantic menace (he's not the hero; Gregory Peck is) and he and Mr. Selznick brooded over twenty different outfits, trying to find some clothes that would be unattractive, and yet picturesque.

Friends who met Louis on the street would ask him where he'd been keeping himself lately, and he'd say, "Oh, in the costume company down on Melrose Avenue," with a perfectly straight face.

The studio's bought *Rupert of Hentzau*—the sequel to *The Prisoner of Zenda*—for Louis and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has been steeping him in Fairbanks tradition.

"And living in the costume company again," Louis says philosophically. "I wonder if they ever serve hot meals."

## DEMOCRACY ON THE SCREEN

*(Continued from page 27)*

carried by citizens who enjoy those rights and privileges. It is important for us at home to get a complete understanding of the great experiment which has been carried on here in the United States because today the world looks upon us as the leader among democratic nations.

Because of some of our failures, there is a question in many minds as to whether throughout our country we really understand our own democratic way of life. Democracy is based on the Christian religion, and so we must believe in the brotherhood of man. Discrimination, therefore, should not exist. Nevertheless it does!

Our form of government is a representative republican form of government; but it allows, we think, the maximum control to remain in the hands of the people.

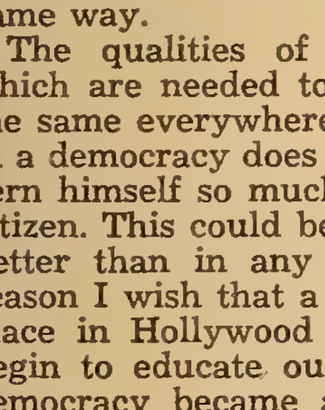
If the screen could show the inception and growth of our government processes and the obligations that now lie upon us when our nation is at the peak of its power, the people would learn their lesson.

To retain our high standard of living, we must also recognize our obligation to other men in other parts of the world. Probably one of the most difficult tasks today outside of our own country, is to sell America as America really is. Certain types of movies have been shown in other countries which show us as a nation of bronco-busters, gangsters, movie stars and luxurious ladies and gentlemen of leisure.

The democracy of the farm, the mill, the industries, the thousands and thousands of people who are the backbone of this country, are little known to the millions who build up *their* countries in much the same way.

The qualities of mind and character which are needed to be good citizens are the same everywhere, but nowhere except in a democracy does a citizen have to concern himself so much with his duties as a citizen. This could be shown on the screen better than in any other way. For that reason I wish that a revolution could take place in Hollywood and that they would begin to educate our own people so that democracy became a living thing in our daily lives. Then the films which will soon be going to the European countries might give true pictures of the development of this country and of its present life. They might tell the *real* story of the great mass of our people who make us a strong and vital force in the world of today.

### I SAW IT HAPPEN



*Dick Haymes was appearing in person at the Roxy Theater in New York when I saw a number of fans gathering at the stage door to see him. After a while, he came out and signed autographs. During the signing, a taxicab passed by. The tall, handsome blond fellow who was its passenger stuck his head out of the window and cried out in a mocking voice, "Oh, Dickie!" The fans turned around with murder in their collective eye to see who the "wise guy" was. To their surprise, it was Johnnie Johnston!*

*Estelle Angrist*
*Bronx, N. Y.*





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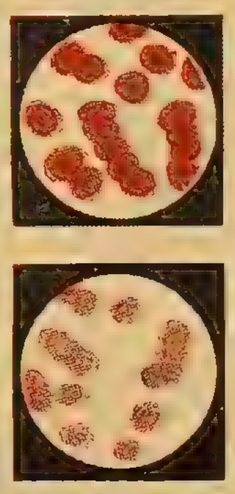
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**TABLETS**







## GLENN FORD

*(Continued from page 29)*

gaudy nightmare, a real estate promoter's dream that had no doubt occurred after he had viewed Turner's glowing canvas of the Grand Canal and had eaten spaghetti Tettrazini at midnight. As originally planned, California's Venice had canals instead of streets, and even more gondolas. Since health conditions were pretty lax, the canals became germ breeders, and had to go. But not until Glenn, who was seven when the family moved there, had rowed on them and even, on warm nights, gone swimming in them.

Glenn's father had always wanted to live in Southern California and he had always wanted to give up railroading for the building trade. Los Angeles, during those post-war years, was enjoying a period of boom, so it looked as if they were exchanging the deep still peace of Glenford for the hurly burly of a bonanza.

This was not quite the case. The Fords took a house on Park Avenue, which sounds grand enough—but actually, Park Avenue was situated in the toughest of Venice neighborhoods. They lived there three years, until Mr. Ford got on his feet. He was not too happy about the environment until he learned that Glenn would go to the Martha Washington Grammar School. (How could a school thus named be anything but a beneficial influence for his son?) The rest of the time Gwellyn could grow up under his mother's careful eye at home.

### dangerous journey . . .

However, Newton Ford did not take into consideration the interval of space and time that existed between the school playground and the Ford front door. Glenn darned well took it into consideration on the first afternoon when he set out for home from school.

The little chap who was standing on the corner was wearing a sweater with holes in the elbows, overalls and a remarkable skull cap cut from the crown of a man's felt hat and adorned with vari-colored buttons. The boy's lower lip protruded, his brow was contorted into a scowl, and even the freckles on his snub nose looked belligerent.

Glenn walked past him. The boy stuck out a grimy bare foot.

When Glenn picked himself up, he faced the boy in astonishment. He said, somewhat inadequately, "Hey!"

"Wanna fight?" the boy said.

This, at least, made sense, as it would to any real boy of seven. Glenn made two fists and put 'em up. "Sure," he said.

The black eye Glenn brought home was the beginning of his adjustment to the rowdy environment of the neighborhood.

He was briefly, during this Venice interlude, enamored of the stage. The Martha Washington School, it appears, held a carnival every year in which the pupils performed. Glenn, who within a month of his arrival had discovered and fallen violently in love with a devastating blonde of nine years named Elaine Shaeffer, learned that she was to play Mae Murray in a little skit. Opposite her, some lucky lad would don a suit of tails and represent John Gilbert.

"That," Glenn promised himself, "is going to be me." He tried for the part, got it, and had prepared his parents and all his friends for the spectacle of his debut when it turned out that the main thing Gilbert and Murray did in the show was dance.

Glenn couldn't dance. So they gave his part to Vernon McGuire his rival for the

fair Elaine's affections, who could, and as consolation made Glenn a clown. He was too young to know who Pagliacci was, but that was how he felt. His day dreams after that followed a familiar pattern; he was a knight at kind King Arthur's court, and with the regularity of clockwork he vanquished Vernon McGuire in the jousts, while Elaine looked on approvingly.

Santa Monica, where they moved three years later, was better. It had never tried to be anything but a simple California town on the edge of the sea, and as such it had a kind of municipal integrity; it evolved, unplanned, clean and casual and dedicated to the good living of its population rather than to the whim of an itinerant tourist trade. The Fords found a comfortable, unpretentious cottage on a winding road near the beach; they gave the front of the house an occasional coat of paint, and Glenn regularly mowed and watered the front lawn.

The Ford house was always clean and quiet; but in the Ford backyard there was life, albeit a secret life. Behind the garage a structure had risen, bit by bit, stone by brick by board, by such casual stages that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Ford were actually aware of its existence. It was of such a bizarre construction that if anyone other than its member occupants had ever been curious or determined enough to try to enter it, he would have been astounded at its impregnability. Here, in this club house, Glenn had his headquarters during his important adolescent, formative years.

Observe, if you will, an afternoon in the middle Twenties, with Glenn but half an hour home from school. He has had a peanut butter sandwich, and a glass of milk. He has, at his mother's urgent bequest, donned a sweater against the coming chill of the evening. He walks toward his shack, a lean, serious youngster with heavy dark eyebrows over knowing eyes and a chin that is strong and aggressive and stubborn.

**through the keyhole . . .**

He maneuvers sundry locks and mechanisms, and lets himself in. Two minutes later a complicated code is tapped on the door and he admits his two pals: Dave Beston and Herman Bloom.

Dave has a loosened tooth and his nose is swollen. It's been bleeding recently, too.

"Buster?" Glenn asks, certain of the reply.

"Yeah, Buster. Herman stopped in the drugstore to buy a Popsicle and Buster came along."

"We'll get him yet."

"Tomorrow. After school, by the hot dog stand."

"That's three on one."

"You can take care of him. We'll just watch. How about a smoke?"

"Your folks here?"

"No, they're in L.A." Glenn digs out a cigar box filled with bulky, newspaper wrapped objects; the fillers are cornsilk. Lingering illness, and death, lurk here—but these are astonishing kids, invulnerable. They light up.

After a moment Glenn coughs and looks green. "What's the matter?" Herman asks.

"I guess it's the tack."

"Tack?"

"I was chewing on a pen the other day and there was a tack in the end and I swallowed it. They sent me home from school and I've been eating practically nothing but bread ever since. Then last night I made some stuff with the chemical set and got a lot of sulphur fumes up my nose and I was pretty sick."

"Maybe you better not smoke any more of that cornsilk."

"Maybe."

His early years were like that, you see. A modern Tom Sawyer transplanted to California: a Penrod in the machine age.


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Don't miss Jean Sablon . . . every Sunday afternoon over Columbia Broadcasting System.

He had his first real fight when he was twelve, at the Madison Grammar School. He and a fellow named Mark were mixing it up during gym period, so the instructor put gloves on them, made the other boys form a ring, and got out a stopwatch. Glenn was slender for his age, but fast; Mark was big and not very light on his feet. The contest was a draw, but he and Mark emerged from it fast friends.

And there were the girls he knew. If you think I am one of those noble wives who say, "I don't want to know anything about your past, just so long as it's over," you're mistaken. I would not have wanted to marry a man who had never had any success with women before he met me.

Glenn's approach to girl friends was conditioned by the fact that he seldom had his father's car, and almost never had too much money. Glenn had a small allowance but when he needed a few dollars, he went down to the amusement pier and drove the little electric shuttle cars along the sidewalk from Santa Monica to Ocean Park and back. It paid 40c an hour, during the summers, but it had its drawbacks.

For one thing, the gangs from surrounding towns—even from as far as Boyle Heights—used to come to the beach and see how many free rides they could hook on Glenn's tram.

What I'm getting at is that he was in no position to get himself one steady girl, and fall in love with her, and date her regularly. This didn't trouble him. There were the fellows to run around with, and girls didn't seem important enough to cause an emotional crisis in his young life.

But those years were not without glamor and a kind of beauty. There were the long warm evenings on the beach, with the gang gathered around a fire and Castle Rock looming up against the Palisades behind them. There was a girl now and then who would put her head on his shoulder. In the firelight, it was easy to get in a romantic mood.

He had his books, averaging about forty a month, and he had his new interest, which was the stage. Way back when he was twelve he had been invited to play a part in the Christian Church production of *Tom Thumb's Wedding*. He hadn't much to do. With seven other boys he walked on stage at cue, sat down on a bench—he was third from the left—and was handed a dish of ice cream. He was required to eat this, and then get up and walk off again.

Something told him that he had found his calling. Later, in Lincoln Junior High, they gave him the role of Ben Gunn in *Treasure Island*. It was an important part because the whole play worked toward one magnificent moment when the gold was discovered: and it was Ben Gunn who walked on the stage carrying a sack of it.

On the night the play opened, Glenn stood in the wings waiting for his cue. When it came, he reached for his gunny sack of gold. It was not there. Wildly he looked about him. There was literally nothing in sight that even resembled a sack, or even a box. On stage, there was a waiting silence.

Out he strode, empty handed. From the other wings the drama teacher said three shocking words and prayed silently.

Then, in a moment of sheer genius, Glenn knew what to do. In the center of the stage loomed an enormous papier mache rock, put there for atmosphere. Glenn walked behind it.

Then he announced, in tones of delighted surprise, "Here's your gold!"

The entire cast played the rest of the scene behind the rock. It was not until a year later that the drama teacher would speak to Glenn; then, one afternoon she stopped him on the street and said, "I've had time enough to think about what you did that night, Gwellyn, and I do want to tell you that it was a brilliant bit of impromptu. Do you know, I believe you could be a really fine actor."

"Do you know, Mrs. Davies," Glenn said, "That's what I'd like to be. Anyway, I'm going to try."

*(To be continued next month.)*

## I SAW IT HAPPEN



*It was the last day of Danny Kaye's appearance at the Chicago Theater and he had already upset the schedule by stretching the thirty-minute stage show into an hour. Suddenly, he stopped right in the middle of a song and walked off the stage into the audience, leaving the bewildered band and bandleader staring after him. He sat down in a seat at the back of the theater and said, "I just wanted to see what it looks like from back here. Look at all the people! I've been up there for two weeks. Now, you entertain me!" We were very astonished to hear the band strike up a waltz and to see the very sedate bandleader, Lou Breeze, go into a tap dance. Danny applauded happily and went back to the stage, where he continued to work himself into a state of exhaustion.*

*Anita Hirsch,*
*Chicago, Illinois*

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY




***"I'll get the Pepsi — that will keep the boys around."***

# THREE MONTHS AND OUT

(*Continued from page 30*)

was in the clouds. It must be a gag."

"Look, they don't pay me to argue. Just thought you might give me a lead on what went on."

"Oh go away. I hate Hollywood," she moaned, and we both hung up.

Abby's the sensitive type. I'm tough. But with all my toughness, I knew exactly how she felt and, to a degree, felt the same way myself.

You can't know June Haver without warming up to her. First time I saw her was on the set of *Home in Indiana,* where she and Jeanne Crain were getting their first big break. They were both sweet kids, totally different in temperament—one shy and reserved, the other friendly as a kitten. It was June I fell for, and said so in the column next day.

Months later I threw a party for MODERN SCREEN's finds of the year. June didn't have to come, she'd been picked the year before, but one of the new boys asked her as his date and to give him moral support. Well, she sparked the evening for all of us. She was just so gay and co-operative, so ready to laugh and fall into the spirit of the silly games we played, that any constraint the others may have felt melted away like ice in a spring thaw.

"You're not Hollywood," I remember saying. "You might be the little girl next door."

I can still see her blue eyes crinkle as she answered, "I'm Rock Island, Illinois, Hedda, and I've been going to parties like this one all my life."

After that I'd bump into her here and there—Romanoff's, Adrian's, the Mocambo. She was always the same, always with the smile, with the "Hi, Hedda!"—always straight and aboveboard, never a thing to hide. Always ready to come to the phone, too, I recalled, as I pulled it over and got her number.

**the lady will talk . . .**

Mrs. Haver answered. I told her about my talk with Al, said I'd like to see June. She asked me to wait and was back in a minute or so. June wasn't going out, but if I'd come up to the house, she'd be glad to talk to me. Hmph, I thought, *glad!* Polite people, these Havers. . .

I found June alone in the little sitting-room where I'd seen her, a glowing bride, after her marriage. It wasn't the same girl. She looked like the wan little ghost of herself, pounds thinner, all the sparkle gone. Through the whole time I was there, she never once smiled. A stone would have ached for her. It was one of those rare occasions when I cursed my profession and its probing fingers. . .

But if she was crushed, she was also controlled. No dramatics, no self-pity. She talked quietly. Only once, when I pressed her for something, the tears sprang to her eyes, and I felt like a brute. But she wouldn't have it. "Don't apologize, Hedda, I'm terribly sorry for *you.* This is a tough assignment you've got on your hands." Well, what are you going to do with a girl like that?

Now if you expect to read anything here about "Jimmy played his trumpet too loud" or "I didn't know how to cook his favorite dishes"—just save your eyes and go on to the next story. Beyond her explanation that "things didn't work out," June's not elaborating. The decision to separate came by mutual agreement and they will try to have their marriage dissolved.

One columnist wrote: "It must have been a case of marry in haste, repent in haste." Which gives the wrong impression. June's





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SCREEN ALBUM

# "I can't find words enough to praise Tampax!"

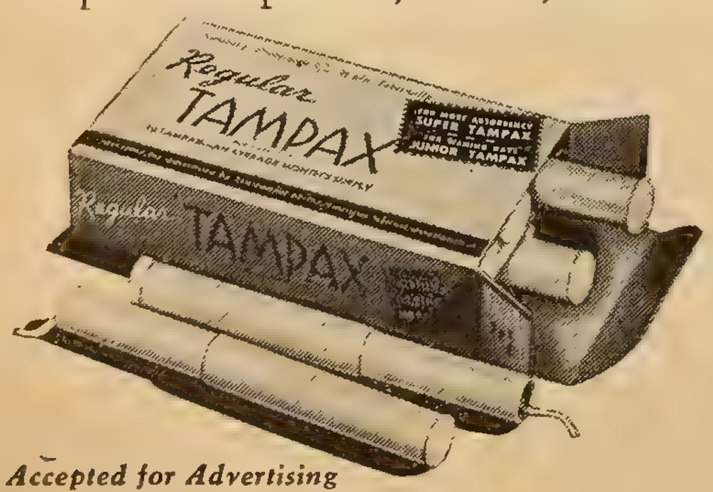


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*by the Journal of the American Medical Association*


an idealist. She'd seen lots of marriages hit the rocks. Each time she'd say, "That just won't happen to me. With me it's going to be once and for always."

Now ask me the $64 question. How could two people who'd known one another six years make such a mistake? Well, let's take the six years apart. At 15 and 17 respectively, they'd spent a summer with Ted FioRito's band. After that a few letters and phone calls, a few dates here and there between long stretches of silence. That was all till last winter.

Following her Rock Island trip last winter, she went to New York and saw Jimmy there. Rock Island had left her with memories—not only of the beautiful time they'd given her, but of the boys and girls she'd gone to school with. Many were married, some already had children. June had her work, which she loved. June had everything to make life rich and happy—except what the kids in small towns have—a husband and babies. She left Rock Island feeling a little wistful.

In New York, she saw Jimmy. They'd always had fun together. Music was a passion with both. They could listen and talk about it for hours on end. He seemed part of her old life, familiar and good. When he came to Hollywood in January to organize his own band, they started dating. He'd never made any secret of his love for her. Through the years, she'd felt a special affection for him. Now she found herself falling in love. There are those who'll say she was in the mood for love—that she went looking for it instead of waiting till it came to her.

Before two months had passed, she knew it was all wrong. They were making each other wretched.

June knew what a happy marriage ought to be like. Like her sister Dot's to Bill Flynn. Everything peaceful and wonderful, complete understanding, no clash of temperaments, so many things in common. (All she and Jimmy seemed to have in common was music.) Or like Evvie's. A month after June's wedding, Evvie married Jim McNamara, a student at USC. They were blissful as puppies, laughing, ribbing each other, having fun together—good pals as well as husband and wife.

**from bad to worse . . .**

As a last resort, June and her husband went down to Santa Ynez, thinking a week there alone might straighten them out. Instead, matters went from bad to worse. Soon after their return, Jimmy left to go on tour. June's original plan had been to join him in Salt Lake City when *Scuddahoo* was finished. She knew now that she wouldn't join him. They'd discussed separation. But their marriage had been so recent, the dream had crumbled so fast, she could hardly believe it herself. What she needed more than anything else was quiet, to be alone, to give herself time to think.

At the studio June put up a brave front. But when you work with people every day, it's hard to fool them.

She just isn't the type to keep a secret very long. When the picture was finished, Lon McCallister came over to say goodbye. "You going to Salt Lake City, June?"

It took her by surprise. "No, I don't think so."

For a moment Lon was a very startled boy. Then he gave her hand an awkward little pat. "Well, I'm with you anyway."

What brought on the climax was her birthday party. Queer time for a party? Well, given the choice, Mrs. Haver wouldn't have picked it. But 21 years before on June 10, her second daughter had been born, and come fire or brimstone, the occasion was going to be celebrated. She took over the ballroom of the California Country Club, had it hung with gay bunting, hired an orchestra, ordered supper and a big ice-cream birthday cake, and invited June's friends. All things considered, it was a good party—even though at one point her mother found June in a hallway, crying like mad. She took the shaking bundle into her arms. "Pick up your chin, honey. You're only 21 once."

"Oh Mother, all the trouble you went to!"

"Because I love you, June. So do all the others out there."

For a heavy heart, love's the best medicine on the market. Besides, June hadn't worked for nothing for Georgie Jessel, the old-timer with his slogan of "The show must go on." She went back and smiled. At supper, John Payne made the toasting speech. When he said: "June's a girl with plenty of ideals. Whatever happens in life, she'll always carry them high," the tears came again.

**the time is now . . .**

Next day June had it out with herself. Where was the sense of sidling into this thing, letting people guess, waiting till the rumors caught up with you? That kind of stuff went against the grain with her. Her way had always been, when she made a mistake, to correct it as soon as she could. Well, she made a beaut. What was she waiting for?

"It's going to be awful," she admitted to herself steadily, "but I'd rather face it now and be done with it than have it glooming over me."

She called Jimmy in Salt Lake City, and they agreed on a statement to be made. That Sunday she couldn't eat or sleep.

Words of friendship and encouragement poured in. Evvie and Jim kept phoning from Catalina every hour. "You all right June?" "I'm fine."

At two a.m. the phone on her bed table rang. It was Dot. "I'm feeding the baby. Just thought I'd call so you wouldn't feel lonesome." Her beautiful family. She never let on that for the first time in days she'd been sleeping like a baby.

Once in the course of our talk, her blue eyes flashed with the spirit, if not with the gaiety, of the old June. How did she feel, I asked, about that Hollywood chestnut—"Though parting we're still the best of friends."

"If you're friends," she said, "you can stay married. We're not going to throw knives at each other, but I doubt if we'll get into each other's way. Where I come from girls don't go mingling around with their ex-husbands."

Right now June's staying within her own four walls, but not to brood. She reads, plays her beloved music, sees her intimates. She needs a lot of rest and to get more flesh on her bones before going off to Chicago and Detroit for personal appearances. It's a commitment 20th Century-Fox made long ago, timed for the opening of *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now.*

"Entertainment's my business. Maybe a month ago I couldn't have done it. When the laughter's gone from inside, maybe you can't make other people laugh, though I'd certainly have tried. Now it will be that much easier."

All around town they're saying, "Poor June Haver." Pardon me if I'm different. The past is past. She's 21, with a long future ahead. She's beautiful, talented, launched on a dazzling career. Ah, yes, but she's gone through this dreadful experience.

I think that's too bad, but her courage and dignity in facing it don't call for pity. I think they call for a round of cheer myself. So here's Hopper yipping it up for you, honey, putting her dough on that pretty little nose of yours for a new and very happy beginning.

# ENCORE!

(*Continued from page 47*)

most young lieutenants, he was conscious of regulations.

They went through the gate.

At the plane, Gene tried again.

"Honestly—" he said.

"I think I'll get in," said Jeanette.

She got in.

"Good-*bye*," said Lieutenant Raymond.

"Not at all," said Jeanette. "I've changed my mind. I'm going with you!"

Jeanette was air-sick all the way to Washington. Airplanes always make her ill. But that was how she left Hollywood in 1942, not to return for four years.

Actually, Jeanette's exit-laughing to spend five days in Washington with her husband, before he took off for overseas, was not precisely the whimsical, romantic gesture it appears. Ever since she could remember, the concert stage was her musical goal. Between pictures, she had already begun a series of limited tours. This was her first real chance since she was a small girl, aged 9, living at 5123 Arch Street, Philadelphia, where her father was a contractor. In those days, she used to make $10 every Sunday night singing at spiritualistic seances. She and her vocal teacher, at the piano, collaborated to help the medium get in touch with the spooks.

"Some day," Jeanette told her mother then, "I will be an opera and concert singer. You'll see!"

"And what will you do then?"

"I'll buy you a big gold bed," the child promised.

She never forgot that promise.

From Washington, after a romantic interlude, Jeanette covered the country, singing for fighting men. She sang in camps, in halls, out-of-doors, in impromptu theaters, scattering high notes and smiles and getting ovations.

When the war was over, she was the first American artist to appear on the concert stage in England. All the time, during this trans-continental and trans-atlantic song-fest, she hurried from place to place in jitterbug time, driving a number of helpful persons to the point of anxiety complexes.

**the macdonald system . .**

She never prepares for a concert without experiencing pangs of remorse, unreasoning terror, attacks of self-consciousness, and temptations to flee to the hills. Jeanette, who is prey to more terrors than most singers, has a system. It is known as the Last-Minute-System, and consists, simply, of being in such a hurry just before a concert that she hasn't time to be frightened quite to the point of collapse. She is delighted, for instance, if her hair-do goes awry at the last minute.

In addition to excitement, she has contrived some routine devices as antidotes for fright. A walk in a local cemetery, she discovered, is very soothing to the vocal chords. This is followed by a nap, and then by the last-minute scramble to the theater. In Grand Rapids, she had explored the tombstones satisfactorily, and was napping comfortably with a "Do Not Disturb" sign on her door when she was awakened by a tremendous thumping.

"Miss MacDonald! Miss MacDonald!" cried a cracked voice.

Jeanette flung the door open. She was confronted by a tall youth whose voice was changing. In his hand was the "Do Not Disturb" sign.

"Would you autograph this for me?" he croaked.

Once when Jeanette was talking to





when movies bring tears, avoid make-up smears . . .

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Jascha Heifetz, the celebrated violinist, she came up with this observation: "I don't know why we put up with it," she said. "Concert tours mean bad, dirty hotels, bad food, bad hours, and they scare you to death. Why do we do it?"

Heifetz grinned at her.

"I know why," he said. "The house is sold out, isn't it?"

Jeanette grinned back at him.

In Chicago, she took 19 curtain calls. Jeanette's fan clubs were in the front row for that one, and wouldn't be satisfied.

Jeanette took her curtain calls for four years. Then one day she received a cablegram from Gene, now wearing the oak leaves of a major. He was on his way home.

Jeanette departed immediately for the stores. These were her chief purchases: milk, eggs, oranges, and nightgowns.

"If I ever leave you," Gene had said, "it will be for a cow."

Jeanette hurried to the hairdresser, humming the aria from *One Hour with You.* The dressmaker caught snatches of *Naughty Marietta.* The milkman enjoyed *Love Me Tonight,* and the guy at the fruitstand recognized "The Merry Widow Waltz."

This went on for a week. No further word from Gene. Evidently a snafu somewhere along the line. Orders changed, perhaps. "Arriving any minute," Jeanette muttered, pouring sour milk down the drain, tossing out wrinkled oranges, tucking back an auburn lock expensively hairdressed.

On the seventh day she rested, got up late, let her hair dangle, flung on a wrapper, and sat down to sip tasteless coffee and dry toast. That is when the doorbell rang. She flung it open, sleepy-eyed. There was Major Gene Raymond, sleek as a wash and polish job on a 1948 convertible.

Neither one remembers what was said. Gene is only sure of one thing. Her mouth was full of toast.

### ain't gonna roam no more . . .

Now that the Gene Raymonds are back in Hollywood, comfortably ensconced in their Bel Air place, and with another big picture of Jeanette's due for release soon, they are probably the least travel-minded citizens of this peripatetic republic.

During the settling down period, following Gene's European adventure and Jeanette's concert tour, they experienced itchy feet one time only.

"Let's go somewhere," said Jeanette. "Let's go East."

So they headed for Arizona. In Hollywood, anything the other side of San Luis Obispo is firmly considered as "East."

They arrived by train at Flagstaff, which is 10,000 feet up, and was at that time under six inches of snow.

"Let's not buy this, Bunko," said Gene.

"Let's go down," said Bunko, shivering.

They went down to 3,500 feet, discovered they were still in red flannel territory, and more and worse than that, that there were a lot of horses about. Jeanette has an allergy to horses. She admires them, she thinks a horse is a fine, intelligent animal, excellent for transportation, but they give her sinus trouble. Escape was necessary.

" 'Tain't no way outen here 'cept by bus. Gitcha down to Phoenix," said the character who ran the horse place. They took the bus home.

"And that," concludes Gene, "is why we built the swimming pool.

"I said: 'Let's put in a pool and play in it, and stay home in our house and never go anywhere again.' " It suited Jeanette.

The swimming pool, the first irregular-shaped pool in town, was an engineering feat comparable to the erection of Boulder Dam. The Raymonds' house sits on tamped-down flat ground. The rest is a descent, plunging down like the set-backs of the Empire State Building. But Gene and Jeanette shored up a ravine, built retaining walls, and had themselves one of the prettiest pools outside of the ones Miss Esther Williams always swims in in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures.

Mr. Raymond's nerve and confidence were explicitly demonstrated when he first ventured into marriage and housekeeping, just ten years ago, June 18, 1937.

That astonishing man actually bought a house and furnished it completely *without saying a word to his bride.* On their wedding night, he let her look at it for the first time. He did that to a bride with red hair. It takes men like this to win wars.

However—there have been some changes made. Changes go on constantly—usually while Jeanette is away on a tour—comprising such adjustments as turning an upstairs bedroom into a sitting room, turning a downstairs entrance into a bar, re-doing the living room, and converting the stables into an office.

This summer, Gene himself attacked the outdoor furniture. Jeanette had misgivings but said nothing. It required several weeks and exacted innumerable blisters and backaches, but in the end the chairs and tables were sanded, painted and polished. Between bouts with the furniture and between pictures, Gene writes music.

Three of his songs have been published, and several of them, notably "Let Me Always Sing" and "Release," have been used by Jeanette on concert tours.

Occasionally, they run over one of Gene's pieces at the piano.

"Faster," says Jeanette.

"No, it goes slower," says Gene.

"It should be faster," says Jeanette.

"It should not be faster," says Gene. "Dear—I *wrote* this song."

"Faster," says Jeanette.

Gene regards these disagreements philosophically. After all, he points out, he is not and isn't supposed to be the musician his wife is.

Along the terraced walks of the Raymond-MacDonald place grow possibly every kind of fruit and flower that thrives in Southern California. Everything grows there save roses.

"We spent a little fortune on the non-growingest rose garden in the world," says

MODERN SCREEN




"Three quarts of milk, one sweet cream, and please put the morning paper back down where you found it. Thank you."

Gene. "There they are."—pointing to his bare rose bushes—"Then I discovered that you could buy roses for three dollars a dozen."

Jeanette works out three times a week with a voice coach, warming up on scales, then proceeding to new songs. She insists on that, holding that even a repertoire of three or four hundred well-learned songs isn't enough for audiences who pay their money.

She likes to quote Jose Iturbi, with whom she works in *The Birds and the Bees,* on the subject of the relentless toil professional musicians must endure.

"If I don't practice for just one day," he told Jeanette, "I notice it. If I don't practice for two days, the critics notice it. If I don't practice for three days, everybody notices it."

And like all singers, Jeanette lives in dread of catching cold. At the slightest sniffle, she pops into bed, eats lightly, and drinks citrus juice until the danger is past.

"It isn't that you can't sing over a cold," she explains. "Actually, a cold sometimes adds timbre to the voice. But you feel awful. So it's bed for singers with colds in the head. Still, I've never missed a concert, cold or no cold."

Jeanette is immensely pleased with her part in her return engagement, *The Birds and the Bees,* the first of her one-a-year deal which brings her back to Metro. She sings some well-remembered favorites: "Sweethearts," the waltz from *Rosenkavalier,* and "Spring Song." A number of these are done with J. Iturbi as accompanist—and no complaints about his being too slow.

Nelson Eddy, with whom Jeanette starred in so many of the celebrated films, remains a close friend. During their heyday together, there were constant rumors that they disputed on the set. They did. But the rest of the story was seldom included: Jeanette and Nelson almost invariably walked off to dinner together after arguing all day about who'd take the high note and who'd take the low note. Other old friends have also been faithful: in one of the most remarkable evidences of affection the fans have ever bestowed on a star, more than 3,000 admirers a month continued to write to Jeanette during the time she was off the screen.

Now she's back, apparently to stay, renewing the Hollywood concert as if she'd just stepped out for intermission.

"I had the fling," she says. "That was the 'big gold bed.' It's good to be home, and we feel as if we never want to leave it again. Still . . ."

Gene grinned.

"I'll remodel while you're away, Bunko," he said.

## LADY IN THE DARK—(HEDY'S SIDE)

(*Continued from page 45*)

Through all her conversation runs the word "security." She is very much preoccupied with security.

"I want my children to have security," she told me. "That's something I missed in my childhood. I never had security. I haven't got it now. I can't relax. I have so many people dependent on me. It frightens me. What if I should get sick and couldn't work?"

Her romance with Loder started auspiciously on Christmas Day in 1942 at the Hollywood Canteen, where Hedy put in so many hours during the war. It ran into the first snag when she learned, four months after they were married, that John's ex-wife, Micheline Cheirel, had just obtained her final divorce decree. This put Hedy's marriage to the actor in a doubtful class. It seems it was all a misunderstanding. Judge Charles Griffin, of Beverly Hills, who had represented Miss Cheirel, explained it this way:

"Mr. Loder was so anxious to marry Miss Lamarr that he asked my client to get a divorce in Mexico, although she had already obtained her divorce in California, which wouldn't be final for a year. She did go to Juarez and got a divorce, but she wanted the property settlement clarified, so she asked me to get the second decree here, too. I'm sure they all acted in good faith."

Trouble like that at the beginning of a marriage is so much worse than when a couple have become adjusted. But Hedy and John were in love and everything was smoothed over at that time. However, the irresponsibility which got him involved in a marriage before he was legally divorced, is the thing that is now giving Hedy the heebie jeebies. There seems to be still another factor which pulls them apart.

"You know, one of the reasons, I think, for my failure to be happy is that I've always married men so much older than myself," Hedy explained. "I would like to be in love with someone my own age. I might have fun. Sometimes I wish I could do that before it is too late."

She dismisses her marriage to Markey as something that hardly happened. "First his mother and father died and then he had pneumonia," she said. "Our home life was so constantly interrupted with my work and his and outside happenings that the first thing we knew it was all over. I didn't understand much about Hollywood then. It's difficult to find kindness and friendship here. People act as if they get great pleasure in hurting others."

Hedy showed a lot of courage when she took the leap that ended her contract with M-G-M and launched herself as an independent producer with Hunt Stromberg. She explained:

"I wanted to be something more than a girl with a beautiful face. I wanted to be an actress. I want that more than anything else right now. I would like to play character roles just to prove to myself that I could do them."

Although Hedy seems—to those who know her—to be a lady very much in the dark these days, I think she'll think her way out of all her troubles. I believe her love for her children and her overwhelming urge to give them a good home and security will ultimately save her from despair, even though she and John have decided to go their separate ways.

There is one room in the house which is like nothing else I have seen in Hollywood. It is a large, sunny room where she and the children eat together, but it is also a playroom with gaily decorated walls and cabinets for toys. It is a place where the kids can feel happy and secure—as Hedy never has. Recently, Loder had a slight operation for the removal of a piece of metal imbedded in his flesh from a duelling sequence in a picture. The Hollywood press reported that Hedy had gone to the hospital to see him and taken him home. "That isn't true," she told me. "He isn't living here. We have had talks and I have written out some terms but he hasn't done anything about it yet. There must be a thorough understanding of each other's rights for a reconciliation. Now I doubt if we ever will. I'm afraid it's too late for anything but a divorce."





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# SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

*(Continued from page 51)*

little I've seen of my own home in the last few months? I kind of thought . . ." Then he saw the look of disappointment in her eyes, the dying of her sudden, exuberant excitement at the idea of an impromptu trip. "All right," he said. "A trip'll be fun. Nina can take care of everything until we get back."

His reward was the radiance that returned to her face. He said, "I've been working so hard lately I haven't given much thought to how dull it must be for you, just hanging around the house coping with domestic problems."

"I'll have to admit I've not yet turned into the house-mouse type," she told him. "I'm not *used* to it, darling."

And this, he understood, was true. From the eminence of his thirty-two years he looked sideways and down—figuratively as well as literally—at the girl he had married: a golden girl, whose laughter when he met her was fresh, eighteen-year-old laughter; whose knowledge of the world, such as it was, had been conditioned and shaped by the sheltered life she had led.

So far as Gloria knew, disappointment was a seldom thing, tragedy a word applied to certain plays of Shakespeare's, and boredom the wait between phone calls or the delay before a favored swain rescued her from someone else on the dance floor. Until she married John, glamor had meant her cinderella ride to sudden stardom, via the Metro route—and all that went with it.

She had exchanged all this, gladly, for marriage because she had fallen overwhelmingly in love; and she had had his child, and taken over the responsibilities of his home. She could accomplish these things because she was a grown woman and intelligent.

**it takes two . . .**

But she could not be Mrs. John Payne happily and successfully, he had realized from the beginning, without his help. It was not as if she had married a simple, uninvolved personality of her own age. She had married an extremely complicated, sensitive adult who had lived a couple of ordinary lifetimes during the eleven years that separated them.

Now, as he guided the softly purring car along the almost deserted Coast highway, he allowed himself a few moments of introspection, of honest self-analysis. He considered the person he was today—possessed of a restless, nervous vitality that would long since have shaken him to pieces except that it was housed in an immensely healthy, rugged body . . . Moody, too aware of his environment and the people who inhabited it . . .

He was, heaven knew, a maze of contradictions. On the one side he was shrewd, disenchanted; a practical man who continued acting in pictures because it was the best way he knew to make a lot of money.

Yet this same man would spend hours with architect Lou Gould planning the perfect house to build on that Ranch above Malibu, when he should be considering its re-sale. He would knock himself out making a strange, unconventional fairy tale called *Miracle on 34th Street,* not because he could divine that it would be a hit, but because the story charmed and fascinated him.

He would shut himself away for hours, emerging at last with a four line bit of verse which brewed in his mind until it had forced its way out and onto paper.

He would sit all night long at the piano, improvising on a haunting little theme that had occurred to him in the midst of a business conference the day before. What did he want of marriage, and what was his share in it? He recalled suddenly the definition he had given a friend weeks before—a definition which in its very form was an expression, a kind of portrait of his own character.

"Marriage," he said, "should be an emotionally profitable business, and it should be run like a business. Two people have joined in a partnership, supposedly with equal investments of love and faith. To reap mutual benefits each partner has to continue to work, make the business pay off."

And he thought now, Gloria's given all of her time to just the one business, while I've had two. It's high time I protected this investment of mine.

"A penny," Gloria said.

"I was just thinking what a very lucky guy I am," he told her, his voice deep with his sincerity.

They were sitting, the next afternoon, in the patio of the Pine Inn at Carmel, sipping Vermouth Cassis and watching the townfolk and the Pebble Beach crowd and the people from nearby Monterey celebrate the mystic hour of five o'clock. Gloria was enchanted.

"That chap there," she whispered, "with the goatee and the beret and the flowing tie. An artist, d'you think, or would he be playing around with the local little theatah?"

"Probably sells nuts and bolts in the hardware store," John decided. "How about that lassie in the green sandals. How *about* that?"

"If you're going to keep staring at her—and I notice it isn't at the sandals, either—we'd better take a ride." She was teasing him, but he stood up and caught her hand.

Half an hour later he pulled the car up to a curb and gestured around him. "Look," he commanded.

## I SAW IT HAPPEN



*My 15-year-old daughter was critically ill and had been confined to her bed for six weeks. Her only pleasure during those weeks was listening to Andy Russell sing on records and radio. When Mr. Russell came to New York on a personal appearance tour, she was very morose because she would not be able to see him on the stage. I called Andy and told him about our problem and without hesitating, he offered to come up and see her. He came to our house the next day and sang to her for a full hour. My daughter recovered completely soon afterwards, and my doctor says seeing Andy did more for her than a cabinetful of medicine. The thing that warmed my heart most about this unselfish gesture is that Andy never tried to capitalize on it with cheap publicity. For, if you use this story, it will be the first time that it has been made public.*

*Mrs. Betty Shaktman,*
*Brooklyn, New York*

Gloria was busy getting out a handkerchief to hold over her nose. "Phew! What's that awful smell?"

"Never mind the smell. What do you see?"

"I see a very beat-up Chinese grocery store, and a vacant lot, and a big shack made of corrugated tin, and—I think that's a Mexican asleep in the lot."

"Look across the street."

"'Biological Laboratory,'" she read slowly. Her eyes suddenly sparkled with recognition and delight. "Why, it's Steinbeck!" she laughed. "Of course. Just as he described it."

"This could be the last block in Cannery Row," John said.

He pointed to a large, ramshackle house on the long back porch of which six or seven pink silk slips fluttered in the breeze from a drying line.

"Now we'll do Tortilla Flat, and then the harbor." It was almost sundown by the time they reached the pier. In the small, natural harbor, the Monterey fishing fleet lay at anchor, its masts a hundred wooden fingers pointing to the sky; clouds of seagulls wheeled and fought and screeched over scraps of fish; housewives walked out along the pier and returned with crabs and fish and prawns wrapped in newspaper.

Gloria's arm was around John's waist, and she allowed her head to rest for a moment on his shoulder. "I don't know why this should do it," she said, "but I don't feel restless or depressed or cross any more. This is the life. Maybe instead of a plane we should have a little cruiser. We could spend days anchored in places like this."

"There isn't another Monterey," John said, "and besides, it would pall."

"Never! Not like Las Vegas, anyway. You said yourself, this is the real thing—it's here because it grew this way, it evolved because the harbor was here and there were fish out there and men wanted to catch the fish. That's a good elemental reason for being. But last fall when we were in Las Vegas, I had a feeling that any day someone would blow a whistle and a bunch of propmen would troupe in and take it all away in little pieces."

"I do believe you're moralizing," John said, amused. "Las Vegas, just like any other town, has its reason for being, you know. People like to have fun."

"You mean they like to get quick divorces."

John started to say something, and changed his mind. Instead, he took his wife in his arms and kissed her. A little later, when they were about to go, he said, "Take a good look, sweet, and I will, too. We should keep a picture of this harbor in our minds, to bring out and remember when we need it. Like a talisman, a charm. . ."

"Maybe we won't ever need it again," Gloria said.

With their new light heartedness, the magic of San Francisco next day was unalloyed delight. They had never laughed so much, nor so easily; they watched the city from the Top o' the Mark, and dined at John's Rendezvous, and saw a floor show in a cabaret. And the next day they drove back to Hollywood to find that Kathleen had learned, in their absence, the first three ballet positions from her nurse's daughter, who was studying dancing.

And there was news from another source. To promote an anti-tuberculosis campaign they were to fly down to Mexico together as the guests of the President. "Do you want to go?" John asked, and her answer wasn't really necessary because she looked like a very little girl who had just had a personal visit from Santa Claus himself.

"Are there any fishing harbors in Mexico?" she asked.

"Thousands," he said. . .

## MOMENTS OF MAUREEN

*(Continued from page 55)*

preceding day. It had been the Prices' first vacation from home and studio and Bronwyn, their white-haired three-year-old (whom Maureen, with old world apprehension already refers to as "our youngest unmarried daughter") in a very long time. And it had been heaven. They'd cruised over to Catalina—Will at the wheel, Maureen under the special "anti-freckling" awning that Will had put up for her. They'd lunched. They'd fished. They'd dined that night ashore, to the tune of seventeen nickels that Will had thrown into the juke box. After which they'd cruised in the moonlight, and then anchored in Fisherman's Cove. The "earthquake" had followed, and even that had been fun in a frantic sort of way. And now this lovely quiet time. Maureen looked at the water and saw that it had quieted down and mirrored over. She wasn't sleepy at all, so she sat a while longer watching the richening sky.

*That* was a nice moment.

She remembered several tearful ones not long before. For instance, when she was leaving for her vacation in Ireland, to visit her mother and father for the first time in seven years, and Will drove her and Bronwyn and Eleanor to the airport. She had cried when she kissed Will goodbye, knowing she wouldn't see him for two months. Bronwyn hadn't cried. Bronwyn had waited until the plane took off and she realized that her daddy wasn't coming along. Then she had let loose.

To distract her, Maureen and Eleanor started to play an old game with Bronwyn —"Make believe" ball. They tossed a ball that wasn't there, back and forth, and everything went well until Bronwyn decided that she had dropped the ball and it had rolled under the chair of a dignified elderly passenger across the way. Maureen dropped to her knees and peered under the man's legs. He leaned over.

"Dropped the little girl's ball?" he asked. "Permit me to help you."

"Oh, please don't bother," she told him. "It really isn't here anyway."

She realized how queer that must have sounded when his eyebrows shot up.

A second later Maureen "found" the ball and tossed it back into the game. She saw the old gentleman sneak a look at them out of the corner of his eyes. When he saw nothing flying back and forth between them, he turned back suddenly and sat rigid. For the rest of the flight Maureen wavered between explaining, and letting things go as they were. Just before they landed in New York she started to talk to him but realized it was a mistake. He just closed his eyes tightly until she was through.

That was an odd moment.

It *was* to have been a two months' vacation in Ireland, but the studio started chopping off time. After she had been there a bare few weeks, the wires got hot with urgent summonses to come back and the tail end of the vacation was snipped off. And *that* was an unspeakable moment.

It was necessary for her to break away from her folks before there was a good time to renew family relationships prop-




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erly and before she could look up all the old girl friends she had grown up with in Dublin. Even Bronwyn had to cut short an Irish romance with the little boy who lived just down the road from Maureen's old home. His name was Dermit and he had called every morning at nine, promptly, to play with Bronwyn. Bronwyn pronounced his name "Doormat," but he didn't seem to mind.

It was in Ireland, too, that Bronwyn had first learned to say her prayers; at her grandmother's knee. And there had been trouble at first because Bronwyn had taken to innocent ad libbing.

"Hail Mary," began her grandmother, and Bronwyn, who was to repeat word for word, had dutifully begun, "Hail Mary"—and then added, ". . . had a little lamb."

There were some mad moments in the scramble to get ready for the plane back to New York. Because of the shortage of finished products in Ireland, Maureen had decided to leave every bit of clothing she had brought from Hollywood and return only with what she had on her back.

When she showed up at Shannon airport, she wasn't carrying any bags or suitcases, but she did have an armful of Irish tweed and linens, plus two bottles of 25-year-old Irish whiskey, this last a present from her father to Will.

The American Airlines representative weighed the stuff and told Maureen that she would have to pay for excess weight.

"Oh, no, there can't possibly be an extra charge," she assured him. "I'm already paying full fare for my little girl who weighs hardly thirty pounds, while an adult passenger averages a hundred and fifty pounds. Wouldn't that be giving me a credit of about 120 pounds?"

"That's a technicality," the man returned, and figured he had Maureen there. But he was wrong again.

**customer's always right . . .**

"The hundred and twenty pounds of extra mail you are going to carry on the trip because my little girl only weighs thirty pounds isn't a technicality," Maureen replied. The man stared at her as if he wondered how she had ever found out about that. He found *he* had to clear his throat to gain time here. In the end, American Airlines bowed to Maureen—but without prejudice to its own stand—and permitted her to climb aboard the plane with her overload.

"There!" exclaimed Maureen as she and Eleanor and Bronwyn took their seats.

"But by the time you pay duty on all that stuff in America, won't you be the loser?" asked Eleanor.

With pencil and paper Maureen proved to Eleanor that even after paying import duty, her linens and tweed would be a bargain in California.

"How about the whiskey?" asked Eleanor.

"I'll just tell them it's a sentimental gift," replied Maureen. "I'm sure they will understand."

Which they didn't—but it was still sentimental, for all of that.

When they landed in New York Maureen learned that she was to do a picture in New York immediately, and that two others were all set to go when she got back to Hollywood.

Will flew in to New York to bring Bronwyn home because now Maureen had no moments left for anything—but work. Waiting for her in California was her sister Margot, now married to Major Harry Edwards of the U. S. Marines and stationed in San Diego. Maureen brought news about their two brothers, Charles and Jimmy. But Margot had news herself. When it was all incorporated into one story, it ran like this: all five of the O'Haras were likely to be in pictures soon—the beginning of a new family dynasty of the stage, perhaps!

That was a startling moment!

Florence, now married to Lee Clark, Canadian lumberman, had been a dancing teacher in Dublin and later made pictures in London (including one with James Mason). Now she was having contracts dangled at her by both RKO and 20th Century-Fox.

Margot, who had made a number of pictures for Rank in England, and whose last picture, starring Ann Todd, *I Know Where I'm Going,* was even then playing in Hollywood, was wanted by Mary Pickford for one of her productions, now in the writing stage, but scheduled to start production soon.

Charles, practicing law in Dublin, where he graduated from Dublin University at 19—the youngest grad in its history—and had to wait two years before he was admitted to the bar, had been tested by Warner Brothers. And when they tested Charles in Dublin, they also tested the youngest brother, Jimmy. Right after the tests were made, producers representing the Rank interests in England suddenly decided *they* wanted both boys for picture work!

It was just about at this point that Maureen had an inspirational moment—and she went right into action, in typical O'Hara fashion.

When she came to Hollywood seven years ago, she had been the first of her parents' children to leave home—excluding the oldest sister, Margaret Ann, who had entered a convent in Dublin. Now, the thought of her father and mother alone in the big house where they had all been raised, weighed heavily on her and she wanted to do something about it.

She wrote both of them that this was the time to come to California. She already has had a reply.

Her father wrote that the matter was entirely up to her mother. Her mother said it was up to him. Maureen knew the truth behind this evasion. Her father has his business in Dublin—he heads a chain of sports stores—and has no intention of retiring. Her mother also has a flourishing dress business. They both have someone very close to them who is never going to leave Dublin—their daughter, Margaret Ann.

That was an understanding—and poignant—moment.

## I SAW IT HAPPEN



*Meeting and serving with Jimmy Stewart was perhaps one of my greatest experiences in the Air Force. I saw Jimmy first when he joined our Bomb Group in the States, and I was in the same outfit with him practically all during our stay in England. I can safely say he was the best liked and most admired officer on the field. One day, when three bombers from his squadron were missing, he came into the locker room to sweat it out. I served him a cup of coffee. He sat there very silently; didn't speak to anyone. His face was lined with sorrow. Yes, Stewart was that kind of guy—his men always came first. Hollywood can well be proud of him.*

*Joe Scaletta, Jr.*
*San Jose, Calif.*

# WE THREE

(*Continued from page 53*)

Market! Maybe the boldest venture of that campaign was walking up to Jeanne with that old tired line, "I know I've met you somewhere" (wish I really had, by the way) and asking, "May I have your telephone number?" But it worked. I got the number.

Our idea of fun may seem rather bizarre sometimes to other people, but that's just the way we are, and we like it that way. We took a lot of kidding, for instance, when we picked Death Valley for our wedding trip. "What a place for a honeymoon!" our friends razzed us. "The name's bad enough," they went on. "But of all the God-forsaken barren, empty stretches of nothing—" Maybe so—but Jeanne and I happened to be crazy about the place. We thought the desert scenery, the colors, the sun and shadows, the whole magnificent setting was wonderful. Nobody around for a hundred miles—just scenery, and us. We had the time of our lives, exploring old mine shafts, climbing mountains and watching sunsets. Okay, we're crazy.

**looks are deceiving . . .**

I had the first of those revelations about the new Mrs. Brinkman at Death Valley, incidentally. Before I married Jeanne, I pictured her as strictly the sweet type (and I still do), as fresh and fragile as the breath of spring. I've always been pretty much of an outdoor guy myself. I like hunting, fishing and hiking and all that. Well—we climbed up to Dante's View one day.

That's a mountain top over a mile straight up from Death Valley's floor. The floor's two hundred feet below sea level and hot enough to curl your hair. At Dante's it's over 6,000 feet and cold enough to freeze it. Jeanne wasn't even breathing hard with the climb or the quick temperature change. But what made me gasp was when she trotted right up to a cliff which dropped away a sheer six thousand feet—straight down—and looked nonchalantly over, just as if she were inspecting her shoelace!

We went quail-hunting another time during those honeymoon weeks. We hunted a rugged canyon that slashes up the mountains—a place where it's good to be a goat if you can arrange it—not a pretty girl like Jeanne. Shotguns are heavy and Jeanne wore new hunting boots, which is always a mistake in country like that. But although we hoisted our gear half way up San Jacinto Mountains, she didn't hang behind—except just once.

"Something keeps sticking me," complained Jeanne. I looked. Hanging to the seat of her hunting cords was a man sized *cholla* cactus. Just then she sat down for a rest. She got up again fast. We called time out while I picked out the needles. But even playing pincushion didn't stop Jeanne for long—although if you've ever sat on a cactus you'll know it wasn't fun.

Jeanne Crain's sweet-girl-graduate look is deceptive, believe me. She has a mind of her own as well as courage and a taste for obeying that impulse which sometimes makes people who don't know her as I do fall into a slight swoon. A case in point was that time out near Reno, Nevada, where Jeanne made her first picture after we were married, *Margie*. I just had to see the little woman in action so I played hookey from my manufacturing plant one week, and rode up. "How wonderful, darling," said Jeanne, giving me one of those irresistible hugs, "now we can go skiing and get some pictures for the book."

Maybe I'd better explain about the book. Jeanne's as sentimental as that gentleman from Georgia. We've had an anniversary every month since we've been married. She keeps everything—all her school report cards, dance programs, kodak snaps since the time she was in diapers, old hair ribbons, theater bills. When we were married, she started a photograph album. She pasted in the honeymoon pictures, the hotel bill with that brand new "Mr. and Mrs. Brinkman," our place cards, match covers, everything at the table. This was a chance for some snaps of our first vacation together.

I hadn't skiied for several years. Jeanne hadn't ever had a pair on. That didn't bother her. She bought a complete snow outfit and we headed for Mount Rose. There's one of those tricky ski lifts there stringing scarily up the mountainside, a balanced platform with a bar to hang on to. You're supposed to keep it even with your weights. But I weigh much more than Jeanne and halfway up it teetered to my side and off Jeanne plopped in the snow, which threw me off, too. They stopped the lift, of course. Was Jeannie dismayed?—not a bit! "Quick," she said, "hand me the camera. We've just got to have a picture of this for the scrapbook!" The impatient skiers above were howling bloody murder, but I got out the camera. You might know Jeanne. She got the pictures.

Jeanne startled most of her friends—but not me this time—when she asked me to buy her lion cub, Shah-Shah. I'm a little bit touched myself about animals and both Jeanne and I have dreamed ever since we met of making a gun and camera safari to Africa—the gun for me, the camera for Jeanne. After what happened about Shah, you'll know Jeanne could never kill anything bigger than a mosquito without suffering pangs of remorse. She didn't bang away at one quail on that rugged bird-shooting trip of ours and before we got back, she'd even made me promise never to shoot another deer. But about Shah.

**come into my menagerie . . .**

We went to a circus party in Hollywood—one of those lavish garden affairs with elephants, camels, seals—the whole menagerie scattered around. This little ten-day old cub was in a miniature cage and she was so cute, she stole the show. Too much so, Jeanne thought, as people picked up the cub, tossed her around and puffed cigarette smoke in her frightened face.

"Poor little thing," sighed Jeannie. "She's so skinny. I'd love to take her home, away from all this mauling, and fatten her up. Oh," she cried eagerly, "let's!"

We were calling ourselves the luckiest pair in the world at that point because we actually had an apartment at last. No children allowed. No pets. No anything—but still an apartment. "Wait a minute—" I protested.

Just then the cub reached up and licked Jeannie's hand. That did it. I knew I was just talking into the breeze. Never underestimate the power of a woman—especially if the woman's Jeanne Crain Brinkman. "Okay," I grinned helplessly.

We had to drive sixty-five miles to find the cub's owner. We had to talk an arm off to buy her. But we got Shah-Shah, and we brought her home. We sneaked her inside like smugglers and bedded her down in the laundry basket. When she started to make noises we piled on more laundry. When the landlady came around, we turned the record machine up loud. I


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imagine the neighbors wondered how come the Brinkmans managed to use up so many shirts and sheets and things.

We fed her every four hours with a strictly scientific formula and Shah's a pretty big girl now. In fact, she prowls around a special run with a high steel fence at our new house (luckily on a remote hill) and scares the daylights out of everybody who comes near, although she wouldn't hurt a flea. Eventually, of course, we'll have to part with Shah. But then Jeanne wants a panda and a penguin and a fawn! So do I. Yep, we're crazy all right—but I don't know who's crazier—Jeanne or I.

Since we've been Mr. and Mrs., we've had all kinds of mutual projects going—our house, new furniture, our baby. The evenings aren't long enough to talk them all over; usually I meet Jeanne for lunch when she's shooting. Always, I pick her up when her day's done. One noon when Jeanne was making *Margie,* I dropped by and we drove into Beverly Hills for lunch. Jeanne came right off the set where she was playing a 15-year-old girl, circa 1925. She had on a short little dress, long black stockings, and she wore pigtails. They did something to her. I locked up the car and when I turned around, Jeannie was skipping up the sidewalk. Everybody stared.

**she got carried away . . .**

"Wasn't that awful?" she said later. "I forgot I was me." She was thinking she was Margie, the schoolgirl. She's that way.

Myself, I think Jeanne Crain's a pretty swell actress; she goes through the most awful agonies when she sees herself on the screen. I took her to the premiere of *Leave Her To Heaven*—the first Hollywood premiere of one of her pictures Jeanne had a chance to take in. She says she's not superstitious, but—well—she had a brand new dress especially made for the event. She put it on—then took it off. "Uh-uh," decided Jeanne, snatching an old one off her closet rack. "This is better." It was a familiar one to me, a white brocade hoopskirt deal with gold thread all through it. Jeannie wore that on our first big step-out date, to a New Year's Eve party.

We went to the premiere. All the way through I saw Jeanne duck her head down in her hands and sigh dismally. "Oh, my hair, my ears—see how awful I look!" she kept muttering. She looked swell, but you couldn't tell *her* that.

That night, incidentally, I learned about the narrow escape we'd both had when Jeanne made *Leave Her To Heaven.* We weren't married then but we were both pretty definitely in love. Jeanne went off to Bass Lake in the Sierras to shoot location scenes and I didn't want her out of my sight. One day I had plans all made to fly up there and surprise her. I sent her a wire saying I was coming. Then the plane ride I'd counted on fell through. "Oh, that's perfectly all right," said Jeanne. "What a wonderful disposition." I thought at the time.

Jeanne didn't tell me the story about that, wisely, until we were married.

"Was I glad you didn't show up on location that time when you wired you would!" she said.

"*Glad!*" I was a little sore.

"You bet," chuckled Jeanne. "That day I had to make love to Cornel all day long—and we'd just met. That made it hard enough. But when you said you were coming to watch! It's a wonder I ever got through the scene at all."

I'm glad I didn't go now, too. I might have got so furiously jealous I'd have jumped off a cliff or something. I know more about actors and actresses now, of course. But that was one narrow escape.

Jeanne doesn't bring her picture career home with her. She's got too many other things on her mind—mostly Paul, Junior, whose every move enchants her. She'll call me at the office—breathless. "Guess what just happened," she'll say. "Baby Paul ate cereal this morning—and he's only seven weeks old!"

Jeanne's a wonderful mother. She says it's pure instinct and I think she's right. "This baby," declares Jeanne firmly, "isn't going to be raised from any book." She has a mind of her own, as I said, and when it comes to instinct, she's practically psychic.

Last Christmas we included Paul in the presents with boy's toys. "Merry Christmas," Jeanne wrote on the cards, "to our baby boy." You see, he just couldn't have been anything else with all that Brinkman confidence ticking away.

Jeanne believes a new moon brings babies. Paul came with a new moon. She knew my birthday was April 10, and thought it would be nice for Paul Junior's to be the same. She did pretty well there, too. He was born April Sixth.

Jeanne's capable in a million ways you'd never suspect. She can cook; she can paint; she plays a dreamy piano. She can work all day and get up at 4:30 to feed Paul and still look fresh as a daisy.

Jeannie's foibles are every bit as fascinating to me as her virtues, because I'm a foible man myself. Like me, Jeanne can't pass by an ice cream parlor without going in for the works. She adores to read for hours sitting in a bubble bath (now we're back on Jeanne, not me!). When she shops for clothes, she goes alone, tries on different dresses, and weeds out all but three or four. Then, when I drop past to pick her up, she tries on these again, and only buys the ones she's sure I like. She gets furious at inanimate objects, like doors or chairs or anything she happens to bump into, and tells them right off in a loud voice. She adores Mozart, Liszt and Chopin, but she'll switch them off fast if someone comes in with an ancient jazz record. If she ever has more than two dollars in her purse it's a miracle, so she's always in some minor financial jam. She thinks she's thrifty, but she's the world's worst bargainer.

**shop hound jeanne . . .**

We had our eye on some old captain's chairs to help furnish our new house. It's modern—both Jeanne and I love modern things—and these chairs happened to fit in perfectly. Jeanne called me at the office. "I've found the chairs," she said, "and I'm buying them."

I asked how much. "A hundred and sixty-five dollars," said Jeanne. "That's what the man wants."

I said, "Hold everything," and raced down. We got them for a hundred.

But you can't expect an actress to be a horse trader, exactly, and I like Jeanne just as she is, which is just as she was when I first saw her. That doesn't mean she's run out of surprises; there's a new one for me every day, and nicer all the time, too. The one I appreciatad most arrived last spring on that red-letter date in our lives, Easter Sunday, April Sixth.

That's when I waited at the Queen of Angels Hospital for the anxious thrill that comes once in a lifetime, the first time a mere young man becomes a father.

"Take it easy, kid," one of the other pops-to-be told me, as I began chewing my nails in the waiting room. "I've been here thirty-six hours already."

Well, when I rushed out to send wires and make phone calls just a little later, the 36-hour guy was still sitting there. That's a surprise Jeanne handed me that I'll never forget, and I'll always be grateful for. I'm not at all sure I'd have lasted thirty-six rounds.

## Sell Christmas Cards

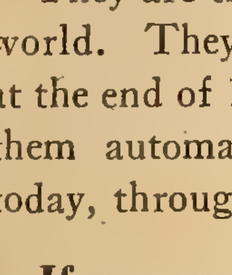
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## AH, YOUTH!

*(Continued from page 62)*

studio or taking a singing lesson."

"Gosh," said the girl. "What a life!"

When, a few hours later, Beverly arrived home in the Westwood apartment, her mother was in the kitchen. While Mrs. Saul vacillated between grapefruit or chocolate pie for dessert, Bev quietly tiptoed into her bedroom. Here she unwrapped a score of bundles and removed the price tags. When her mother's footsteps sounded in the hall, Bev scooped up the pile of price tags and shoved them under the rug.

"Well," said Mrs. Saul, "you've been shopping again."

Beverly grinned sheepishly. "Well, yes—but it's the first time in three months."

"Enough clothes to take care of a sorority," muttered Mrs. Saul. She picked up a cocktail dress. "This is attractive. How much did you pay for it?"

"I don't remember," said Beverly.

She spoke the truth. It was impossible to remember prices of the array of clothes strewn on the bed. When Miss Tyler sets out on a shopping tour, she goes temporarily berserk. Her conscience catches up with her on the way home, and to avoid domestic upheaval, she removes the price tags. Her parents are informed of her activities when the bills arrive in the mail, but then, of course, it's too late for anything save the monthly discussion on the value of money.

Other than this financial strain, Bev and her parents get along admirably. She considers herself fortunate to have been born to the kind of people who understand her so thoroughly. They have declined to set a curfew time for Beverly's dates, with the result that she arrives home, on her own, at sensible hours.

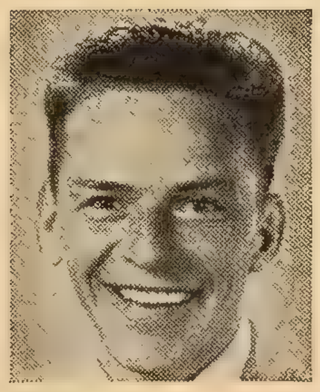
Her dates have been with a varied assortment of men, including Rory Calhoun, Mickey Rooney—and notably Tom Drake. She and Tom spend many hours in local music shops.

"You've got to hear this," says Tom. "It's a Pearl Bailey recording, and it's wonderful."

Beverly listens patiently until the record has finished and then says, "I'm sure you'd like Tchaikowsky, Tom. Listen to this concerto."

This has been going on for months, and they still haven't got together in their

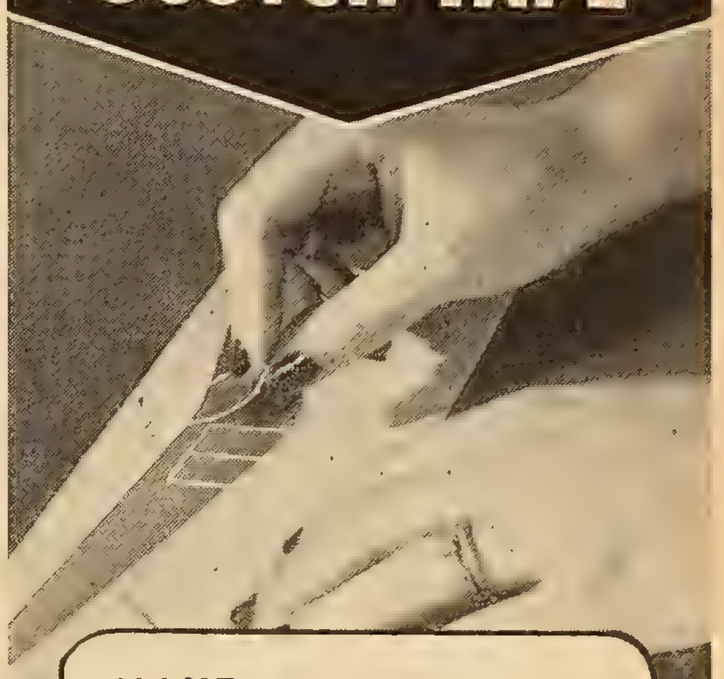
## I SAW IT HAPPEN



*Not long ago, Frank Sinatra appeared here in Cleveland. Naturally, the audience was filled with loyal Sinatra fans. When Frank came on, they screamed and swooned so that it was impossible for the show to go on. Sinatra walked up to the mike and put his hand up. Suddenly, the auditorium was as quiet as a churchyard. All, except one little girl. She let out a terrific Frank-eeee scream. Frank looked around to see where the scream had come from. When he spotted the girl he said politely, "No solos, please. You gotta do it all together."*

*Donald Blaha*
*Cleveland, Ohio*


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musical taste. But Beverly has no objection to the disagreement, considering that it lends variety. The thing about Tom that *does* get her is his inability to remember things—plus his almost unfailing tardiness.

He was to have lunch one day with a studio publicist, and arranged to meet Beverly afterward. She arrived at the appointed meeting place at two o'clock and finally Tom hove into view.

"Hello," she said. "How was Dorothy?"

Tom looked blank. "Dorothy? Dorothy who?"

"You were supposed to have lunch at the studio with—"

His eyes widened. "Oh! Oh, ye gods! Excuse me a minute. I've got to get to a phone!"

And then there was the time Tom was invited to Beverly's home for dinner.

"What time shall I come?" he asked her over the phone.

"It doesn't matter," she said. "We'll have dinner about eight."

At 7:15 that evening, the doorbell rang. Beverly opened the door to find a huge box of flowers standing there, and behind the blooms, she saw Tom's right ear. His voice was breathless.

"I'm so sorry," he said. "I don't know how to apologize."

"Apologize for what?"

"Why, for being late. I'm terribly—"

"But you're *not* late," Bev informed him. "Dinner isn't anywhere near ready."

He peered around the flowers, disbelief written on his face. "I'm not late?" Then he grinned. "It must be the first time in my life."

The Tyler-Drake dates, with the exception of sojourns in music shops, consist for the most part in going to movies, and then ripping them afterward with criticism and praise. Beverly has great respect for Tom as an actor and, therefore, has implicit faith in his judgment where acting is concerned.

### can't help singing . . .

Besides the acting end of her job, Beverly works hard with her voice which is, after all, the most important thing to her. When she was studying with Gita Alpar at the studio, Gita said that she never knew a girl who loved to sing so much, and that she often had trouble getting Beverly to leave. Things are changed now. Beverly studies with Arthur Rosenstein, who sets hourly appointments with stars who study voice. She has to leave when her time is up, and her only alternative is to go home and sing. Which, being B. Tyler, she does.

This does nothing for her mother's nervous system, as the Sauls live in a small apartment. They are currently looking for a house, whose prime requirement is a large and high-ceilinged living room, to allow space for Beverly's powerful voice to float through the room once—without bouncing back from the walls.

Once in a while, the neighbor's kids drop in for a visit, hoping that Bev will favor them with a selection. She often does because she happens to like kids. Especially, she befriends the youngsters at the studio. Beverly remembers her two years, between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, when M-G-M was preparing her for her first role, and in compliance with the rules of the Board of Education, she was always accompanied by her mother while on the lot. There were too many times when people passed them by and were too busy to speak to the small-town youngster.

Bev has a new car on order, and although anxious for its delivery, she sometimes considers the matter with considerable trepidation. Never having had a car, Beverly is on the nil side where driving is concerned and California traffic terrifies her. A year ago she learned the rudiments of driving, but only on a country road and within a space of two blocks. And then one day, she was home alone when the phone rang. It was a nurse calling from a downtown hospital, where one of Bev's dearest friends was quite ill.

"She's been asking for you, Miss Tyler. The doctor thinks if you will come down immediately, it may help."

Frantic, Bev phoned for a cab. There were none available within the next hour. The hospital was miles away, through Los Angeles' worst traffic districts, and a streetcar would take forever. Then she remembered that her parents' car was in the garage, the keys in the ignition. No, thought Beverly. I can't do it. But she did.

The drive was agonizing. She stalled at almost every stop sign and was the object of much impolite language from other drivers. By the time she arrived at the hospital she was almost paralyzed with fear. She stayed for hours, and finally the doctor suggested that she go home.

"I can't," she said.

"Why not?"

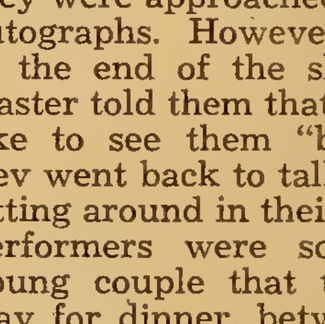
"Never mind why. Just let me stay a little longer."

Dusk arrived and when she realized darkness would cover the city within an hour, she made up her mind to leave. She had recounted the adventure to her friend, who had laughed for the first time in weeks, and hearing the hilarity from down the hall, the doctors smiled at each other. It was a good sign. They never knew how close they had come to having an additional patient.

Bev and Tom occasionally get away from shop talk, such as the night in May when they went to the circus. The evening, at first, was a slight disappointment because they found that instead of seeing the circus, they were being seen at the circus. In the middle of the trapeze act, the trained seals and the man being shot from a cannon, they were approached by strangers seeking autographs. However, the best part came at the end of the show, when the ringmaster told them that the circus folk would like to see them "backstage." Tom and Bev went back to talk to the whole troupe, sitting around in their respective tents. The performers were so charmed with the young couple that they invited them to stay for dinner, between shows.

But Bev and Tom were even more excited. This was the first time either of them had been to the circus since they were kids, and now that they were grown up, they had a bond with these people, who carry on the oldest form of show business. And as anyone knows, particularly Bev and Tom, there's no business like show business.

### I SAW IT HAPPEN



*It happened in 1944, in the coffee shop of the Columbia Hotel in South Carolina. My brother, then in the army, and two of his buddies were just being seated when they noticed two navy lieutenants making their way to another table. My brother recognized one of the navy men as Tyrone Power, and being the bashful (?) type, he called out in his best German, "Wie gehts, mein lieutnant?" Imagine his amazement when Lt. Power turned and smilingly answered, "Sehr wohl, und sie?"*

*Esther Persiani*
*Arlington, Va.*




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# "DANA? THAT'S MY BOY!"

*(Continued from page 36)*

said if I was so busy that she couldn't even talk to me on the phone, how in the heck would I have time to give her an interview about Dana and that I could just do the story myself. Never argue with your mother, I always say. That's why I'm temporarily back at my former calling, slaving over a hot typewriter.

Well, let's get back to the Press Club (flashback fashion) and see what they're doing. They're drinking champagne, which was set up by Joan Crawford. Both she and Dana, who deservedly got the Golden Apples, were way down east, Joan in New York and Dana with his family in Stowe, Vermont, having the best years of his life roaring around the snow-packed hills on skis.

We'd arranged to call them and an amplifier hook-up was arranged so the Club could hear Dana and Joan accept the awards. Dana had traveled through towering snow drifts in the midst of a raging blizzard to talk to us. It was very exciting.

I'd had my eye on Dana for years, as far back as *Swamp Water, The Ox-Bow Incident,* even when he was an actor at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, and now I wanted him to star in my production *Memory of Love.* Wanting him for my picture was like wishing I'd been born with diamond-studded teeth, that I were 21 again, with Peck, Johnson, Lawford, Crosby, and, yes, Andrews, all bachelors and bombarding me with orchids, jewels, and invitations to go dancing at Mocambo. Pure stuff of dreams, all of it. Every producer in town wanted him for a picture. He's in demand, that boy.

Two months later I had a talk with the studio head, Dore Schary, and my executive producer, Jack Gross.

**keep your fingers crossed . . .**

Dore said, "Things look promising on the Andrews deal." It was a bright moment. I'd been going around with crossed fingers on both hands for months, hoping that would help land Dana in my picture.

"I'm seeing Dana at the Press Club luncheon today," I told Dore. (This was *another* luncheon.)

"Don't say anything to him yet. The contracts aren't signed," Dore said.

So when I found myself sitting next to Dana at lunch, I began obediently talking about everything but what was closest to my heart, when he said:

"By the way, Harriet, I just left Dore. I'm going to do your picture." Very casual like, he said it.

Rockets and twenty-one gun salutes started going off in my head. The 4th of July was a little early this year for me.

"Oh, did you?" I said in the same casual way. At least I think I said something. Maybe it was "What picture?" or "Who? YOU!" I wouldn't know. Oh, happy daze! Here was I, snaffling the hottest actor in Hollywood! I might as well sell my convertible because I'd be traveling on pink clouds from now on.

I came out of that roseate glow with a four-alarm alarm. Here were all these press gals and writers around. Miraculously, what went in the gals' ears didn't come out their typewriters. The story held and when the proper time came Louella (Scoop) Parsons broke it. I didn't tell her, either. I was too busy getting those crossed fingers pried apart.

When Dana and I got down to business, talking over the part (he's a young composer, blinded by an accident and very bitter) I said:


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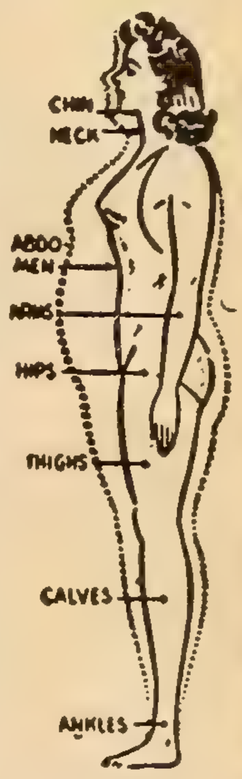


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"Do you play the piano at all, Dana?"

"I did once," he said. "A long time ago." He looked dreamily amused.

"I was nine and mad for a little girl who was giving her first piano recital. Despite my charms, she wasn't impressed. So I told my music teacher she had to teach me a piece I'd decided on for the recital. She was very cold to the idea. According to her, it was way over my head. Well, I learned it, played it at the recital, and that's the story of my musical career to date."

I forgot momentarily, under the spell of the Andrews charm, that we weren't there to reminisce.

"You'll be able to manage this chore," I said, reading the line as if it were a flat statement, but meaning it as a question.

"Since I've been in pictures, I've learned to pole a boat in the Okefenokee Swamp, drive a team in Oregon, ride horseback in several states, tie sailor's knots—I think I can swing the piano," Dana said.

**playing hookey . . .**

Being a worrier, there were several new gray hairs in my head (don't tell my youthful mother) when pianist Max Rabinowitch, who was giving Dana daily lessons, told me his pupil was off for a weekend on his ketch, the "Vileehi." You know Andrews and his boats. Next to his family, he loves them best, with pictures running third. Yipe! Here he was polishing eighty feet of boat when he should be polishing the ivories.

The picture started. Dana sat down at the piano. Nobody laughed. Because that guy was doing a fine job of playing the very difficult concerto around which the story revolves. And that wasn't all. As a man who had lost his sight he had to: wear contact lenses that really blinded him, *and* play the piano, *and* speak dialogue, *and* come in right on both music and line cues. Sound complicated? It is. Very. I still don't know how he did it all, except that Dana is a very remarkable sort of fellow.

I watched him on the set. It wasn't an easy, gay, free, light-hearted chore. He may have been nervous, but he didn't show it.

"I can waltz, too," he flipped as he went through all the various pieces of business during rehearsal.

"Darn you, Harriet," he said to me later. "Do you realize I'm really going to have to learn this concerto?"

"Why?" I asked, as if I didn't know.

"Because all my friends are asking me to play it. And it's a beautiful piece of music and I *want* to learn it," he said.

He's right. It *is* a wonderful concerto, which brilliant young composer Leith Stevens wrote especially for *Memory of Love*. It's modern and melodic. Dana can hum it through from beginning to end. While we were shooting the Carnegie Hall sequence, Dana, Artur Rubinstein, Eugene Ormandy and Hoagy Carmichael formed a barber shop quartet. Their selection was the concerto. I expect there have been better quartets, but certainly none more expensive.

One of the questions often asked me, as a woman executive, is: "Do men like to work with you?" I probably will never know the real inside, but to the best of my knowledge most men don't particularly object to working with women. I have rules: Don't try to turn a business relationship with personable male stars into a social gathering; don't act coy, and never demand any concessions on account of being a woman. I guess it works.

When my favorite leading man has time to kill on the set between shots, watch out. He loves to talk. So do I. But I'm usually quite well pressed for time and don't have much opportunity for chit-chat.

Dana cornered me one day when I was bicycling between *Memory of Love* and *I Remember Mama* (plug for the picture George Stevens and I are doing). He knew I was in a hurry so he did everything he could to keep me there. All in fun, natch.

"How about a game of Klabriasch," he proposed. "If I win you stand on your head for five minutes. If I lose *I'll* stand on your head for five minutes." He's a joker, that boy.

In my college days at Wellesley, I was a champion at standing on my head. But I am also nobody's fool. (This is open for debate at any time.) I know when I'm beaten before I start. That tricky card game he plays is not well known, except by Dana and director William Wyler, who taught it to him. It's a diabolical form of pinochle which was invented and should only be played by Hungarians.

"Goodby now," I said. Fortunately, I had been paged and made my escape. It's always a good idea to have an out when Dana tries to trap you in a trap.

I wouldn't like to give the impression that Dana is always trying to be a card or a life-of-the-party type. That would be wrong. Fundamentally, he's well-informed, broad-minded, seriously intelligent. He's quick to grasp and help solve any problem that has to do with making a picture, production-wise or otherwise. That's why he'll be a good producer himself.

"So far, I haven't found a story I think enough of to want to produce," he says. "I don't care so much about the *kind* of story as I do about the quality." That's his personal crusade—and he feels the public will buy tickets to movies on any subject so long as they're good pictures. And I agree.

Those are the things I know about him as an actor. Now let's peer at him from a purely personal angle. He's home now, having a long, tall, cool one. I know, because I'm there, too. So are his wife, Mary, the kids—David, 13, Kathy, 5, and Stephen, 2. And the red Cocker, Michael, who sniffs inquisitively and seems to want to know how come I didn't bring my poodle along.

**chivalry rides again . . .**

David, over in the corner of the large den, said:

"Didn't I hear you on the radio when your mother was off the air?"

"Why, yes," I said, bridling prettily, "did you listen to the show?"

"Oh, just the last thirty seconds of it," he said, dampening my ego. "Buck Rogers came on after you. I turned on the radio so I wouldn't miss the beginning of it."

David had somehow managed to move across the room without seeming to and was twiddling with the dials on a complicated looking recording machine. "I'll put on a recording of the piece my Dad plays in this picture he's doing. You know he's a blind guy that plays the piano—"

"David," Mary broke in, "Miss Parsons is the *producer* of the picture. She knows all about it."

"Hey, kids," Dana called to Stephen and Kathy, "get out of that fireplace!" They both giggled, complied, and were piled on their father's lap within seconds.

"I fa' down," Stephen said, fingering an infinitesimal scratch on his knee. "I haf to have bandaids." The next minute he had buried himself under the pillows of the couch and was peeking out at us, grinning.

Kathy, the small, feminine, wistfully appealing spittin' image of her dad was busy drawing things on a scratch pad. Cats and clowns in fancy costumes. They're very good, too, for a five-year-old. Recognizable, and with a lot of humor.

Dana and Kathy exchanged a look of mutual adoration.

"It seems to me," Dana said, "my kids move faster than anybody's. One minute

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you don't know they're within miles. The next, they're right on top of you. We don't have a nurse now and I don't know how Mary can take it. Even so, they're the reason I'm not doing some of the things I should, like taking more active part in politics and civic affairs. I find my family practically irresistible." He was looking at Mary, the only member of his family present.

I found myself agreeing with him again. Matter of fact, it's hard not to agree with Dana.

That's the story of my first production with Dana Andrews. One of those rewarding experiences producers dream about between nightmares. So you can readily see why, when you're talking to people who have worked with him, his friends, press agents, and writers, they all get a kind of out of this world, possessive look and say, "Dana? That's my boy!"

## LADY IN THE DARK— (JOHN'S SIDE)

(*Continued from page 45*)

tributed $45,000 to the upkeep of our home. I did twelve motion pictures and fifty two broadcasts in that time. In the last year and a half, idle times have come to me, as they do to all actors. I've been in the doldrums. I went to New York to do *Laura* and thought this play might be the springboard for a renewed demand for my talents in Hollywood. I quit the show when I heard that she was planning to divorce me. She wouldn't answer my letter, and I was in a turmoil, wondering what was going on. So I came home to see. The show wasn't going into New York and it had afforded me all the good I could get out of it, but yet she criticizes me for not sticking with the play.

When we lived in the little house on the hill in Benedict Canyon I could keep the place going. It cost us then about $800 per month. But since we moved into the big new house she bought in Beverly Hills it has been away beyond my means. The monthly upkeep runs about $2,000, and I don't make that kind of money. Yet when I thought it would make her happy I signed a promissory note to pay off the $20,000 I was in arrears in meeting the expenses. Then she came up with a demand that I pay my board at home when I wasn't working, even if I couldn't handle all the upkeep. I agreed to this, too. But I'm afraid I've just been playing the role of Chamberlain with the umbrella. As soon as I agree to one demand, there is another facing me.

She has become so engrossed with the subject of money lately, and seems to worry so much about it, that it has become almost a mania. Yet she has made lots of money with her pictures. In fact, she is a highly successful producer. She couldn't really ask for more success.

I am only in hopes that after she gets her divorce that she will think it over carefully, and when the year has ended, she will decide to come back to me. I pin my hopes on the knowledge that she really loves me. There was a time in the hospital when our last baby was born that she looked at me one day and said, "Pappy, I do love you so much!" and I know she meant it.

"I want to have equal custody of our children. Also I think she shouldn't insist that I meet that promissory note I signed if she is to have a divorce. I hope I can get to work again soon. I'll feel better when I am able to meet her more than half way financially."


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# MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 24*)

There's a slight mix-up when Michael arrives in Glacier. Word has gotten around that the Kansas City Kid, a well-known gunman, is coming to town. He has been hired by Duke's rival, Plumber (Bill Goodwin) to dispose of Duke. When Michael shows up, everyone thinks he's the Kid. He can't understand the general tendency to duck into doorways when he appears on the street.

But it is Michael who rescues Duke from death at the hands of the real Kansas City Kid. Duke rewards him with a job. So far, so good. Michael now starts inquiring around for a minister's daughter and finds that Druscilla Wainwright (Jorja Curtright), the school teacher, is one . . .

Heaven only knows what will happen next!—*U.A.*

## I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW

When Joe Howard wrote "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," motion pictures were just a gleam in some genius' eye. If you had told him that a picture would same day be made, with color and sound, based on his life, he would have put you in a straitjacket.

I don't know how much resemblance the plot bears to the actual facts but I doubt if it matters. There are lively tunes and beautiful girls and comedy and romance. There's Mark Stevens playing Joe, and June Haver as the girl who loves him from the time she's fourteen. And a couple of sirens, too.

It starts when Joe sells a song he's written to Lulu Madison (Martha Stewart), who sings at the Bowery Theater. He takes little Katie (June Haver), whom he looks on as a kid sister, along to hear Lulu sing it. Lulu is impressed by Joe's curly hair, gay smile and six feet of muscular manhood. He's just the type she's searching for to play the piano. He can even play the piano. So he gets off on tour with Lulu, leaving Katie behind in New Jersey.

Not that she stays behind long. She makes up a heart-rending story about how her uncle has died, and she's alone in the world except for Joe. He accepts the responsibility and insists on Lulu taking her along for the rest of the tour. It's an arrangement which Lulu fails to appreciate.

In the next couple of years, Katie grows up. She manages to prove to Joe that Lulu is double-crossing him, and gets him to leave and start a new act with Katie as his partner. They're doing pretty well when menace number two turns up. It's another singer—Fritzi (Lenore Aubert), who is well known to Broadway.

She too goes for curly haired composer-piano players, and this time Katie doesn't have much luck sabotaging the romance. But fortunately Fritzi knows exactly what she wants out of life, and it isn't Joe. Even then, it takes some maneuvering to prove to Joe that what *he* really wants is Katie.—*20th-Fox*

## DESERT FURY

Imagine if your only trouble was having to decide between John Hodiak and Burt Lancaster! We should all have troubles like that. The girl in this predicament is Paula Haller (Lizabeth Scott), whose mother, Fritzi (Mary Astor) "runs" the desert town of Chuckawalla. Fritzi has kept her daughter safe in boarding school for years but now Paula has rebelled. She's going to stay right in Chuckawalla.

Maybe Tom Hanson (Burt Lancaster) has something to do with her decision. Tom's the sheriff. He's an ex-broncho buster who ought to try some of that technique on Paula. It's just what she needs. As it is, he's far too sweet to her, and her attention quickly wanders to big, good-looking Eddie Bendix (John Hodiak) who has just come back to town.

Three years ago Eddie left, when his wife was killed in an auto accident. Now he and his saturnine pal, Johnny (Wendell Corey) have rented a ranch near Chuckawalla. He plays roulette at the Purple Sage club which Fritzi owns, and he obviously likes the looks of Fritzi's daughter.

Paula gets plenty of warnings about Eddie. "I'm not sure that accident where his wife was killed *was* an accident," Tom tells her soberly. "Keep away from him, Paula."

Fritzi, used to being obeyed, says tersely "Lay off Bendix." And then is surprised when her daughter is too much like her to take orders.

Johnny warns Paula, when she comes out to the ranch. "This is no place for you, kid."

Even Eddie himself says "I'm trouble, baby. Watch out." But Paula likes trouble—or thinks she does. It takes a while for her to find out what trouble really means.—*Par.*

## REPEAT PERFORMANCE

If you could live a year of your life over again, could you avoid making the same mistakes? Or would Destiny, and your own weakness, trap you once more?

That's the problem which actress Sheila Page (Joan Leslie) faces. 1946 ended tragically, with her shooting her husband, Barney (Louis Hayward). Suddenly a miracle happens. Instead of being New Year's, 1947, she finds herself back at New Year's, 1946, with the year to live over again. Barney is still alive. Bitter, unhappy over his failure as a playwright, drinking too much—but alive. Now if she can only keep him from the affair with Paula Costello (Virginia Field) which ruined him last year! It should be easy, since he doesn't know Paula yet.

But Sheila underrates Destiny. That very night she and Barney give a party, and a beautiful blonde girl gets off at their floor by mistake. Barney immediately invites her to come and join the party—and of course she is Paula Costello.

Sheila decides the only solution is to get him away from New York. She persuades him to go to California with her. For six weeks they lead a quiet, fairly happy life. Then John Friday (Tom Conway), Sheila's producer, arrives with a new play for her to do—by Paula Costello.

So Fate twines them in the old net once more. Sheila is busy with the play, and Barney and Paula are seen everywhere together. Sheila's best friend, William Williams (Richard Basehart), who would do anything in the world for her, is committed to an insane asylum. *That* happened last year, too.

Then comes a break in the pattern. Barney falls from a balcony, and injures his spine, and may never walk again. This *didn't* happen last year, so perhaps it means that Sheila has a chance. But Fate laughs . . .

This is a synthetic little drama, with no conviction except in the acting of Richard Basehart, an importation from Broadway.—*Eagle-Lion.*



**I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now:** Mark Stevens plays the famous songwriter, Joe Howard, and June Haver, his adopted "Sis," who chooses a hotel lobby to show him she'd make a good partner.

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